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THE

UNITED STATES

REVIEW AND LITERARY GAZETTE.

VOL. I.

FROM OCTOBER 1, 1826, TO APRIL 1, 1827.

BOSTON:
BOWLES AND DEARBORN, 72 WASHINGTON STREET.
NEW YORK:
G. AND C. CARVILL, 108 BROADWAY.

1827.

THE UNITED STATES

REVIEW AND LITERARY GAZETTE.

VOL. I. OCTOBER, 1826. No. 1.

REVIEW.

The Diplomacy of the United States; being an Account of the Foreign Relations of the Country, from the First Treaty with France in 1778, *to the Treaty of Ghent in* 1814, *with Great Britain.* Boston. Wells & Lilly. 1826. pp. 381.

WHEN we read the political writings, in which the question of our independence was originally discussed, they appear to be still a contemporary matter. We recur to the pages of Adam Smith, for example; we ponder the observations of the cool, calculating economist, where he sets a value on the fame and character of the founders of our political greatness, as phlegmatically as he would appraise a bale of cotton; and we ask ourselves,—Can it be, that all this has ceased to be speculation, and has now become history? "The persons," he says, "who now govern the resolutions of what *they call* their Continental Congress, feel in themselves at this moment a degree of importance, which, perhaps, the greatest subjects in Europe scarce feel. From *shopkeepers, tradesmen, and attorneys*, they are become statesmen and legislators, and are employed in contriving a new form of government for an extensive empire, which, they flatter themselves, will become, and which, indeed, seems very likely to become, one of the greatest and most formidable that ever was in the world."

Who are these upstart "shopkeepers, tradesmen, and attorneys," thus cavalierly condemned? Raised to a giddy elevation amidst the turbulent movements of rebellion, can it be, that they possess integrity of character, experience of affairs, firmness of purpose, and vigor of intellect, sufficient to sustain them in their novel situation? Has the "shopkeeper" Hancock acquired skill at the counter to conduct the deliberations of a revolutionary Congress? Will the "tradesman" Franklin quit the narrow walk of a mechanic art, and expand at once to the full proportions of a statesman and legislator? In such an emergency, "when the high roads are broken up, and the waters out; when a new and troubled scene is opened, and the file affords no precedent," must not the "attorneys," Adams and Jefferson, be overwhelmed in the stormy elements, which, like Massaniello, they could rouse into fury, but cannot control?

The lapse of a few years already furnishes a complete answer to these questions. Heaven has affixed the sanction of unparalleled success to "the resolutions of what *we* call *our* Continental Congress;" and the glory of a nation made free by their magnanimity, of a world filled with the principles of liberty, which they dared to maintain, immortalizes the memory of that august assembly. They knew their own strength. They well appreciated the future destiny of their country. Sustained by the one, and animated by the contemplation of the other, they obeyed a voice within, which told them;

> That, which in mean men we entitle patience,
> Is pale, cold cowardice in noble breasts.

And the infant republic, to which they then gave being, is now, under the influence of the institutions they established, hastening onward with a giant's steps in the path of greatness and of honor.

These reflections very naturally pass through our minds on rising from a perusal of the history of our Diplomacy;—the history of our negotiations, upon equal footing, with the mighty and the ancient states of Europe. This work exhibits our country as a member of the great family of civilized empires; no longer a poor dependent colony; no longer an humble province, receiving laws at the dictation of a foreign master, but herself imposing terms of peace,—*pacis imponère morem*,—and her alliance eagerly sought after by the proudest nations of the world. And had the author extended his researches to the present time, he would have shown her to us, the exemplar and

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the guide of a new league of republics on this continent, who had been stimulated, by emulation of her, to achieve their own independence.

This work is of permanent value to the statesman and historian. It unfolds, in a very satisfactory manner, the various negotiations, many of them extremely intricate, in which the diplomatists of this country have, at successive periods, been engaged. It presents, indeed, a clear and intelligible view of our foreign relations, from the commencement of the government to the close of the last war. Although a faithful compilation, collected from numerous sources, it is not merely a compilation. It abounds with expositions, for the most part very candid and just, of the general policy and particular circumstances of the transactions which it narrates. To some of the author's positions we cannot assent; but we peruse the whole with instruction and profit. Without entering into an elaborate examination of the subjects discussed, we shall make a few extracts from the book, interspersing here and there some remarks, for the purpose of affording an idea of its plan and merits.

After an introductory chapter, the author considers, in succession, our treaties with France, the Netherlands, Sweden, Great Britain, Prussia, Spain, Russia, Denmark, and Portugal. The subjoined account is from the first chapter. It is to be remembered, that Congress consisted of the *representatives of sovereignties*, the votes being taken by States. The account is one of the resolves of that body.

"Resolved, that the ceremonial for a Minister Plenipotentiary or Envoy shall be as follows. When a Minister Plenipotentiary or Envoy shall arrive within any of the United States, he shall receive, at all places, where there are guards, sentries, and the like, such military honors as are paid to a general officer of the second rank in the armies of the United States. When he shall arrive at the place in which Congress shall be, he shall wait upon the President, and deliver his credentials, or a copy thereof. Two members of Congress shall then be deputed to wait upon him, when and where he shall receive audience of the Congress. At the time he is to receive his audience, the two members shall again wait upon him in a coach belonging to the States, and the person first named of the two, shall return with the Minister Plenipotentiary or Envoy in the coach, giving the Minister the right hand, and placing himself on the left with the other member on the first seat. When the Minister Plenipotentiary or Envoy is

arrived at the door of the Congress Hall, he shall be introduced to his chair by the two members, who shall stand at his left hand." "When the Minister is introduced to his chair by the two members, he shall sit down. His Secretary shall then deliver to the President the letter of his Sovereign, which shall be read and translated by the Secretary of Congress. Then the Minister shall be announced, at which time the President, the House, and the Minister shall rise together. The Minister shall then bow to the President and the House, and they to him. The Minister and the President shall then bow to each other, and be seated, after which the House shall sit down. The Minister shall deliver his speech standing. The President and the House shall sit while the Minister is delivering his speech. The House shall rise, and the President shall deliver the answer standing. The Minister shall stand while the President delivers his answer. Having spoken, and being answered, the Minister and President shall bow to each other, at which time the House shall bow, and then the Minister shall be conducted home in the manner in which he was brought to the House." "Those who shall wait upon the Minister, shall inform him, that if, in any audience, he shall choose to speak on matters of business, it will be necessary, previously, to deliver in writing to the President what he intends to say at the audience, and if he shall not incline thereto, it will, from the constitution of Congress, be impracticable for him to receive an immediate answer."

pp. 15, 16.

Contrast with this cool and somewhat over-formal style of reception, the enthusiastic welcome given to James Monroe, by the National Convention. How characteristic is each, of the respective assemblies. One firm, sober, zealous for liberty, but chastening its emotions, and preserving the exhibition of strong feeling for great occasions; the other filled with almost frantic ardor, that broke out in civic rejoicings and diplomatic kisses.

"Mr. Monroe was received and accredited in the bosom of the National Convention. The President was directed to give him the fraternal embrace, in token of the friendship that existed between France and America. The Minister entered the hall amidst the cries of *Vive la République;* and the President having announced, that Mr. Monroe spoke only the English language, one of the secretaries of the Convention was ordered to read a translation of the discourse the Minister had prepared. The address of Mr. Monroe is plain, sensible, and appropriate to the occasion. But the answer of the President was rhetorical in the extreme, and concluded with this expression; "Why should I delay to confirm this friendship by the fraternal embrace I am directed to give you in the name of the French people. Come and receive it

in the name of the American people, and may this scene destroy the last hope of the impious band of tyrants." The Minister was conducted to the President, who gave the kiss and embrace in the midst of universal acclamations of joy, delight, and admiration." p. 81, *note.*

Many striking remarks and amusing anecdotes occur in the account of the negotiations with France. It has been doubted, whether our revolution had much direct influence upon the affairs of Europe. The ensuing passage in one of Franklin's letters in 1777, touches upon this point.

"All Europe is on our side of the question, as far as applause and good wishes can carry them. Those, who live under arbitrary power, do nevertheless approve of liberty, and wish for it; they almost despair of recovering it in Europe; they read the translations of our separate colony institutions with rapture, and there are such numbers every where, who talk of removing to America with their families and fortunes, as soon as peace and our independence shall be established, that it is generally believed, we shall have a prodigious addition of strength, wealth, and arts, from the emigrations of Europe; and it is thought, that, to lessen or prevent such emigrations, the tyrannies established there must relax, and allow more liberty to their people. Hence it is a common observation here, *that our cause is the cause of all mankind, and that we are fighting for their liberty in defending our own.*" p. 23.

Our readers may be pleased to see the patriarch of Ferney turned *prédicateur.*

"Nothing appears more worthy of being mentioned than Voltaire's interview with Franklin. M. de Voltaire spoke to him in English; his niece, Mme. Denis, who was present with some other friends, observed, they should be glad to hear what was said, and begged him to speak French. 'I beg your pardon,' replied Voltaire, 'I have for a moment yielded to the vanity of speaking the same language as Dr Franklin.' Franklin presented his grandson to the philosopher, and craved his blessing for him. Voltaire extended his arms over him, and said to him, 'My child, God and Liberty! Recollect those two words.'" p. 24, *note.*

Franklin must have been a philosopher indeed, to remain wholly untouched by the blandishments of the fascinating court, in which he was the centre of attraction. Speaking of his public presentation, our author has this account.

"His age, his venerable appearance, the simplicity of his dress on such an occasion; every thing that was either singular or respecta-

ble in the life of this American, contributed to augment the public attention. Clapping of hands, and a variety of other demonstrations of joy, announced that warmth of affection, of which the French are more susceptible than any other people, and of which their politeness and civility augments the charm to him who is the object of it.

"His majesty addressed him as follows:—

"'You may assure the United States of America of my friendship. I beg leave also to observe, that I am exceedingly satisfied in particular with your own conduct during your residence in my kingdom.' When the new ambassador, after this audience, crossed the court, in order to repair to the office of the minister of Foreign Affairs, the multitude waited for him in the passage, and hailed him with their acclamations." pp. 46, 47.

But the following trait of Parisian enthusiasm, extracted from an entertaining writer on the French court, is the best of all.

"'Franklin appeared at court in the dress of an American cultivator. His straight unpowdered hair, his round hat, his brown cloth coat, formed a contrast with the laced and embroidered coats, and the powdered and perfumed heads of the courtiers of Versailles. This novelty turned the enthusiastic heads of the French women. Elegant entertainments were given to Dr Franklin, who, to the reputation of a Philosopher, added the patriotic virtues which had invested him with the noble character of an Apostle of Liberty. I was present at one of these entertainments, when the most beautiful woman out of three hundred, was selected to place a crown of laurels upon the white head of the American philosopher, and two kisses upon his cheeks.'" p. 47, *note.*

Our author's elucidation of our treaties and negotiations with France, and particularly of the continental system, and its operation upon our commerce, is entitled to careful attention. His observations upon the Berlin Decree we extract as a favorable specimen of his style.

"The mind is impressed with a singular sensation, in beholding a great conqueror, just reposing from one of his most signal victories, in the capital of the sovereign, whose army he had rather destroyed than defeated, issuing decrees, that embraced, in their desolating effects, almost every sea of the civilized world. The power of Napoleon Bonaparte was scarcely bounded by any river on the continent of Europe. In gaining his great victories, in adding state after state to his dominions, in placing brother after brother upon the thrones of the old nations, whose dynasties he had thrown down, he seems to have been fulfilling his proper part,—to have

been accomplishing the destinies of which, under Heaven, he was the humble instrument. Wherever he marched, he carried a force with him sufficient to effect his purposes. This was the legitimate exercise of the vast power, with which he was intrusted, by Providence, for objects which it is not yet altogether in the reach of man to comprehend. But, when he extended his ambition to the ocean,—when he undertook to overwhelm whole countries, by maritime decrees, we perceive that he has left the orbit, in which it was his destiny to move; and we feel that the unity of his theatrical character is destroyed. The only weapon he could there use, was menace; he descended to an element, upon which his countrymen had, latterly, always failed—upon which he had himself always appeared in dread of an enemy—upon which he was never seen, except as a fugitive. There was one field, upon which he was always an inferior; and, to enter upon it, he left another, upon which he had never been conquered. In another point of view, it was the first act of a vast and magnificent project, to exclude the trade and navigation of Great Britain from the ports and rivers of the whole continent of Europe,—and to overwhelm her naval greatness, and infinite extent of commerce, by an irresistible accumulation of power and resources on the land." pp. 120, 121.

It appears that Sweden was the third power which treated with the United States (following next after the Dutch Provinces and France); and the only power that voluntarily tendered its friendship to us. In relation to this our author observes;

"The conduct of Sweden was marked with great frankness, and with a very friendly character. The United States could not expect much aid from that country, or suppose that her example could have a great deal of influence on other nations. But it was highly gratifying that a state renowned as Sweden always has been, for the bravery and love of independence of her people, should manifest so great a sympathy in the arduous struggles for liberty of a distant country. The proposal for a treaty was entirely unsought for on the part of America." p. 153.

We venture to extract one anecdote more, contained in the chapter on our relations with Russia. It seems Catherine, at the time in question, was averse to any recognition of the existence of this country as an independent nation.

"Franklin relates an amusing story of the Count du Nord, afterwards the emperor Paul, that affords some illustration of the views of the empress, though an affair of mere etiquette:—'The Compte du Nord, who is son of the empress of Russia, on ar-

riving at Paris, ordered, it seems, cards of visit to be sent to all the foreign ministers. One of them, on which was written, 'Le Compte du Nord et le Prince Bariatinski,' was brought to me. It was on Monday evening last. Being at court the next day, I inquired of an old minister, my friend, what was the etiquette, and whether the Compte received visits. The answer was, *Non, on se fait écrire. Voilà tout.* This is done here by passing the door, and ordering your name to be written in the porter's book. Accordingly, on Wednesday, I passed the house of prince Bariatinski, ambassador of Russia, where the Compte lodged, and left my name on the list of each. I thought no more of the matter. But this day, May 24, comes the servant who brought the card, and in a great affliction, saying he was like to be ruined by his mistake in bringing the card here, and wishing to obtain from me some paper, of I know not what kind, for I did not see him. In the afternoon came my friend, M. Le Roy, who is also a friend of the prince's, telling me how much he, the prince, was concerned at the accident,—that both himself and the Compte had great personal regard for me and my character, but that our independence not yet being acknowledged by the court of Russia, it was impossible for him to permit himself to make me a visit as a minister. I told M. Le Roy, it was not my custom to seek such honors, though I was very sensible of them, when conferred on me; that I should not have voluntarily intruded a visit, and that in this case I had only done what I was informed the etiquette required of me. But if it would be attended with any inconvenience to prince Bariatinski, whom I much esteemed and respected, I thought the remedy was easy,—he had only to erase my name out of his book of visits received, and I would burn their card."'

pp. 355, 356.

A very considerable portion of the volume is necessarily devoted to the negotiations with France and England, which have occupied so large a share of the time and talents of our wisest statesmen. These chapters are the most valuable and important in the work. If there be any American, who still cherishes those undue foreign partialities, which once distracted the councils and divided the hearts of the nation, let him pause, and study the tone and temper of the courts of Versailles and St. James, in their diplomatic intercourse with the United States previous to the treaty of Ghent, or previous, we should rather say, to the victories of Jackson and Brown, of Hull, M'Donough, and Perry. What the undeviating policy, the dying admonitions of Washington; what the reiterated advice of Jefferson could not effect, it was reserved to the last war to accom-

plish. The war of independence was the birth of the nation; the war of 1812, its emancipation from nonage. Until then, although penetrating statesmen saw clearly the true policy of the country, and deprecated all political sympathy with either of the great belligerents, yet we could not, or did not, as a whole nation, listen to the warning voice of wisdom. We constantly were assured, but we would not believe, while England was preaching up a crusade against the independence of France, and while France was moving heaven and earth to unite the nations in a league to destroy the ascendancy of England, that neither of them cared for us, but as she might make us the instrument of her hostile fury against the other. "Peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none," was the impressive injunction of Jefferson's inaugural Message. "Why quit our own, to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humor, or caprice? It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world,"—said the Father of his Country, in his Farewell Address to the people. We needed, nevertheless, the wholesome chastisement of experience to convince us of these truths.

But we will not pursue these reflections. We cordially recommend the work before us to the notice of our readers, as abounding with useful information upon this and other topics. The great statesmen of our country will there be found coping successfully with the ablest negotiators of Europe; and their state-papers, founded in truth and justice, and wrought out with manly good sense, will sustain an advantageous comparison with those of veteran diplomatists, trained in the indirect arts of European cabinets.

Memoirs and Poetical Remains of the late Jane Taylor: with Extracts from her Correspondence. By Isaac Taylor. Boston. 1826. pp. 316.

This is not the first time that we have been disappointed in our expectations of pleasure from the memoirs of writers with whose works we had been charmed in our earlier years, and

of whom we were of course anxious to know more than those works could tell us. We believe few, perhaps none, of our readers are unacquainted with the "Essays in Rhyme, on Morals and Manners," republished in this country in 1816. Other works of the same author and of her father's family, subsequently published, have kept alive the interest, which those Essays had excited in our minds, for a family, all the members of which seemed so highly gifted, and so disposed to improve their talents aright. It was, therefore, with a chill of our expectations, that we read the following passages in the preface to these Memoirs, which is addressed to a particular friend of the deceased.

"So far as it may be done consistently with my avowed design, I shall detach what relates to the subject of this Memoir from the interests of those with whom, in fact, she was always most intimately joined. Let it then suffice once to say, that, wherever it may well be done, an exemption is claimed for the living from the demands of that curiosity which it is usual to gratify relative to the dead, who have occupied a place in public esteem. Nor, I must add, is it solely on behalf of survivors that an exemption from the demands of public curiosity may be claimed; for even in what relates to the deceased, a biographer must be considered as free to give or to withhold the facts of personal history. There may have been events of the deepest interest to the party, in reference to which he may be silent; even though the full narration of such facts might serve, beyond any others, to display the strength or Christian fortitude of the character he has to exhibit. The common cares and griefs of life may be described for the edification of others; but there are sorrows that are sacred; and sorrows still fresh in the memory of survivors are especially so: for though the subject of them be passed where 'there is no more pain, neither sorrow nor weeping,' yet as for our own feelings' sake, we hide the mortal remains of the dead, so should we shroud their recent griefs. By the indulgence of her friends, I have had the perusal of nearly * the entire mass of letters written by my sister during the course of five and twenty years; from this mass it would have been easy to furnish volumes, without admitting any less interesting than those which have been selected.

* "I ought to mention a large exception made by the suppression of the whole of her letters to one much loved friend. This suppression occasions, besides the loss, as I doubt not, of many interesting passages, a very important deficiency in the materials of the Memoir; as my sister's intimacy with this one friend constituted, of itself, a great part of the history of her mind, during many years. That so little trace of this friendship appears in the Memoir, or among the Extracts from the Correspondence, is not attributable to the option of her biographer."

But many reasons forbade so copious and indiscriminate a publication. You have seen enough of your late friend's letters to know that the lively interest she felt in every thing that concerned her friends, filled a great part of almost all of them with allusions to *their* concerns; and, of course, the publication of such passages would have been a violation of the confidence reposed in me by her correspondents. Hence it is, that there is scarcely an entire letter in the collection; but the exscinded parts will not often seem wanting to the reader. The constitutional pensiveness of my sister's mind was, as you know, relieved by a peculiar playfulness of fancy; so that she turned in an instant, from the pathetic to the humorous, without any violence to her own feelings, and, to those who knew her intimately, without any unpleasing abruptness of manner; yet, to many readers, some of these sudden transitions might give offence, or seem to require explanation.' pp. vi, vii.

We readily agree with the author, that the feelings of the living must be always spared in recording the actions of the dead; but further than this requires, we cannot agree with him, that a biographer should suppress facts important to the right understanding of the character which he is commemorating. As a general rule, *suppressio veri* is equivalent to *suggestio falsi*. Why should "a full narration of facts," which "might serve, beyond any others, to display the strength or Christian fortitude of the character he has to exhibit," ever be omitted by a biographer, unless such facts, if published, might wound the feelings of surviving friends? We see no reason—on the contrary, there is a reason, why such facts, "beyond any others," should be made known. The value of the example is materially diminished by the suppression of facts, which, "beyond any others," illustrate the virtue of the departed. If a historian "for his own feelings' sake," and for that alone, omit to record important facts, he is unjust to the subject on which he writes; he is unjust to the world for whom he writes; he is violating a fundamental rule of morals—to tell the whole truth, as well as nothing but the truth; he does, indeed, deceive, and that wilfully, and is consequently unfit for the office which he has assumed. We do not mean to accuse this author of having suppressed aught of his sister's history from unworthy motives; we believe, notwithstanding the passage on which we have thus commented, that his regard, perhaps a mistaken regard, for the feelings of others, has guided him in every instance of suppression of *facts;* we mean only to enter our protest against his doctrine. Still more strenuously do we protest against the doctrine of the last para-

graph which we have quoted. That "playfulness of fancy," that power to turn instantly, without violence, from the pathetic to the humorous, which Mr. Taylor mentions as a characteristic of his sister, is vividly displayed in her writings which she herself published, and is so far from being unpleasant, that it is rather one of their chief beauties. We regret, most sincerely, that any motive should have induced him to withhold other specimens of this power. The reason which he gives, appears to us altogether inadequate. Does he, or can he believe, that the public reverence for Cowper is at all diminished, by the same quality as manifested in his published letters? On the contrary, has he not felt that reverence softened into love by the affectionate playfulness, and gay good humor, alternating with the lofty censure of vice, and the outpourings of his own grief, which those letters occasionally exhibit?

Jane Taylor in several respects bears a greater resemblance to Cowper, that any other writer with whom we are acquainted. Her Essays, to which we have already alluded, are evidently modelled according to his style of writing; but they are not servile imitations. She has the same power of minute description of every-day life, so as to make the tritest matters interesting; the same strong sarcasm against folly and vice; the same wit and irony in attacking error, and the same lofty flights of imagination and language, in displaying the hopes of a Christian, and the sublime consolations of our holy religion. The tale towards the close of her poem, called "Experience," is almost unrivalled in pathos; he who can read it without a swelling of the heart, must be destitute of the kinder feelings of humanity. According to her biographer, she had in common with Cowper, and, indeed, with many sincere Christians, long and anxious doubts respecting her own religious safety. Here happily the parallel ends,—her peace was vouchsafed to her on this side the grave, and she died with the full hope of happiness hereafter, calmly looking back upon a life well spent, in which, while in the habitual performance of every domestic duty to her family and her friends, she had censecrated her high endowments of mind, in the employment of her leisure, to the glory of her Maker, and the good of her fellow-creatures at large. Of such a life, we would gladly know more than her brother has thought proper to communicate; and we cannot but think, that more might have been told with increased benefit to most of his readers, and without injury to any. Of this however, he may say, that he is the better judge, and we ought in justice to him to add, that he has

well performed the task which he has appointed to himself, and which he thus announced in the first paragraph of his preface.

'The following Memoir of my late sister I have aimed to compose, as if it had been intended especially for your perusal:—to you, then, it is dedicated. In keeping this idea before me, I have hoped to execute my task in a manner the most acceptable to the class of readers whom I would chiefly wish to please; I mean persons like yourself, to whom, through her writings, the name of Jane Taylor has been associated with some of their earliest intellectual pleasures, and perhaps, with their first impressions of virtue and piety.' p. v.

It is only to the narrowness of this plan, and to his reasons for adopting it, that we have been objecting. To those, who, like the friend to whom the work is addressed, were personally acquainted with Jane Taylor, and who made up her circle of friends, we doubt not this work will be highly pleasing; for they can, from their own knowledge, supply what is wanting to others, and understand the meaning of the initials and asterisks scattered through the pages; but we, who, divided by the Atlantic from the English world of letters, are in most respects in the situation of posterity, cannot understand much, which is, perhaps, familiar to almost every English reader of the present day. Still the work is valuable even to us; and the most indifferent reader cannot fail, we believe, to derive benefit from contemplating the union of plain common sense with the great literary talents, and the humble, yet exalted piety, which is exhibited in the life of Jane Taylor. It would be difficult, and we think not very useful, for us to abridge this Memoir. We recommend to such of our readers as love to see the effects of a guarded religious and literary education, to read the book, and assure them, that they will not have to complain that their time has been wasted. The peculiar religious opinions expressed in it, may be distasteful to some, but we trust even they will emulate the liberality with which the subject of it regarded those who differed from her on this important point.

The Memoir occupies but about half of the volume; about one third of the remainder is filled with the "Poetical Remains," and the residue consists of the "Extracts from the Correspondence." Of this last part we have already hinted our opinion. We are clear, that Jane Taylor can have written nothing, the publication of which could diminish the regard that her works published in her lifetime had won for her; and if "explanations" were necessary, surely her brother was competent to make them. As it is, he has

given us little except such extracts as she herself (fearful, as he represents her to have been, of writing letters too carefully) might have published as fragments of moral essays, or even of sermons—there is so little which exhibits her habitual playfulness of fancy. Now so far from injuring the character of his sister in the eyes of his readers, we think that the contrary effect would have been produced, had he given more examples of such letters as the one quoted below; and that by a sprinkling of such among the almost exclusively religious extracts which he has made, he would have shown, what every good man must be anxious to show on proper occasions, that religion is promotive of cheerfulness as well as seriousness.

"* * * We have already had some delightful evening rambles. When we are all out together on these happy occasions, I forget all my troubles, and feel as light-hearted as I can remember I used to do some seven or eight years ago, when I scarcely knew what was meant by depression. If I should ever lose my relish for these simple pleasures—if I thought, by growing older, my feelings would no longer be alive to them, I should be ready indeed to cling to youth, and petition old Time to take a little rest, instead of working so indefatigably, night and day, upon me. But alas! he is such a persevering old fellow, that nothing can hinder him: one must needs admire his industry, even though one may now and then be a little provoked with his obstinacy. But seriously; it is not right to shrink from age, must less from maturity; and could I be sure of retaining some of my present ideas, feelings, and sentiments, and of parting only with those that are vain and childish, I think I could welcome its near approach with a tolerably gook grace. But I dread finding a chilling indifference steal gradually upon me, for some of those pursuits and pleasures which have hitherto been most dear to me—an indifference which I think I have observed in some in the meridian of life. I am always therefore delighted to discover, in people of advancing years, any symptoms of their being still susceptible of such enjoyments; and in this view the letters of Mrs. Grant afforded me peculiar gratification: increasing years seem to have deprived her of no rational enjoyment. If time clipped a little the wings of her fancy, she was still able to soar above the common pleasures of a mere housewife;—no reflection, by the bye, upon that respectable character; believe me, I reverence it; and always regard with respect a woman who performs her difficult, complicated, and important duties with address and propriety. Yet I see no reason why the best housewife in the world should take more pleasure in making a curious pudding, than in reading a fine

poem; or feel a greater pride in setting out an elegant table, than in producing a well trained child. I perfectly glory in the undeniable example Mrs. Grant exhibits of a woman filling up all the duties of her domestic station with peculiar activity and success, and at the same time cultivating the minds of her children usefully and elegantly; and still allowing herself to indulge occasionally in the most truly rational of all pleasures—the pleasures of intellect.

"I dare say you read a paper in the Christian Observer for April, on Female Cultivation. I feel grateful to the sensible and liberally minded author. I do believe the reason why so few men, even among the intelligent, wish to encourage the mental cultivation of women, is their excessive love of the *good things* of this life: they tremble for their dear stomachs, conluding that a woman who could taste the pleasures of poetry or sentiment, would never descend to pay due attention to those exquisite flavors in pudding or pie, that are so gratifying to their philosophic palates; and yet, poor gentlemen, it is a thousand pities they should be so much mistakên; for, after all, who so much as a woman of sense and cultivation, will feel the real importance of her domestic duties; or who so well, so cheerfully perform them?" pp. 236—238.

We have left ourselves little room to speak of the poetry contained in this volume. It is not equal, by many degrees, to the "Essays in Rhyme on Morals and Manners," and several of the pieces evidently show, by the inferiority of their execution to their conception, that the author did not intend them for publication. They are not, however, inferior to the generality of posthumous works. The hymns for children are delightful. The lines entitled "A Story," are an exquisite sample of elegant trifling. The "Fragment," at the beginning of the Remains, is the commencement of a poem, which is a curious proof, that Jane Taylor could imitate Crabbe as well as Cowper, and still preserve her own originality, having only a sufficient similarity to her model to recall him to the reader's mind.

The Life and Times of Frederick Reynolds. Written by himself. 2 vols. 8vo. Philadelphia. 1826.

THE author of this work has been before the public for nearly half a century, in the character of a dramatic writer. During this period, his productions have been numerous,—operas, five

dies, and farces. Of these, many have been outlived the author, and a few are still known to the stage and the public. Most of them, however, to judge from his account, seem to have answered the end proposed, that of "raising the wind," which he has very successfully executed through a long life, in no other manner. With Mr. Reynolds's works, however, we have nothing to do at present, and shall dismiss them, with the expression of our surprise, that his success should have been so great, as it seems, on the whole, to have been. As a specimen of autobiography, this book certainly deserves credit. The writer confines himself to his proper subject, that is, himself and his acquaintance; and without concerning himself much with the great events of the day, dwells only upon those minutiæ of life and character, which are rarely to be found in any other class of works. It would appear, that he has lived a very merry life; and though this, like many other good things, loses much in the recital, sufficient nevertheless is left to afford a good deal of entertainment. As a book of mere entertainment, indeed, it is to be considered; there is very little valuable instruction to be derived from it. It will serve to amuse a few idle hours, and we are not aware that there is any thing in it, which can do any harm. After these remarks, it will scarcely be expected of us to give any thing like an analysis of its contents; we shall merely select a few portions for the entertainment of such of our readers, as may not happen to see the work, or who may have a better use for their time, than seeking them for themselves.

The following scraps will be grateful to those, who have not been entirely satiated with the industrious collection of Boswell.

"Pope says of Dryden, *Virgilium tantùm vidi;* so I may say of Dr. Johnson. One morning shortly after our return, he called on my father concerning some law business, and was ushered into the drawing-room, where I and my three brothers, eager to see, and still more eager to say we had seen, the leviathan of literature, soon followed. All were, or affected to appear, struck with awe, except my brother Jack; who having just published his 'Indian Scalp,' was most anxious to elicit the Doctor's opinion. Accordingly, he seated himself close to him, and began:—

"'Any news in the literary world, Sir?'

"'Sir!' cried the Doctor.

"'Any thing new, Doctor, I say, in the literary world?' continued the unhesitating poet.

"'Young man, talk to me of Ranelagh and Vauxhall, of what you *may* understand; but not a word on literature.'

"We all smiled aside; but the author was omnipotent in Jack's mind, and, scarcely ruffled, he returned to the charge.

"'Have you heard of a new poem, Sir?'—(No answer.) 'A new poem, Sir?—A new poem, Sir, called' (with rising confusion) 'called—"*The Indian Scalp*,"—rather—I believe,' (confusion increasing,) 'I believe it is tolerably—well spoken of. You don't know who wrote it, Doctor?'

"'No, but I do,' cried I, eagerly seizing the opportunity of making myself conspicuous in my turn; 'don't I, Jack?—Indeed, Sir, he awakened me so many nights, and taught me so many verses, that, if you like, I can repeat you almost the whole poem, Sir, with the same rapidity and facility with which he wrote it.'

"'*Facilis* descensus Averni,' muttered the Doctor, and then added, in an authoritative tone, 'ring the bell, one of you, ring the bell,' and the servant was ordered to summon my father, on whose appearance, the Doctor formally arose, and said—

"'When next I call here, Sir, show me where there is *civilization*—not into your *menagerie*.'" pp. 41, 42.

The following is an account of an initiation at Westminster school half a century ago.

"Thus arrayed, on the evening of the 10th of October, every sail set, and every color flying, I was launched, and started for Jones's Boarding House, in Dean's Yard; the mistress of which had assured my mother, she would pay me every care and attention. However, to illustrate the proverb, 'Store is no sore,' and as an additional protection against the attacks of adversity, I was armed by my brother Richard (who had just quitted Westminster) with letters of recommendation, to the care and kindness of Lord Buckinghamshire, and another *great* boy.

"Confident of success, I expected a reception of the warmest description. My expectations were realized; my reception was hot indeed! On my entrance into the common room, I found a vast number of boys engaged in a violent theatrical contest, concerning the allotment of parts in a farce they purposed to perform. One party insisted on *Love à la Mode;* whilst the other objected, because there was no Jew in the company. Pleased and unobserved, I stood listening, until suddenly catching their eyes, with a loud halloo, and a cry of 'New boy! new boy!' they surrounded and seized me. Then mounting me on the table, they all at once exclaimed, 'Which of us will you fight?' I, supposing they jested, replied, 'Any of you.'

"'Oh, oh! you will, will you?' cried a little tiger-faced brat about my own size; 'then here goes!'

"Off went his coat in an instant; not so mine. I paused, hesitated, and begged every body's pardon—in vain. Regardless of

my intreaties, they proceeded to extremities, and stripping me of my Bath surtout, discovered, to their infinite surprise and amusement, a scarlet coat, apparently turned; a spangled satin waistcoat, an evident reduction of one that had been worn by my father when under-sheriff; white cotton hose; large plated buckles fashioned in the previous century; and a pair of large black silk stockings, transmuted by my nurse's patience into breeches, with the clocks standing eminently conspicuous on the centre of the little flap. The effect was intantaneous. I and the costume were hailed with universal applause, as the original Beau Mordecai, and *Love à la Mode* was triumphantly ordered into immediate rehearsal.

"'Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind.' Feeling that this ordeal must be nothing to that of the entry into school, I hoped 'to screw my courage to the sticking-place,' by a night of repose. But the bedroom scene surpassed even German horrors. After enduring an inundation of ink from every squirt in the room, till I and my fine clothes were of an universal blackness; after performing various aerial evolutions in my ascents from a blanket, managed by some dozen pairs of hands insensible of fatigue in the perpetration of mischief; and after suffering the several torments of every remaining species of manual wit, I was at length permitted to crawl into my bed. There I lay, comforting myself with the assurance that torture had done its worst, till I gradually sobbed myself into a sound sleep.

"Scarcely, however, had the deep tones of the Abbey bell, tolling the awful hour of midnight, awakened me, when I was alarmed by the loud screams of several of the younger boys. Starting up in a paroxysm of terror, I saw at the foot of the bed a horrid spectre bearing a large cross, on which was written in flaming characters, *Think on to-morrow*. I gazed, till stupified by fear, I mechanically closed my eyes, and hid myself under the bedclothes. But the spectre drawing them aside, and pointing to the burning letters, thrice shook its solemn head, and then vanished; leaving me in a *doldrum* of terror, which slowly, but gradually subsiding, restored me at length both my mental and corporeal faculties." pp. 45, 46.

Our next extract, though it has already appeared in some of the newspapers, is too amusing to be passed over.

"August the 14th—Wanting to walk on the pier, I asked the garçon (who spoke English very tolerably) the French for it. He, thinking as *Milord Anglais*, I could mean nothing but *peer*, a lord, replied *paire*. Away I then went, and passing over the market-place and draw-bridge, stumbled on the pier; without

having had occasion to inquire my way to it, by the garçon's novel appellation. There I remained, 'strutting my half hour,' till dinner-time.

"At the *table d'hôte*, the commandant of the troops of the town sat next me; and among other officers and gentlemen at the table, were the President of the Council at Ratisbon, a Russian Count, and several Prussians; in all amounting to about twenty, not one of whom (as it appeared to me) spoke a word of English, except a remarkably pretty Irish woman.

"I thought I could never please a Frenchman so much as by praising his town; 'Monsieur,' I said, condescendingly, to the commandant, '*J'ai vu vôtre paire;*' meaning, 'I have seen your *pier;*' but which he naturally understood, 'I have seen your *père*, father.' This address from a perfect stranger, surprised him; '*Il est beau et grand, Monsieur,*' I continued. The commandant examined me from head to foot with an astonishment, that imparted to me an almost equal share. I saw there was a mistake, and I attempted to explain, by pronouncing very articulately.

"'Oui, Monsieur, j'ai vu vôtre *paire*, vôtre *paire* sur le havre.'

"'Eh bien, Monsieur," replied the commandant, "et que *disait il?*'

"I was astounded, and looking round the room for the keeper to the supposed madman, I discovered the eyes of the whole company were upon me.

"'Monsieur,' I cried, again attempting to explain, with as much deliberation and precision, and in as good French as I could command, 'Monsieur, est-il possible que vous *residez* ici, et que vous ne *connoissez* pas vôtre *paire*—votre *paire* si—si long!'

'This speech naturally only increased the incomprehensibility of the whole conversation; and the commandant beginning, in rather *haut en bas* terms, to demand an explanation, like all cowards, when driven into a corner, I became desperate.

"'Messieurs,' I cried, somewhat boisterously; 'il faut que vous *connoissez* vôtre paire! Le *paire* de vôtre ville qui est fait de pierre, et a la tête de bois,—et à ce moment on travaille à lui racommoder sa fin, à laquelle le vent a fait du mal!'

"This was the *coup de grace* to all decorum; every Frenchman abandoned himself to his laughter, till the room fairly shook with their shouts; and even the astonished commandant himself could not help joining them.

"'Allow me, Sir,' said a gentleman, sitting by the side of the Irish lady, and whom I had not previously observed.

"'My dear Sir,' interrupted I, 'you are an Englishman, pray, pray explain.'

"'Sir,' he replied, 'you have just told this gentleman,' pointing to the commandant, 'that his father is the father of the whole

town; that he is made of stone, but has a wooden head; and at this moment the workmen are engaged in mending his end that the wind has damaged.'

"I was paralyzed. 'Tell me,' I cried, as if my life had depended on his answer, 'what is the French for *pier?*'

"'*Jetée*, or, according to the common people, *pont*,' he replied.

"I had scarcely sense enough left to assist the Englishman in his good-natured attempts to unravel the error. He succeeded, however, and then commenced in French, an explanation to the officers. At this moment, the waiter informed me the St Omer Diligence was about to depart. I rushed from the scene of my disgrace, and stepped into the vehicle, just as the termination of the Englishman's recital exploded an additional *éclat de rire*, at my expense." pp. 111—113.

The following is a specimen of those practical jokes, which seem to have been somewhat fashionable in the younger days of our author.

"Soon after my arrival from France, my father received an invitation from my travelling companion, Mr. Watkins, to dine with him at his uncle's house in the city. I also was invited, and as we read on the card, that we were to meet, amongst others, the celebrated Dr Franklin, who had suddenly arrived in England, on a pacific mission, my father felt peculiarly gratified by the idea of once more shaking hands with the venerable patriot.

"The important day being arrived, my father, as he descended from his carriage, eagerly demanded whether Doctor Franklin had arrived? The servant replied in the affirmative, and then added, that he was at that moment in the drawing-room.

"'Now, Fred,' my father exclaimed, 'you 'll see what a reception I shall have.' Up stairs he ran, and I, post-haste, after him. On entering the room, we beheld the Doctor seated at a table near the fire, with a large folio volume lying open before him. His dress, considering the time and the occasion, appeared to us rather direspectful; a large, wrapping, morning gown, slippers, nightcap, and spectacles.

"However, this surprise was nothing to that which followed; for when my father, with much self-satisfaction, exclaimed, 'How do you do, Doctor?' he made not the slightest reply. 'Probably, you do not recollect me,' rejoined my father, after a considerable pause, 'my name is Reynolds.' Again, neither answer nor action. My father, checked and disappointed, strutted towards the window, expressing, in rather an *alto* tone, his unlimited disapprobation of American manners.

"I endeavoured to exculpate the Doctor by pointing out to my father, how intent he was on his book; though, at the same time, I could not help wondering that he could see to read on a misty October evening solely by the light of the fire. Yet the chief cause of my surprise was, that during the whole time we had been in the room, I had never seen him turn over a single leaf; but such was my respect, I was afraid of approaching to a close inspection, lest I should give offence.

"More visiters entered, and were received with the same contemptuous silence. All were whispering and complaining together, when Mr. Watkins entered, and bowed respectfully to the Doctor, advanced towards us, and shaking us by the hands, loudly expressed his hopes that we had found his Excellency entertaining—'Not at all,' was the general reply, though in a low tone—'Indeed!' exclaimed our host, with assumed surprise; 'then I must try if *I* cannot make him entertaining;' and rapidly approaching him, to our sudden dismay, he seized his nightcap, threw it up to the ceiling, knocked his spectacles from his nose, boxed his ears, and then, to prove that even dull Yankies can impose on credulous cocknies, undid his garment, and discovered a *Man of Wax.*

"'Yesterday, gentlemen,' said Mr. Watkins, 'I purchased this curious and extraordinary resemblance of our illustrious friend, of Mrs. Wright, of Cockspur-street, for fifty guineas; and I believe, gentlemen, you will all agree with me, that I may venture to assert with Charles in the School for Scandal, "This is the first time the Doctor was ever bought or sold."'

"Some laughed, some pouted, particularly my father; however, all was soon forgotten and forgiven; Mr Watkins at last wholly re-establishing the general good humor, by laughingly saying, 'Having heard that a London dinner was nothing without a lion, I thought it better to offer you a *waxen* one, than no lion at all.'"

pp. 148, 149.

The Greek Lexicon of Schrevelius, translated into English, with many Additions. Boston. Cummings, Hilliard, & Co. Cambridge: University Press, by Hilliard & Metcalf. 1826. 8vo. pp. 896.

A GREEK and English Lexicon has long been a *desideratum;* but it is somewhat remarkable, that several independent efforts, nearly simultaneous, should have been made, to supply so important a deficiency in the means of education. Such a work was

projected nearly thirty years ago, by the celebrated Gilbert Wakefield, who made considerable collections; and though he advanced in the business under very unfavorable circumstances, and then abandoned it, yet it is not improbable, if his life had been prolonged, that he would have resumed and completed the undertaking; for, had he lived till this time, he would have lived only his threescore years and ten. It may be doubted, however, whether he would have been encouraged to proceed on the extensive plan which he proposed to himself. In his correspondence with Mr. Fox, he threatened to add twenty thousand words, not usually found in Greek Lexicons; and when Mr. Fox expressed his incredulity, he replied; "You would cease to wonder at my twenty thousand words, if you saw my Lexicons; words good and true. You may cease also, when I mention that there are at least as many words of *Nicander* as that poet has verses, in no common Lexicon; two or three hundred in *Oppian;* as many thousand in *Nonnus;* and when I mention further, that in a day, one day with another, when I am occupied with this work, I at least add twenty from my reading, for months together; some original words; the generality compounds."

It is very manifest that Wakefield's plan went beyond the immediate wants of the public. A vocabulary was needed only for approved Grecian classics in common use; not for Nicander, nor especially for works comparatively so modern as those of Oppian and Nonnus. The complaint against the common Greek Lexicons has not regarded so much the defects of the vocabularies, as the indirect method of coming at the meaning of the words, through another dead language. In this last particular, there is probably but one voice among the scholars of our country; for no one can doubt the reasonableness of affording such a facility for learning the Greek language, as is now offered by a Lexicon translated into our vernacular tongue. If merely the saving of time were the intention of such a work, the reason for its production would be sufficiently strong; but when we add to this, that it will be the means of removing much of the vagueness, which hangs over the original words, in the minds of those who are unskilled in the comparison of different languages, and who have hitherto been obliged to view those words through an obscure and unnatural medium, it seems to be an extraordinary fact, that pupils should have been so long compelled to grope their way in a dim twilight.

Since two Greek and English Lexicons, from the other side of the Atlantic, besides that which is named at the head of this

article, have come to our hands, it is due to the public, that we should make some comparison between them, and give our reasons for any preference which we may have for either above the others. And we trust we shall make it appear, that we are not swayed by national, or local, or personal prejudices, in giving our opinion decidedly in favor of the last.

First in the order of time, is the Lexicon of Jones, a well known Greek scholar, and a learned philologist. It is 'a compendium in English of the celebrated Lexicons of Damm, Sturze, Schleusner, and Schweighaeuser;' and it is not presuming too much, from the established literary reputation of the author, to suppose that the work is in general well executed. It is professedly a dictionary for *Tyros*, and its excellences and defects should be measured by its main purpose. There is, and will be, probably, some diversity of opinion respecting his omission of the accents, which omission he vindicates by the following sweeping clause. 'The accents I have entirely omitted, as defacing the native simplicity of the language, and as requiring much sacrifice of expense and labor, without bringing in return the smallest advantage to the learner. I am happy to think that I am sanctioned by the example of Morel and Dr. Maltby, who retain only the circumflex, which I also have done.' Now this, we beg leave to say, is no sanction at all; for no point of learned controversy can be sanctioned by a few insulated examples. Though we would not, with Porson, even in Latin phrase, call the contemners of the accents "scoffers and fools," yet we cannot but think that in any key, intended to unlock the treasures of the Greek language, which comes from their hands, they are chargeable with too little respect for the great body of the most eminent scholars, in omitting any thing which these think essential to the instrument. If the accents are superfluous, the teacher or learner may treat them as such, in the same way as the vowel marks and accents of the Hebrew have often been treated. But in both cases, the process for coming to a right conclusion of the matter, is, in our estimation, a very summary one. For, whatever may be said concerning the antiquity of the Greek accents, they are (no less than the vowel marks and accents of the Hebrew), as the language has come to us, a part of the language, and, like many other minute subjects of learning, they will be variously estimated, according as knowledge and prejudices vary, or as curiosity is more or less awakened.

Another objection, in our opinion, to the valuable Lexicon of Dr Jones, is a peculiarity in the arrangement, the benefits of

which he seems very much to overrate. He puts all the derivatives, real or supposed, and all the compounds, under the primary word. Thus under ΝΑΥΣ he places twenty-seven words, mostly compounds, out of their alphabetical order. We are willing to allow that this is philosophical; but it must be borne in mind, that his Lexion is 'the Tyro's Lexicon,' and the first of all facilities given him, should be that of finding the word. How is he to know, when he sees the word in his text, that ναῦλον is derived from ναῦς? and yet to find that word, first in alphabetical order, he must pass over fifteen intervening words. There are, probably, instances which would be much more puzzling to a learner than this; but it answers sufficiently well for an example. This is a retrograde movement in Greek lexicography, of a similar kind to that from which we have just recovered in the Hebrew (a favorite language of Dr. Jones), in which the learner was obliged to believe upon compulsion, against all reason and common sense, that a verb was the primitive of almost every name; and he might in vain look for a noun, be its initial letter what it would, or ever so far removed from that of the verb, till he had found this real or imaginary root, this etymon, which was sometimes obsolete, and sometimes never existed except in the imagination of the lexicographer. In Greek it must be admitted, that the etymological arrangement is not so perplexing, because the derivatives do not take initial formative letters. But why perplex the learner at all with such an arrangement, and try to make him an etymologist, before he has acquired a vocabulary? for the process is really nothing different from this, and is therefore clearly an inversion of the true order.

There is one other objection to this Lexicon, which we do not mention without some reluctance, because we not only do not wish, but also do not wish to seem, to discourage any portion of useful learning. We here refer to that part of the etymology, which, going beyond the Greek language itself, carries us to the Hebrew, for the origin of Greek words. Here again, 'be it remembered,' we use the author's own words, 'that the Lexicon is intended solely for *learners* of the Greek language, whether in school, at college, or in their private studies.' Now for students thus described, such etymologies, however well founded, are at least superfluous, if not an incumbrance. But the fact is, that many of them are forced, and not satisfactory to any but the most hardened etymologists. The meaning of the original must often be so distorted, and brought to bear on its supposed offspring by such remote analogies, and ingenious inferential rela-

tions, that it really seems to throw no light upon the subject. Besides all this, there are so few words that are manifestly derived from the Hebrew, and illustrated by the derivation, that there appears to be little practical use in diverting the attention from definitions founded on the usage of approved authors, to a kind of speculation, of which those authors knew nothing, and which is not very nearly allied to the main object, namely, that of explaining the words of one language by corresponding words of another.

We have no disposition to magnify the defects or faults of a work for which we feel so much respect; and apart from the deductions we have made from its value, which some may think of less amount than we do, it is unquestionably a very useful Lexicon, and its absolute merit is great.

Of the London translation of Schrevelius, which reached this country a short time before the appearance of that which was recently published in Boston, we cannot speak so favorably. There are no distinctions of type in the words of the Greek vocabulary, and none between the English renderings, and the observations and critical remarks. Some of the meanings are expressed in a careless or unsatisfactory manner, and in general the work bears the marks of very blameable haste. It would be easy to justify this censure by numerous instances; but the following, cited from different parts of the work, may be sufficient to show the nature of the defects of which we complain.

Χαυλιόδους is used by Herodotus to describe the crocodile, as *having projecting* or *prominent teeth;* Schrevelius expresses this by *dentes exsertos habens,* which the London editor renders, "*having the teeth drawn!*"

Ἡμιπέλεκον—"*half an axe,*" for, *an axe with one edge* or *blade.*

Ἀνασταυρίζω—"*to crucify again,*" instead of *to crucify* simply; for ἀνὰ, in this and various other verbs, does not signify *repetition.*

Under Εὔσκοπος, σκοπὸς is rendered "*butt-end,*" instead of *butt, the object of aim.*

Ἀγχίθεος—"*near to God,*" for *resembling* or *like a god.*

Ἀκρωτήριον (νηὸς) is rendered "*the fragment of a ship,*" instead of *the beak* or *rostrum of a ship.*

Ὕτνον—"*a swelling,*" instead of *a mushroom* or *truffle,* because the Latin happened to be *tuber.*

Ὕπαρχος,—"THE *Indian name of a river.*"

Δίκην (διδόναι)—"*to lose a suit.*" We are not aware that the phrase ever has this meaning.

Ζωμίδιον—"*a little broth,*" which expresses the force of the diminutive termination in a noun of this sort, about as nearly as *a little beer* represents the idea of *small beer.*

Under Ποῦς, it is said, "the CABLES of a ship, for slackening or tightening the sail, are called πόδες."

The proper names generally are not Englished; and the terms in natural history sometimes absurdly keep their Greek

explanation, or are rendered by general terms, where specific names might have been given without difficulty. The more we have examined the book, the stronger has become our impression that it must have been translated, in great part at least, directly from the Latin by an incompetent person. Its intrinsic faults are not a little aggravated by the confusion arising from the uniformity of the type, which must often embarrass the learner, especially in cases like the following.

"Ἤγουν, adv. the same as ἤτοι, or; also, videlicet: fr. ἤ, or."
"Ἤμος, when, without the interrogation: to which τῆμος, then, corresponds."

The appending of a Latin and Greek vocabulary to a Greek and English Lexicon, strikes us as a glaring inconsistency, which not only causes useless expense, but encumbers the book.

We come now to speak more particularly of the Lexicon published by Messrs. Cummings, Hilliard, & Company, from the University Press in Cambridge, New England. This work was projected many years ago by Mr. John Pickering, of Salem, Massachusetts, and was commenced by him in 1814. The calls of his professional duties were such as to induce him to engage Dr. Daniel Oliver, now Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy at Dartmouth College, as an associate. To say nothing of other causes which have operated thus long to defer the hopes of the public, the conscientious fidelity of the authors has, we are convinced, had a great share; and though we wished it done quickly, we were still more concerned that it should be well done.

The following passages from the Editors' Preface will show, in some important particulars, in what way their labors have been conducted.

"In the execution of their task, the Editors have not contented themselves with being translators of Schrevelius's Latin interpretations, which are often ambiguous and unsatisfactory; but they have, to the best of their ability, rendered the English explanations from the original Greek. It will be at once perceived, that the significations given are more copious than the Latin ones of Schrevelius. This has been occasioned partly by the difficulty of always finding single English words, which would correspond to the Greek so exactly as many of the Latin terms do; but principally from a desire to obviate the embarrassment arising from the ambiguity of the general terms used in the Latin, by substituting for them English significations less general, and of course more precise. It has been the intention of the Editors, that the work should comprehend all the words which are to be found in Professor Dalzel's Collectanea Majora and Minora, Jacobs's Greek

Reader, and the other books now studied in our schools and other seminaries of learning; but, notwithstanding the pains taken in this respect, they dare not flatter themselves with having accomplished it. Any omissions of this kind, however, may be supplied in a future edition."

"Among the improvements, as the Editors hope they may be called, in the present work, they would state—that upwards of two thousand articles in it are either wholly new, or have new additions, of more or less importance; these articles are distinguished by a bracket placed at the end of them. Besides the additions thus marked, very numerous references to authors have been inserted without being thus designated. The *prepositions* have been a particular subject of attention; and the uses of the *article* are explained with as much minuteness as would be advantageous to that class of students for which the work is chiefly designed. Another improvement, and one which was not adopted in any edition of Schrevelius till a long time after the present work was begun, is the marking of the *quantities* of the doubtful vowels. This has been done, for the most part, without sacrificing the *accents;* and in those instances, where the accent does not appear, the student will know that it has been displaced in order to make room for the *quantity;* and he will, without much difficulty, decide by the place of the syllable, what kind of accent should be supplied."

"In the progress of the work, almost all the Lexicons extant have been occasionally consulted; those which have been most frequently resorted to are Hedericus, Planche's excellent *Dictionnaire Grec-François*, and Schneider's admirable *Griechisch-Deutsches Wörterbuch;* and, for Scriptural words, the highly valuable edition of Wahl's *Lexicon to the New Testament*, by Mr. Robinson, of the Theological Institution at Andover. The learned Lexicon of Dr. Jones was not received, until so much progress had been made in the present work, as to prevent much use of it; and, just before the last sheets were printed off, a copy of the London translation of Schrevelius reached this country; which, till the Editors had looked into it, made them regret that they had not sooner met with it. A slight examination, however, made it apparent, that although it contained many additional words, yet it was a hurried performance, upon which it would not have been safe to rely."

pp. vii—viii, *Preface.*

The Lexicon of Schrevelius has been long used, and is none the worse for the length of time during which it has been tried. It has received important additions since the author's time, and having been in constant use in our schools, and thus received a general sanction, it seems to have claims sufficiently strong for

the preference given to it over others by the Editors of the work before us. It may indeed appear to some, that Jones, deriving his vocabulary and explanations from four independent and learned lexicographers, has an advantage over the translators of Schrevelius in the body of the work. But when it is considered that these translators, besides their emendations of the interpretations of Schrevelius, in their translation, have with great diligence, aided by the contributions of learned teachers of the Greek, endeavoured to add all the words, not found in the original work, which are to be met with in the books usually studied in our schools and higher seminaries, we cannot doubt that it is a work as well adapted to the purposes of instruction in this country, as is demanded, or could be procured. And from the defects and inconveniences which we have noticed in Jones's Lexicon, it is wholly free. It has been objected to Schrevelius's Lexicon, as being foreign from the purpose of such a work, that it contains every where so many derived tenses of the verbs; thus invading the province of grammar, and encouraging the pupil's ignorance of the formation of those complicated words. To this objection the Editors make the following reply, which though it does not, in some respects, flatter our literary pride, as a nation, yet we do not undertake to dispute its justice.

"The argument on this point is not without weight; and if the Editors had consulted their own wishes alone, they might have thought it best to strike out a large proportion of those derivatives. But, besides being desirous of making as few alterations as possible in the original vocabulary of a work, to which every teacher in the country has been so long accustomed, the Editors were apprehensive, that, in the present state of our Greek studies, it might be taking too great a step at once, to reduce the work to such a form as would be better suited to the advanced state of distinguished foreign institutions than to our own. Another consideration also had its weight; that is, the possibility, that amidst the various improvements which are taking place in the modes of education, it might happen, that our teachers would make their pupils commence their classical studies with Greek instead of Latin—a method, which, as will presently be seen, has the sanction of the very highest authority." p. viii, *Preface.*

We are very desirous, now that we are furnished with the means, of seeing the experiment tried in some of our schools of studying the Greek before the Latin language. It is true, that of late we have had some school helps of this kind, by means of which an attempt of this sort might have been made; English

interpretations to the vocabularies of some small Greek works; but not of sufficient magnitude to encourage the innovation. Our attention was strongly attracted to this subject some years since, by a passage in the translation of Wittenbach's Preface to his *Selecta Principum Historicorum*, relating to it. This translation was printed in the North American Review (June and September, 1819), and was followed in the number for July, 1820, by an article recommending strongly the priority of Greek studies. Add to these the opinion of Gibbon, Erasmus, Ruhnken, and Hemsterhuys, in favor of commencing classical education with the Greek language, and it certainly will not be thought a visionary recommendation. Except the difficulty of learning a different alphabetical character from that to which the learner has been accustomed, and that cannot be considered a great obstacle, we can see no reason why the language which the Latin writers acknowledge for the mother tongue, should not be studied before that which is in so great a measure derivative.

During the short period that has passed since the publication of the Lexicon now before us, we have had time only to examine a few successive portions in different parts of the book, but enough to form an opinion concerning its general execution. The interpretation of the words is clear and precise, and there is as much of critical remark as seems to us requisite for the generality of Greek scholars. The additions (for nearly all of which Mr. Pickering is responsible) are valuable, and for the most part essential for reading some of the authors that are now used in our seminaries of learning. In regard to the typographical execution, we are confirmed in our belief of its general accuracy, by an examination of the work, as far as this examination has extended. But apart from this evidence, we have, in common with those who are acquainted with the circumstances of the progress of this Lexicon through the press, as much security for the faithful correction of the proof sheets as can well be obtained. Those who have read the classical works which have recently appeared from the University Press in Cambridge, will think any assurances of ours on this subject entirely superfluous. Whatever blemishes or minute inaccuracies may be found in the Lexicon, must be of a kind which will always in a greater or less degree occur in a work of this nature, such as will sometimes escape the most vigilant eye.

Though the names of the authors are not on the titlepage of the Lexicon, yet we are happy to be authorized, by the terms of the copyright, to make use of them. We therefore acknow-

ledge ourselves, and may safely claim a like acknowledgment from the public, under great obligations to Messrs. Pickering and Oliver, for their faithful, persevering, and successful labors in the execution of their work. This is a part of the reward of their toils in the cause of learning, which we know they will not undervalue; and we wish them every other reward to which their sacrifices in this cause entitle them. If it should be found that this new facility afforded for learning Greek should make the language more popular, and consequently that out of the whole number of students there should be a greater number of proficients in the language, this alone will do much to recompense them for their exertions. For theirs is not among the contrivances which afford refuge for indolence, but one for removing an unreasonable obstacle in the path of knowledge. Youth needs encouragement, and among our greatest cares should be that of avoiding all unreasonable exactions. "Many a school-boy," says Gibbon, if we quote him rightly, "has been whipped for not understanding a passage, which Bentley could not interpret, nor Burmann explain." And to require him to express an obscure portion of Greek, through difficult mediums, in his own vernacular dialect, is a sure method of producing a sentiment twice diluted, if not wholly vitiated.

In fine, we cannot but promise ourselves that the work, which has thus fallen under our notice, and which we are confident will satisfy public expectation, opens a prospect of increased attention to Greek literature, bearing some proportion to the diminution of the obstacles that stood in the way of its attainment.

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1. *An Address delivered in Chauncey Place Church, before the Young Men of Boston, August* 2, 1826, *in Commemoration of the Death of Adams and Jefferson.* By SAMUEL L. KNAPP. Boston. pp. 31.
2. *Eulogy on John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, pronounced in Hallowell, July,* 1826; *at the Request of Committees of the Towns of Hallowell, Augusta, and Gardiner.* By PELEG SPRAGUE. Hallowell. pp. 22.
3. *An Oration delivered in Independence Square, in the City of Philadelphia, on the 24th of July,* 1826, *in Commemoration of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson.* By JOHN SERGEANT. Philadelphia. pp. 44.

4. *A Eulogy on John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, pronounced in Newburyport, July* 15, 1826, *at the Request of the Municipal Authorities of the Town.* By CALEB CUSHING. Cambridge. pp. 60.
5. *An Address delivered at Charlestown, August* 1, 1826, *in Commemoration of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson.* By EDWARD EVERETT. Boston. pp. 36.
6. *A Discourse in Commemoration of the Lives and Services of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, delivered in Faneuil Hall, Boston, August* 2, 1826. By DANIEL WEBSTER. Boston. pp. 62.

THESE Addresses are entitled to notice from their own character, and that of the occasion which called them forth. The occasion is unique. A similar burst of national eulogy we can none of us expect again to witness. The great merits of the deceased; the elevation which they occupied as among the last great relics of the Revolution; the remarkable circumstances attending their death, all conspired and were all requisite to kindle so lively an emotion. Moreover, the public mind was in a state which peculiarly fitted it to be affected by such an event. It was yet warm from the welcome which had been given to the "nation's guest," from the recollections of the Revolution which his presence had awakened, and the interesting associations which had clustered round the surviving actors in that great drama. The coincident death, therefore, of the two foremost of their number, on the day of the national jubilee, naturally took a strong hold of public feeling, and gave rise to a general tribute of praise. It is interesting to view the national feeling which this indicates, and the effects which it is likely to produce. It proves that a common sentiment pervades the country; that not the old states merely, but those which sprung into being but yesterday, look upon the glory of the Revolution as a common patrimony. It proves that the nation is sensible of the worth of its benefactors, and that real merit soon dissipates the mists of party prejudice. Its effect, like that of every strong sympathetic feeling running through the people, must be to knit more closely the bonds of national union. It has given freshness to the memory of common efforts in the great national struggle, which must always prove a powerful tie among men who exult in the achievements of a common ancestry. It may, like most of our occasions of addressing the people, have furnished some incense to the vanity imputed to our nation; but

this is dust in the balance compared with the spirit which it indicates, and the feelings which it has awakened.

The Addresses themselves demand respectful notice. The occasion has called forth the ablest men to commemorate the virtues of the deceased, and to teach their countrymen useful lessons for the future from the history of the past. It is agreeable to consider the progress of good taste exhibited in these performances. Not many years since, such an occasion would have been productive of the most outrageous bombast, of a perfect chaos of metaphor. Instead of this, we have now grave dissertation and chaste eloquence. Several of these Addresses will take a respectable place in our literature, and increase the extent and influence of one of its most important departments.

The object of them all is of course the same, to set in a strong light the history of these distinguished men; to awaken the public gratitude for their services; to exhort their countrymen to be faithful to their principles, and vigilant in preserving those institutions, to attain which they sacrificed their ease and safety. These eulogies are in fact the people's testimony to the excellence of our frame of government. The veneration paid to Adams and Jefferson is an acknowledgment of the worth of the political principles which they labored to establish. And what can be more grateful, than the sight of a whole people uniting to testify their love for the government under which they live? In other countries one half of the nation is employed in preventing the other from pulling the political machine to pieces. Here all are united to uphold it. The merit of these Addresses is of course various; but the mode of treating their common subject is necessarily very similar in all. We shall not, therefore, enter into a formal analysis of them, but shall content ourselves with making a few extracts, to enable our readers to judge of the character of the several performances.

Mr. Knapp's Address, which stands at the head of our list, though occasionally exuberant in its diction, is well written. The following passage from his account of Mr. Adams's early life is interesting.

"John Adams was born at Quincy, then a part of Braintree, October 19th, 1735. He was educated at Harvard University, and graduated in 1755. While at college, he was distinguished for all those characteristics which mark the future great man. His learned and evangelical friend and classmate, the Rev. Dr. Hemmenway, often spoke of the honesty, openness, and decision of character which he displayed while an undergraduate, and

illustrated his opinions by numerous anecdotes. From Cambridge he went to Worcester, and for a time instructed in the grammar school in that town; and studied the profession of the law with Mr Putnam, a barrister of eminence. By him he was introduced to the celebrated Jeremy Gridley, then Attorney General of the Province of Massachusetts Bay. At the first interview they became friends. Gridley at once proposed Mr Adams for admission to the bar of Suffolk, and took him into special favor. Soon after his admission, Mr. Gridley led his young friend into a private chamber, with an air of secrecy, and pointing to a book-case, said, "Sir, there is the secret of my eminence, and of which you may avail yourself if you please." It was a pretty good collection of treatises on the civil law, with the Institutes of Justinian. It was, indeed, a field which had not been very widely opened to the lawyers of the day. In this place Mr. Adams spent his days and nights, until he made himself a good master of the code. It may seem strange to us of the present time, to find that there was so much empiricism in a profession now so far from mystery. Yet it was, unquestionably, the case in that day." pp. 7, 8.

Mr. Sprague's Eulogy is very respectable. Our Declaration of Independence is thus compared with the Magna Charta of England.

"It is as a great, solemn *political act*, that it demands our highest veneration. What had the world ever seen that was equal, that approached to it? Go to antiquity—to Greece, to Rome—travel over France, Spain, Germany, and the whole of modern continental Europe. All was comparative gloom; political science had not risen. Go to the isles of the sea—to Britain, then the freest of nations; and Englishmen would proudly point you to their Magna Charta, as their most valuable birthright, and the greatest bulwark of liberty which any nation had raised. It was so. And yet how does it dwindle in the contrast with our Declaration of Independence, which was a greater era in the history of mankind, than Magna Charta was in the history of England. The latter was a concession, extorted by armed barons from their sovereign. It was, what it is called, a *charter*, from the king, as the fountain of all right and power. He was their lord and master—the ultimate owner of all the soil in the kingdom; and this was a *grant*, forced, it is true, but still a *grant*, from his grace and favor, allowing the exercise of some rights to his subjects, and consenting to some limits to his royal prerogative.

"The former is not a grant of privileges to a portion of a single nation—it is a DECLARATION, *by a whole people*, of what before existed, and will always exist, *the native equality of the human race*, as the true foundation of all political, of all human institu-

tions. It was an ASSERTION, that we held our rights, as we hold our existence, by no charter, except from the KING of KINGS. It vindicated the dignity of our nature. It rested upon this 'one inextinguishable truth, which never has been, and never can be, wholly eradicated from the human heart, placed as it is, in the very core and centre of it by its Maker, that man was not made the property of man—that human power is a trust for human benefit, and that when it is abused, resistance becomes justice and duty.'" pp. 10—12.

The following anecdote illustrates Mr. Adams's warmth of temperament and personal courage, though displayed in a manner rather inconsistent with his duty as a public minister.

"Mr. Adams was removed from the Congress to other scenes of important duty and usefulness. In August, 1779, he was sent to Europe as a Commissioner of peace. The public ship, on board of which he embarked, was commanded by the gallant Commodore Tucker, now living, and a citizen of this state [Maine], who took more guns from the enemy during the revolutionary war, than any other naval commander, and who has been far less known and rewarded than his merits deserved. One occurrence on their passage is worthy of relation, as illustrating the characters of both. Discovering an enemy's ship, neither could resist the temptation to engage, although against the dictates of prudent duty. Tucker, however, stipulated that Mr Adams should remain in the lower part of the ship, as a place of safety. But no sooner had the battle commenced, than he was seen on deck, with a musket in his hands, fighting as a common marine. The Commodore peremptorily ordered him below, but, called instantly away, it was not until considerable time had elapsed, that he discovered this public minister still at his post, intently engaged in firing upon the enemy. Advancing, he exclaimed, 'Why are you here, Sir? I am commanded by the Continental Congress to carry you in safety to Europe, and I will do it;' and seizing him in his arms, forcibly carried him from the scene of danger." pp. 15, 16.

Mr. Sergeant's Oration is a highly finished performance, written with eloquence and neatness. As a specimen, we extract a passage describing the old age of Adams and Jefferson.

"Arrived at an age when nature seemed to demand repose, each had retired to the spot from which the public exigencies had first called him—his public labors ended, his work accomplished, his beloved country prosperous and happy—there to indulge in the blessed retrospect of a well-spent life, and to await that period which comes to all. But not to await it in idleness or indifference.

The same spirit of active benevolence, which made the meridian of their lives resplendent with glory, continued to shed its lustre upon their evening path. Still intent upon doing good, still devoted to the great cause of human happiness and improvement, neither of these illustrious men relaxed in his exertions. They seemed only to concentrate their energy as age and increasing infirmity contracted the circle of action, bestowing without ostentation their latest efforts upon the state and neighbourhood in which they resided. There, with patriarchal simplicity, they lived the objects of a nation's grateful remembrance and affection; the living records of a nation's history; the charm of an age which they delighted, adorned, and instructed, by their vivid sketches of times that are past; and, as it were, the embodied spirit of the revolution itself, in all its purity and force, diffusing its wholesome influence through the generations that have succeeded, rebuking every sinister design, and invigorating every manly and virtuous resolution."

It is stated moreover in this Oration, that

"It was John Adams, who, on the 15th of June, 1775, nominated George Washington 'to command all the continental forces, raised and to be raised for the defence of American liberty!' It was upon that nomination, the father of his country was unanimously elected. This interesting circumstance does not appear on the printed journals of Congress. It would seem to have been the practice not to give the names of those who made either nominations or motions. But it is stated upon the most respectable authority, whence also are derived some particulars, which it may not be uninteresting to mention. The person, who had been previously thought of for this high station, was General Ward, of Massachusetts. As he was of the same colony with Mr. Adams, it must have been a sacrifice of feeling thus to pass him by. He generously and readily made it to advance the great good cause. A striking example of disinterestedness. Washington, not aware of the intention of Mr. Adams, was in his seat in Congress at the time of the nomination. The instant it was made, he rose and left the hall. A beautiful instance of unaffected modesty."

Mr. Cushing's Eulogy, though it would be improved by the free use of the pruning-knife, is a production of spirit and power. The word *metropolis*, on pages 28 and 33, as applied to the *mother country*, strikes us as altogether objectionable; for whatever be its use in Greek, and in some modern tongues, it has not obtained that sense in ours; nor is it desirable that it should, at the expense of an expressive English phrase. *Voiced*, as

used in the following passage, "their names voiced by millions of their grateful fellow-citizens," though convenient, we believe is obsolete, and the revival of it will hardly be permitted to a writer of prose. Of the general style of this discourse, our readers will not form an unfair judgment from the following extract.

"Still there is an occasion more than all others propitious to the display of pre-eminent qualities of the mind. It is when the stirring impulses of revolution pass through a refined and *populous* people; and a great nation is struggling to be free. A poor and savage country produces no exhibition of talent, but cunning, stratagem, and courage, in hunting or in war; or the rude effusions of bards and minstrels, mingling their irregular strains with the scene of barbarous manners around them, like the beautiful wild flower springing up with its gay and brilliant foliage in the midst of the desert. The Indian of South America, or the Asiatic Tartar, as he flies across the boundless savannas of his country, on steeds fleet as the viewless winds, devoted only to the pleasures of the chase, and moved to greater exertion in the tumult of warfare alone, has comparatively little to evoke his intellectual powers. But among a people who have attained the blessings of civilization, the various inducements, which awaken our dormant powers, are multiplied beyond all conception, and act with redoubled force in stimulating our thoughts and passions. There the soul soars on the wings of glory, to the ethereal regions of fancy. There luxury and opulence spread a thousand temptations before the eye of taste and invention, and tax the resources of genius to the utmost, for the supply of innumerable complicated wants, unknown to a rugged, untaught nation. There, when the foundations of society are unsettled by some mighty popular commotion, or the passions of men are acted upon in the mass by overpowering causes of excitement, and above all, if the conjuncture be one of those revolutionary movements, which occasionally agitate empires, then is the moment for the children of genius to rise, like a second earthborn progeny, to astonish the world by their seemingly instantaneous growth, and by the stupendous effects of their intellect. Witness the constellation of talents, which, on every such emergency, has poured a tide of glory, in reckless prodigality of profusion, over lands, that dared to claim and exercise the inalienable right of men, the right to be free. Witness the illustrious names, which, crowned with splendor in the conflicts of ancient Greece, have rested, in all succeeding times, upon every lip, from lisping infancy to faltering old age. Witness the citizens of the noble democracies of modern Italy, who, less known to us because their history is not associated with the acquisition of a classical language, yet emulated the magnanimity of their

Athenian models, and ought to be equally the study of statesmen in every republican country. Witness the transient brightness of the commonwealth of England, when Hampden and Cromwell, Milton and Vane, the companions and friends of our pilgrim fathers, trod the path of honor, and attained an eminence, which we, at least, the heirs of their political and religious principles, should appreciate and applaud. And to abstain from examination of later events,—of the progress of the revolutionary spirit in Europe and in Spanish America,—witness the heroic and patriotic men, who shot upward in our sky, like a meteor, but not like a meteor to dazzle and expire,—called into life, as it were, by the all-creative energies of the war of our independence. Such were the men, of whom the congress of seventy-six was composed, and such the occasion, which elicited the masterly efforts of their genius." pp. 25—28.

Mr. Everett's Address, though, as we have understood, it was prepared in haste, and though a demand had so lately been made on the resources of the author in treating kindred topics, contains much of his usual and peculiar eloquence. He thus illustrates the respective shares of Adams and Jefferson in the preparation of the Declaration of Independence.

"To have been the instrument of expressing, in one brief, decisive act, the consecrated will and resolution of a whole family of States; of unfolding, in one all-important manifesto, the causes, the motives, the justification of the great movement in human affairs which was then taking place; to have been permitted to give the impress and peculiarity of his own mind, to a charter of public right, destined, or rather, let me say, already elevated to an importance, in the estimation of men, beyond every thing human, ever borne on parchment, or expressed in the visible signs of thought, this is the glory of Thomas Jefferson. To have been among the first of those who forsaw, and foreseeing, broke the way for this consummation; to have been the mover of numerous decisive acts, its undoubted precursors; to have been among many able and generous spirits, that united in this perilous adventure, by acknowledgment unsurpassed in zeal, and unequalled in power; to have been exclusively associated with the author of the declaration; and then, in the exercise of an eloquence as prompt as it was overwhelming, to have taken the lead in inspiring the Congress to adopt and proclaim it, this is the glory of John Adams." pp. 26, 27.

Their patriotic zeal in throwing the weight of their talents into the scale of resistance is shown in the following manner.

"All glorious as their office in this council of sages has proved, they beheld the glory only in distant vision, while the prospect before them was shrouded with darkness and lowering with terror. 'I am not transported with enthusiasm,' is the language of Mr. Adams, the day after the resolution was adopted; 'I am well aware of the toil, the treasure, and the blood it will cost, to maintain this declaration, to support and defend these States. Yet through all the gloom, I can see a ray of light and glory. I can see that the end is worth more than all the means.' Nor was it the rash adventure of uneasy spirits, who had every thing to gain and nothing to risk by their enterprize. They left all for their country's sake. Who does not see that Adams and Jefferson might have risen to any station in the British empire. They might have revelled in the royal bounty; they might have shared the imperial counsels; they might have stood within the shadow of the throne which they shook to its base. It was in the full understanding of their all but desperate choice, that they chose for their country. Many were the inducements which called them to another choice. The dread voice of authority; the array of an empire's power; the pleadings of friendship; the yearning of their hearts towards the land of their fathers' sepulchres; the land which the great champions of constitutional liberty still made venerable; the ghastly vision of the gibbet, if they failed; all the feelings which grew from these sources were to be stifled and kept down, for a dearer treasure was at stake. They were any thing but adventurers, any thing but malecontents. They loved peace, they loved order, they loved law, they loved a manly obedience to constitutional authority; but they chiefly loved freedom and their country; and they took up the ark of her liberties with pure hands, and bore it through in triumph, for their strength was in Heaven." pp. 27—29.

Of Mr. Webster's Discourse, we need only say, that it is worthy of his high reputation, and justifies the effect produced by its delivery. We might extract from its pages many passages of powerful eloquence, did our limits permit; but we have only room to bring forward the testimony which it affords, to the advantages of classical learning, displayed in the instance of the venerable men whom it celebrates, and confirmed by the weight of the orator's own opinion.

"The last public labor of Mr. Jefferson naturally suggests the expression of the high praise which is due, both to him and to Mr. Adams, for their uniform and zealous attachment to learning, and to the cause of general knowledge. Of the advantages of learning, indeed, and of literary accomplishments, their own characters were striking recommendations, and illustrations. They were scholars, ripe and good scholars; widely acquainted with

ancient, as well as modern literature, and not altogether uninstructed in the deeper sciences. Their acquirements, doubtless, were different, and so were the particular objects of their literary pursuits; as their tastes and characters, in these respects, differed like those of other men. Being also men of busy lives, with great objects, requiring action, constantly before them, their attainments in letters did not become showy or obtrusive. Yet I would hazard the opinion, that if we could now ascertain all the causes which gave them eminence and distinction, in the midst of the great men with whom they acted, we should find, not among the least, their early acquisition in literature, the resources which it furnished, the promptitude and facility which it communicated, and the wide field it opened, for analogy and illustration; giving them thus on every subject a larger view, and a broader range, as well for discussion, as for the government of their own conduct.

"Literature sometimes, and pretensions to it much oftener, disgusts, by appearing to hang loosely on the character, like something foreign or extraneous, not a part, but an ill-adjusted appendage; or by seeming to overload and weigh it down, by its unsightly bulk, like the productions in bad taste in architecture, where there is massy and cumbrous ornament, without strength or solidity of column. This has exposed learning, and especially classical learning, to reproach. Men have seen that it might exist, without mental superiority, without vigor, without good taste, and without utility. But in such cases, classical learning has only not inspired natural talent; or, at most, it has but made original feebleness of intellect, and natural bluntness of perception, something more conspicuous. The question, after all, if it be a question, is, whether literature, ancient as well as modern, does not assist a good understanding, improve natural good taste, add polished armor to native strength, and render its possessor, not only more capable of deriving private happiness from contemplation and reflection, but more accomplished also for action in the affairs of life, and especially for public action. Those whose memories we now honor, were learned men; but their learning was kept in its proper place, and made subservient to the uses and objects of life. They were scholars, not common nor superficial; but their scholarship was so in keeping with their character, so blended and inwrought, that careless observers, or bad judges, not seeing an ostentatious display of it, might infer that it did not exist; forgetting, or not knowing, that classical learning, in men who act in conspicuous public stations, perform duties which exercise the faculty of writing, or address popular, deliberative, or judicial bodies, is often felt, where it is little seen, and sometimes felt more effectually, because it is not seen at all."

pp. 52—54.

These Addresses, we repeat it, are creditable to the literature of our country; and the occasion which called them forth, may be deemed so far fortunate, as it has shown the progress of good taste, and the existence among us of a higher standard of intellectual cultivation.

MISCELLANY.

A BORDER TRADITION.

In travelling through the western part of New England, not long since, I stopped for a few days at one of the beautiful villages of that region. It was situated on the edge of some fine rich meadows, lying about one of the prettiest little rivers in the world. While there, I went one morning to the top of a little round hill, which commanded a view of the surrounding country. I saw the white houses under the shade of the old elms, the neat painted fences before them, and the border of bright green turf on either side of the road, which the inhabitants kept as clean as the grass plots of their gardens. I saw the river winding away to the south, between leaning trees, and thick shrubs and vines, the hills, rising gently to the west of the village, covered with orchards and woods and openings of pasture ground, the rich level meadows to the east, and beyond them, at no great distance, the craggy mountains rising almost perpendicularly, as if placed there to heighten, by their rugged aspect, the soft beauty of the scene below them. If the view was striking in itself, it was rendered still more so by circumstances of life and splendor belonging to the weather, the hour, and the season. The wide circle of verdure, in the midst of which I stood, was loaded and almost crushed by one of those profuse dews, which fall in our climate of a clear summer night, and glittered under a bright sun and a sky of transparent blue. The trees about me were noisy with birds, the bob-o'lincoln rose singing from the grass to sink in the grass again when his strain was ended, and the cat-bird squalled in the thicket, in spite of the boy who was trying to stone it out. Then there was the whistle of the quail, the resounding voice of the hang-bird, the mysterious note of the post-driver, and the chatter of swallows darting to and fro. As a sort of accompaniment to

this natural music, there was heard at times the deep and tremulous sound of the river breaking over a mill-dam at some distance.

There is an end of gazing at the finest sights, and of listening to the most agreeable sounds. I had turned to go down the hill, when I observed a respectable looking old man sitting near me, on the edge of a rock that projected a little way out of the ground. At the very first glance I set him down for one of the ancient yeomanry of our country; for his sturdy frame and large limbs had evidently been rendered sturdier and larger by labor and hardship, and old age had only taken away the appearance of agility without impairing his natural air of strength. I am accustomed to look with a feeling of gratitude, as well as respect, on these remnants of a hardy and useful generation. I see in them the men, who have hewed down the forests and tamed the soil of the fair country we inhabit; who built the roads we travel, over mountains and across morasses, and who planted the hill sides with orchards, of which we idly gather the fruit. From the attention with which the old man was looking at the surrounding prospect, I judged that he was come to the hill on the same errand with myself, and, on entering into conversation with him, I found that I was not mistaken. He had lived in the village when a boy; he had been absent from it nearly sixty years, and now, having occasion to pass through it on a journey from a distant part of the country, he was trying to recollect its features from the little eminence by which it was overlooked. "I can hardly," said he, "satisfy myself that this is the place in which I passed my boyish days. It is true, that the river is still yonder, and this is the hill where I played when a child, and those mountains, with their rocks and woods, look to me as they did then. That small peak lies still in the lap of the larger and loftier ridge that stretches like a semicircle around it. There are the same smooth meadows to the east, and the same fine ascent to the west of the village. But the old dwellings have been pulled down, and new ones built in their stead, the trees under which I sat in my childhood have decayed or been cut down, and others have been planted; the very roads have changed their places, and the rivulets, that turned my little machinery, are dried up. Do you see," said he, pointing with his staff, "that part of the meadow that runs up like a little creek or bay between the spurs of the upland, and comes close to the highway? A brook formerly came down to that spot, and lost itself in the marshy soil, but its bed, as you see, is now dry, and only serves as a channel to carry off the superabundance of the rains. That part of the

meadow is now covered with thick and tall grass, but I well remember when it was overgrown with bushes and water-flags, among which many old decaying trunks of trees served as a kind of causeys over a quagmire, that otherwise would have been impassable. It was a spot of evil report in the village, for it was said that lights had been seen at night moving among the thickets, and strange noises had been heard from the ground,—gurgling and half-smothered sounds, as of a living creature strangled in the midst of sods and water. It was said, also, that glimpses of something white had been seen gliding among the bushes, and that often the rank vegetation had been observed to be fearfully agitated, as if the earth shuddered at the spot where innocent blood had been shed. Some fearful deed, it was said, had doubtless been done there. It was thought by some, that a child had been strangled and thrown into the quagmire by its unnatural mother; and by others, that a traveller had been murdered there, for the sake of his money. Nobody cared, after dark, to travel the road, which formerly wound about the base of this hill, and thus kept longer beside the edge of the fen than it does now. I remember being drawn once or twice by curiosity to visit the place, in company with another lad of my age. We stole in silence along the old logs, speaking to each other in whispers, and our hair stood on end at the sight of the white bones lying about. They were the bones of cattle, who had sunk into the mire, and could not be dragged out, or had perished before they were found. There is a story about that spot," continued the old man, "which it may be worth your while to hear, and if you will please to be seated on this rock, I will tell it."

There was something in the old man's conversation which denoted a degree of intelligence and education superior to what I expected from his appearance, I was curious to know what sort of story would follow such an introduction; I sat down, therefore, by his side, on the edge of the rock, and he went on as follows.

"It is a story that I heard from my grandmother, a good old Dutch lady, belonging to a family of the first settlers of the place. The Dutch from the North River, and the Yankees from the Connecticut, came into the valley about the same time, and settled upon these rich meadows. Which were the first comers, I am unable to tell; I have heard different accounts of the matter, but the traditions of the Dutch families give the priority to their own ancestors, and I am inclined to think them in the right; for, although it was not uncommon, in those days, for the restless Yankee to settle in a neighbourhood of Dutchmen, yet it was a

rare thing for the quiet Hollander voluntarily to plant himself in the midst of a bustling Yankee settlement. However this may be, it is certain, that, about ninety years ago, a little neighbourhood had been formed of the descendants of both the emigrants from Holland and those from England. At first, the different races looked sourly upon each other, but the daily sight of each other's faces, and the need of each other's kindness and assistance soon brought them to live upon friendly terms. The Dutchman learned to salute his neighbour in bad English, and the Yankee began to make advances towards driving a bargain, in worse Dutch.

Jacob, or, as he was commonly called, Yok Suydam, was one of these early Dutch planters, and Jedidiah Williams, his neighbour, one of the first Yankees who sat down on the banks of this river. Williams was a man of a hard countenance and severe manners, who had been a deacon of the church in the parish he had left, and who did not, as I have known some people do, forget his religion when it ceased to be of any service to him in his worldly concerns. He was as grave in his demeanour, as guarded in his speech, and as constant in his devotions, as ever, notwithstanding that these qualities in his character were less prized in his new situation than they had been in Connecticut. The place had as yet no minister; but Williams contrived to collect every Sunday a few of the neighbours at his house to perform the weekly worship. On a still summer morning you might hear him doling out a portion of the Scriptures, or reading a sermon of some godly divine of the day, in a sort of nasal recitation, which could be distinguished, swelling over the noises of his pigs and poultry, at the distance of a quarter of a mile from his dwelling. Honest Yok read his Bible too, but he read it in Dutch, and excused himself from attending the meetings at Williams's house, on account of his ignorance of the language in which the exercises were held. Instead, however, of confining himself to the house during the whole Sunday like Williams, he would sometimes stray out into his fields, to look at his cattle and his crops, and was known once or twice to lie down on the grass under a tree, in the corner of one of his inclosures, where the rustling of his Indian corn, and the hum of the bees among the pumpkin blossoms, would put him to sleep. The rest of the day, when the weather was fine, he passed in smoking his pipe under a rude kind of piazza in front of his house, looking out over the rich meadows which he had lately cleared of their wood, or listening to a chapter of the New Testament, read to him by one of his daughters. He was also less guarded in his language than suited the precise notions of

Williams; the words "duyvel" or "donner," or some such unnecessary exclamation, would often slip out of his mouth in the haste of conversation. But there was another practice of Yok's, which was still less to the taste of his neighbour. As was the case with most of the Dutch planters at that time, his house swarmed with negro domestics, and among the merry, sleek-faced blacks, that jabbered Dutch and ate sour crout in his kitchen, there was one who could play tolerably on the fiddle. Yok did not suffer this talent to lie useless. On every New Year's eve, and not on that alone, but on many a long and bright winter evening that followed it, when the snow looked whiter than ever in the moonlight, and you could see the little wedges of frost floating and glistening in the air, the immense fireplace in the long kitchen was piled with dry hickory, the negro Orpheus was mounted on a high bench, and the brawny youths and ruddy girls of the place danced to the music till the cocks crew. Yok's own daughters, the prettiest maidens that ever ran in the woods of a new settlement, were allowed to acquit themselves exceedingly well on these occasions; but the performances of Yok himself extorted universal admiration. Old as he was, and he did not lack many winters of sixty, whenever he came on the floor, which was generally just before the breaking up of the revel, the youngest and most active of his guests acknowledged themselves outdone. He executed the double shuffle with incredible dexterity, drummed with his heels on the floor till you would have thought the drumming an accompaniment to the fiddle, and threw the joints of his limbs into the most gracefully acute angles that can be imagined.

Jedidiah, of course, did not suffer these irregularities of his neighbour to pass unrebuked, and Yok always took his admonitions kindly enough, although without much disposition to profit by them. He invariably apologized by saying that he was a Dutchman, that he followed the customs of his countrymen, and the practices of his fathers before him; and that it did not become the like of him to presume to be wiser or better than his ancestors, who were honest men, and who, he believed, had gone to heaven. The appearance of respect, however, with which he received these reproofs, went far to reconcile Jedidiah to his practical neglect of them, and a kind of friendship at length grew up between the two settlers and their families. Yok's pretty daughters came constantly to attend Williams's meetings, and Williams's son was a frequent and welcome visiter at the house of the hearty and hospitable Dutchman.

Yok's family, with the exception of the negro domestics I have mentioned, consisted only of himself and his two daughters. Mary, the elder, was somewhat tall, with a delicate shape, and a peaceful, innocent look. The climate, and three generations of American descent, had completely done away in her personal appearance all traces of her Dutch extraction, except the fair hair and the light blue eye. She was a sincere, single-hearted creature, whom the experience of eighteen years had not taught that there was such a thing as treachery in the world. It was no difficult matter to move her either to smiles or to tears, and had she lived in this novel-reading age, she would have been inevitably spoiled. As it was, the poor girl had no book but the Bible, of which there were in Yok's family several copies in the old Dutch letter, and she was forced to content herself with weeping over the fortunes of Ruth and the resurrection of Lazarus. Geshie, her sister, little more than a year younger, had an appearance of firmer and more sanguine health than Mary, and all that excess of animal spirits and love of mirth, with which youth and high health are generally accompanied. She was ruddier, shorter in stature, and fuller in her proportions than the elder sister, and under the shade of her thick brown hair, her bright eye shone out with a look so arch and full of mischief, that, like the sun in June, it was not a thing to look long upon. The two sisters, though so little alike, were both as kind and good as the day is long, and were acknowledged to be the handsomest girls in the settlement. People, however, were divided in opinion as to which was the handsomer and more agreeable of the two. The greater number gave the preference to the blooming and sprightly Geshie, but James Williams, the son of Jedidiah, thought differently.

Young Williams, who had come with his father to the new settlement, was a frank, high-spirited, giddy young fellow. He had given some proofs of forwardness in early youth, and his father had set his heart upon seeing him one of the burning and shining lights of the church, emulating in the pulpit the eloquence of Solomon Stoddard, and the sound doctrine of Jonathan Edwards. He had sent him to Yale College to furnish his mind with the necessary worldly learning, trusting to his own prayers and to Providence for the piety that was to fit him for the work of the ministry. But his expectations were wretchedly disappointed, for the young man proved refractory under the discipline of a college, and made so good a use of his opportunities of rebellion, that in less than a year he was expelled. He came home to read Horace and shoot squirrels, and bear a part in the psalms

sung at the meetings for religious worship held at his father's. He could not make up his mind to go back to the labors of husbandry, and yet was uncertain to what other course of life to betake himself.

Young men, who have nothing else to do, are apt to amuse themselves with making love. Time hung heavy on the hands of James Williams in the new and thinly inhabited settlement. He wandered the old woods, that stretched away on all sides, till he was weary; he found them altogether too gloomy and too silent for his taste, and when their echoes were awakened by the report of his own fowling-piece, by the cawing of the crow, or the shriek of the hawk, he could not help thinking that these sounds would interest him more, if they conveyed a human meaning. He grew tired of reading Horace in a place where nobody cared for his Latin. At length he would shut his book, and lay his gun on the two wooden hooks in his father's kitchen, and walk down to the house of honest Yok Suydam, where the good Dutchman greeted him with a cordial grasp of the hand, and his daughters with smiles. James was soon master of Dutch enough to tell the story of his college pranks, which usually called a hearty laugh from the old gentleman, a sentence or two of kind expostulation from the elder daughter, and a torrent of goodhumored raillery from the younger. In return for the proficiency which the society of the family enabled him to make in their language, James offered to teach the young ladies English, and the elder readily undertook to be his pupil. As for Geshie, she had no ambition that way; it was, she said, a silken, glozing tongue,—the tongue of pedlars and sharpers, fit only for those who wished to defraud and deceive; she was contented, for her part, with the plain household speech in which she had been brought up, the language of honesty and sincerity. James began to read the New Testament along with Mary, it being the only book with which she was familiar. After getting through with a few chapters, it was exchanged for a volume of Richardson's "Pamela," which had then just made its appearance. James had contrived to possess himself of a copy of this work while at New Haven, and concealed it as carefully from the eyes of his father as the quail hides her nest from the schoolboy. He knew, that if it should be discovered, the consequences could be no less than the great wrath of his father towards so graceless a son, and that the offending book would be burnt with fire.

Geshie soon had occasion to pay her sister a multitude of sly compliments on her proficiency in English. She had never

known, she said, a tutor so assiduous, nor a pupil so teachable. It was not, indeed, extraordinary that James should fancy himself in love with the prettiest girl in the settlement, nor was it more so that she should be seriously in love with him. The young couple soon understood each other, and Geshie also, although not the confidant of her sister, understood enough of the matter to anticipate a merry wedding, and gay wedding-dresses. The language of Holland has been called barbarous and harsh; in the mouth of Mary, James thought it infinitely more musical than the Latin, and the whispers of affection in her imperfect English, seemed to give new graces to his native tongue. Their studies, however, were often interrupted by the frolics of Geshie. Sometimes the volume of "Pamela" was missing for several days, and James was obliged to defer his lessons till it could be found; sometimes the master and scholar, on attempting to rise, found themselves fastened to their chairs, and their chairs fastened together. James was somewhat of a superstitious turn; he had read Mather's "Magnalia," a copy of which by some accident belonged to his father, and had imbibed a deep respect for spirits and goblins. Geshie was not slow in discovering this weakness in his character, nor in making it contribute to her amusement. She had an abundance of stories of supernatural terrors, and always took care to relate them to James in the evening. On a moonlight night she would tell him of an apparition seen by moonlight, and on a cloudy evening, of a ghost that walked when you could not see your hand. She would then enjoy his evident alarm, as it grew late, and as he looked alternately at his hat and the window. In the mean time, Geshie, notwithstanding her pretended contempt for the English tongue, was making a progress in learning it equal at least to that of her sister. In truth, she was sufficiently indifferent as long as Mary was occupied with the English Testament; but when the first volume of "Pamela" was brought to the house, her curiosity to know its contents prevailed over every other consideration. After that she lost nothing of the lessons James gave her sister; she treasured up in her memory every English phrase she heard uttered; she read "Pamela" by stealth; and her talent for mimicry soon gave her a tolerable command of the English accent.

A year had now passed since James and Mary had become acquainted with each other. The settlement was growing every day more populous, and James had no difficulty of finding companions to cheat him of the tedious hours. There were also among the daughters of the new comers some who might be thought nearly

as handsome and agreeable as Mary herself. His affection for her, by a perversity not uncommon in young men who are loved better than they deserve, began gradually to cool; his visits to her father's house became less and less frequent; the poor girl's English studies were wofully neglected, and finally discontinued altogether. Once she ventured to speak to him of his altered behaviour; but he gave her an indirect and trifling answer, and, after that, she spoke of it no more. But she felt it not the less deeply; her heart bled in silence and in secret; she became melancholy; was often found weeping by herself, and seemed going into a deep decline. The good old Suydam, who suspected nothing of the true cause of his daughter's malady, after prescribing all the household remedies he could think of, called in the doctor, notwithstanding she protested vehemently against it. The doctor came with his saddlebags on his arm,—a smock-faced young man just settled in the place, who thought himself happy if his prescriptions did not aggravate the disorder. He examined the patient, seemed to hesitate about her complaint, but, as he was called, he knew his duty too well not to prescribe; he therefore ordered her a little valerian, and took his leave. Geshie, who understood her sister's disorder better than the physician, and knew that it was not to be healed by medicine, threw the drug out of the window as soon as he was gone, and saved her the disgust of swallowing it.

This kind-hearted girl now undertook herself to be her sister's physician. She sung to her all the old songs she remembered, both sad and merry, composed by the mellifluous poets of Holland long ago, and handed down in the American settlements from mother to daughter, for a hundred years at least. She drew her forth to ramble in the meadows, and to pierce the great forest around them in various directions along dark and cool paths, leading to the sunny, cultivated openings lately made in its bosom. She collected for her entertainment all the gossip of her neighbourhood, mimicked the accent of the Yankees, danced, capered, and played a thousand monkey tricks to divert her. All her efforts were ineffectual to restore health and spirits to her sister, and she saw, with a sorrow almost increased to despair, that this was only to be hoped for from the return of her lover's affections.

It was now October. The forests around this valley, where there was then little else but forest, had put on their colors of yellow, orange, and crimson; and looked yet brighter in the golden sunshine of the season that lay upon them. The ripe apples

were dropping from the young apple-trees by the cottages of the settlers; the chestnut, the oak, and the butternut were beginning to cast their fruit; squirrels were chirping and barking on the branches of the walnut; rabbits were scudding over the bright leaves that lay scattered below; and the heavy whirr of the partridge, as he rose from the ground, told how well he had been pampered by the abundance of the season. James Williams could not resist the temptation of such fine weather, and so much game. He was absent whole days in the depths of the woods; in the morning you might hear the report of his fowling-piece in the edge of the forest, in the neighbourhood of his father's; at noon its echoes would be sent faintly from the cliffs of that long rocky ridge which bounds the valley to the east.

One morning James passed by the house of Mary's father with his fowling-piece. He did not dare to raise his head as he went, nor to cast a look at the windows of the house, lest he should see the face of her with whose affections he had so unfeelingly trifled. He pretended to be very busy about the lock of his gun, until he had fairly passed the dwelling, when he quickened his pace, and was soon out of sight. Geshie observed him as he went, and determined to watch his return.

He did not return until after sunset. It was a clear night, except some scattered banks of mist from the river; the moon was shining brightly, and Geshie discerned at some distance the well known gait of James, and the glitter of his fowling-piece. She saw that this was the moment for the execution of a plan, which she had formed in the hope that it might be of some advantage to her sister, but which she had communicated to no one. A few minutes afterwards a figure in white was seen stealing down from the house between some high banks so as not to be observed by James, towards the swamp of which I have already spoken, and which is now changed into that beautiful meadow.

It was necessary for James, after passing Suydam's house, to follow the road for some distance along the edge of that swamp. The spot had already begun to have a bad name; the body of an Indian infant had been found in some bushes by the edge, and a drunken German carpenter, who had straggled into the settlement, had lost the road, and perished there in a flood, which covered the meadows, the swamp, and the road itself, with the waters of the river. Among the tales of ghosts and hobgoblins, with which Geshie had formerly entertained James, were one or two stories of strange sights seen about this swamp, to which, I suspect, she maliciously added some embellishments of her own.

James's heart did not beat with its usual calmness as he approached the swamp. But his timidity rose to fear, and his fear to agony, and his whole frame shook, and a cold sweat broke out at every pore, as he saw a figure in white come out from the bushes, and move slowly towards him. He stood rooted to the ground without the power to fly, but his hands instinctively fumbled with his fowling-piece, as though he would have used it against the object of his fears. The spectre raised its arm with a menacing gesture, and the piece fell from his hands to the ground. As the apparition drew nigh, he could perceive that it was wrapped in a linen sheet, and the white feet that showed themselves under the lower edge, left him no doubt that it was the tenant of a coffin who stood before him. He essayed to speak, but his throat seemed filled with ashes; nor was it necessary, for the arm of the spectre was again raised; he saw its eye glistening under the folds of the shroud; he saw its lips move; the words came forth in clear and solemn accents; he swooned, and fell to the ground.

The same evening, as Yok was quietly smoking his pipe by the fireside, and watching the changes in the embers, Geshie entered the room, quite out of breath, with an expression of unusual agitation and anxiety on her countenance. She seated herself, and after a moment's silence, 'I have been thinking,' said she, 'that you are not a very good neighbour to Williams.'

'Why so, my daughter?'

'It is so long since you have been to see him. I hope he has taken no offence at it; but, you know, he has not called at our house lately, and James, whom you used to be so fond of, and who diverted us so much, has not darkened our doors for many a long day.'

'That is true, girl; I will see Williams to-morrow evening.'

'Why not to-night; it is a beautiful night; the sky is so clear, and the moon so bright; it may be bad weather to-morrow, you know; besides, if Williams has really taken offence at your neglect of him, the sooner it is made up between you the better.'

'Why that is true, again; and I will even go to-night;'—and Geshie, with a pleasure she could hardly conceal, reached him his hat, and heard him walk away in the direction of Williams's house with a pace quickened by the dampness of the evening air. On the way, Yok found James lying in the road apparently lifeless, and a man who was passing about the same time, assisted in bearing him to his father's house, where, by proper applications,

he was soon brought to himself. On his return, Yok related these circumstacces to Geshie, who appeared as much surprised and interested, as if she had known nothing of the matter.

To the numerous questions put to him respecting the condition in which he was found, James returned no direct answer, but desired to be left to repose. Sleep did not visit his eyes that night; the event of the evening, which he had remembered but faintly on first coming out of the swoon, returned to him in all its circumstances, with an impression that grew stronger every moment. Again they seemed present to him; the haunted spot, the spectre, the shroud, the white feet and hand, the gleam of its eye, the perceptible motion of its lips, and the piercing and solemn tones of its voice. Then, also, the fearful words it uttered, returned, one by one, to his recollection, and, as they returned, engraved themselves there, as the diamond ploughs its characters on the rock; again he heard himself denounced as treacherous, faithless, and cruel, and warned to escape an untimely end by a speedy repentance. The morning found him haggard and exhausted, in a state of melancholy bordering on despair.

It happened at this time, that the minister of the parish in which Williams had formerly lived, was on a visit to his old neighbour. Williams, who had been one of the pillars of his church, had implored him so pathetically to come and dispense the word for a season in that destitute place, that he could not find it in his heart to deny him. He was one of that race of excellent old clergymen, of which some specimens yet remain, I am told, in New England, renowned equally for good sermons in the pulpit, and good stories out of it. His round and somewhat florid face was set off by a short fox-colored wig, and the severity of his brow tempered by the jollity of his cheeks and chin. The clergy, you know, were in those times the nobility of the country; their opinions were oracles, and their advice law. Those were good days, when the farmer sent the best of every thing he had to the minister; when every hat was doffed as he passed, and when, in every house he entered, the great easy-chair was instantly wheeled for him to the front of the fireplace, the housewife ran to comb her children, and the husband to broach the best barrel of cider in his cellar. Williams's minister was not a man to abuse the reverence in which he was held; the penitent are always ready to apply to a clergyman, but this good man was also the friend of the unfortunate and unhappy.

In the morning, as soon as the clergyman was up, James sent for him, and communicated to him the adventure of the night. A long conversation ensued. The clergyman examined James with great minuteness concerning all the circumstances, and satisfied himself of the truth of his story. He then inquired of him if there were any particulars of his late way of life, which might have given occasion to so remarkable a visitation. James hesitated for a while, and at last confessed that he had loved Mary; that he believed he had won her affections; that they had talked of marriage; that he had discontinued his visits; and that he had been told she was unhappy. Another series of questions ensued, and at the end of the conference it was settled, that James should immediately perform his engagement to Mary, and that the incident of the ghost should, in the mean time, be kept secret between him and the minister.

Mary did not know to what event she owed the return of her lover, for her sister had told nobody of the part she took in the affair. She received him without a word of reproach, but with a countenance in which tears and smiles contended for the mastery. She spoke with sorrow and concern of his altered and haggard appearance, and James wondered how he could ever have ceased to love her. The parents were consulted concerning the match. Yok was pleased, because he had always liked James; and Williams, because Yok was the owner of broad woodlands and goodly meadows. An early day was fixed for the marriage. The good parson came all the way from Connecticut to assist at the nuptials, and the doctor, to whose sagacious prescription Yok attributed the rapid amendment that was taking place in his daughter's health, was also of the party. After the ceremony was over, and the minister had retired, the company adjourned to the long kitchen. A great hickory fire was blazing in the chimney, and the negro fiddler who had been provided for the occasion, with an associate, was mounted on his bench with the instrument of music at his shoulder. The couples were soon arranged; the bride and bridegroom, in the gayest attire of the day, were at the head; and old Yok himself was on the floor. A November wind was howling in the woods, the old trees creaked and groaned, and showers of the red leaves were driven against the windows; but the bluster without was unheard amidst the merriment within. The black fiddlers threw themselves into the most violent contortions, and drew their bows from the head to the heel at every note. The sound of the instruments, the clatter of feet, the shouts of laughter, the

jests that flew rapidly about, taken up by the shrill voices of the maidens, and echoed from the sonorous lungs of the rustic beaux, made the passer by to stop in amazement. But the guests remembered that it was only a wedding, and at midnight the house was as still and dark as ever.

James did not like the neighbourhood of the place where he had seen the spectre; and soon after his marriage, he went to settle in one of the villages on the banks of the Hudson, where he long lived quietly and respectably, and where his descendants reside to this day. Geshie was my grandmother by the mother's side, and from her lips I had the tale I have related. It is not known to many, for she never told it until she had arrived at extreme old age, when there were few in these parts who remembered either James Williams or her sister. As for the doctor who had prescribed for Mary, he rose almost immediately into great reputation and extensive practice, from being supposed to have cured a patient in the last stage of a consumption."

THE NEW YORK LYCEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

The New York Lyceum of Natural History was at first a private association of young men, drawn together by a taste for the natural sciences, and a desire to promote the cultivation of them in the United States. It was incorporated in 1818; and the Common Council of the city, with a praiseworthy liberality, granted them apartments in the New York Institution. Since that time, although its doings have been attended with little parade, and have consequently made less noise in the newspapers than those of many other learned societies, it has not, we believe, fallen behind any of them in real utility and the diligent and sincere pursuit of the objects for which it was instituted. It must be a source of great pleasure to its founders to see their example so extensively followed, and numerous institutions professing the same object, and formed upon the same model, springing up in various parts of our country, and introducing a taste for the natural sciences in places where, a few years since, they were almost entirely unknown. It possesses an extensive and valuable cabinet of minerals, consisting of nearly three thousand species and varieties. In the other departments of natural history, its collections are exceedingly valuable. "No collection

in this country," says Dr. De Kay, in one of the notes to his Address delivered before the Lyceum on their late anniversary, "is so rich in the departments of Herpetology and Ichthyology. It contains more than five hundred species, and must be, ere long, a place for reference to all who wish to investigate these obscure classes of animals. In addition to the already extensive collections of fossils from various parts of Europe and America, the cabinet contains nearly the entire skeleton of the Mastodon, and large portions of the only North American specimen of the Megatherium already discovered. A new department, that of comparative anatomy, has recently been established, which already contains many valuable preparations, and a series of skulls, nearly two hundred in number, from the different classes of the animal kingdom." The Institution has, for a considerable time past, employed a naturalist to travel through the different districts of the country, and investigate their natural history. One of the members is now in Florida on this errand, and it is intended, as soon as the finances of the Institution will permit, to extend its investigations to the territory west of the Mississippi. About a year since, the Institution published a volume of papers on natural history, entitled, "Annals of the Lyceum," a work, which, although it has not excited much attention at home, is said to have been well received by naturalists abroad. The author of the Address already mentioned, speaks of its reception in Europe as being of so flattering a nature, that the Institution thought themselves amply repaid for the labor and expense of its publication; a pretty broad intimation that the work has met with a fortune not unusual in the history of American literature, and that its sale has not produced any thing like a solid and tangible reimbursement of the cost of printing and publishing. Luckily, however, the Lyceum is not in the condition of most literary adventurers. It continues able to print, although the public are in no haste to buy; and we are glad to learn, that a second volume of its transactions is about to appear, which, in addition to other valuable matter, will furnish what is very much wanted in one of the most interesting and fascinating departments of natural history—a complete manual of North American Ornithology, from the same hand to which we owe the splendid continuation of the work of Wilson.

One of the first acts of the Lyceum, after its incorporation, was to appoint a committee to draw up a catalogue of all the plants growing within thirty miles of the city of New York. It is an honorable testimony to the industry and accuracy of the

principal laborer in this committee, Dr. Torrey, that it has not been found necessary to add a single new species to the list, although eight years have elapsed since it was made. The specimens illustrating this catalogue are deposited in the cabinet of the Institution for reference. The botanist may also there find an herbarium containing upwards of twenty thousand plants from all parts of the world, for which the Lyceum is indebted to Dr. Hosack. In this herbarium are many plants labelled in the handwriting of Linnæus himself. During the winter, lectures are delivered by the members of the society in rotation, upon different branches of natural science, and we have seldom received more instruction upon these subjects, than from an occasional attendance upon these informal, unpretending lectures. The desire of the association to interest all classes in these pleasing studies is evinced by the fact, that their cabinet is open at all hours gratuitously, to the public, and any stranger may be present at their weekly meetings, upon being introduced by a member. In a word, in this age of new associations, we know of no one which more steadily pursues the objects for which it was instituted, unincumbered by a formidable *état major* of officers, or one which reflects more credit upon the city in which it originated.

The difficulty and expense of obtaining suitable books for the library of the Lyceum, is, at present, one of the greatest obstacles in the way of its progress. Connected with this subject, Dr. De Kay mentions, in the notes to his Address, a fact worthy of attention. He had often, it seems, heard the remark, that New York, in proportion to its population, contained fewer works in its public libraries than any other city in Europe or America, and took some pains to ascertain how far this was true as respects our own country. He gives the following as the result of his inquiries. New York, with a population of 170,000 inhabitants, possesses ten public libraries, containing 44,000 volumes; Baltimore, with a population of 70,000, has four public libraries, containing 30,000 volumes; Philadelphia, with a population of 160,000, has nineteen public libraries, containing 70,000 volumes; Boston, with a population of 60,000, has thirteen public libraries, containing 55,000 volumes. If it be a fact, that New York is so far behind her sisters in this respect—and the fact seems, it must be owned, to be pretty well made out—it is not only a misfortune, but a reproach to this great and prosperous city. We are constrained to admit, that it is alike unworthy of the intelligence, the public spirit, and the wealth of its inhabit-

ants. It is a deficiency for which even the exclusive possession of the Italian Opera can hardly, upon a cool and judicious comparison of advantages, be admitted as an adequate compensation. A partial apology is to be found in the astonishing rapidity with which its population has increased, and which has not yet given its citizens leisure to build up institutions of corresponding greatness and extent. This apology will not, however, be much longer accepted from a city which provides so liberally for its amusements.

A great number of the most active members of the New York Lyceum belong to the medical profession. Indeed, the study of Natural History may be said to owe its introduction, as it certainly owes the greater part of its subsequent diffusion and cultivation, to the gentlemen of the faculty. It is connected, in a considerable degree, with their profession; but the desire of distinction, and the fascinating nature of the studies themselves, has, in numerous instances, carried them far beyond the precise point of familiarity with them, which is necessary to the exercise of the healing art. A class of men, who blend some portion of the study of the natural sciences with their daily pursuits, is thus scattered over all parts of our country; and through their means, new accessions are every day made to the mass of knowledge on these subjects. The Address of Dr. De Kay is almost wholly taken up with the history of the progress and present state of these sciences in the United States. It has already been spoken of in different critical journals, as a very complete view of the subject, and as highly creditable to the learning and good sense of the author. The only omission is one which his modesty led him to make, that of not noticing several works on botany, which had already been the subject of criticism in some literary journals. The readers of this work will not be displeased to see, in connexion with this subject, the following extract from the conclusion of the Address, in which the author touches upon the comparative advantages of our national situation for the successful study of natural history.

"It will be perceived, that without any greater incitement to exertion, than what is derived from the laudable curiosity which prompts us to investigate the operations of nature, and with no other reward, than the satisfaction derived from the investigations themselves, our naturalists have been industriously employed. In other countries, from the unequal distribution of property, it not unfrequently happens, that large fortunes, in the hands of private individuals, are munificently expended for the encouragement of

the Natural Sciences, and the fostering hand of government is liberally extended towards these objects. Splendid establishments are founded, and amply endowed, affording gratuitous instruction in the most minute branches, exhibiting brilliant prospects to the zealous student, and securing to the ripe scholar an honorable retreat in his old age. In our own country, notwithstanding the peculiar constitution of society, which affords little leisure to the mere scholar, and the meagre recompense which awaits the student of science, yet Natural History has not failed to attract much attention from numerous votaries. Indeed, a stronger evidence cannot be given of the interest which is taken in this study, than the fact, that numerous institutions for the cultivation of Natural History have been, for many years, in active operation in the United States, and every year adds several new associations to the list.

"In Mineralogy more accuracy has been introduced, and analyses have been much improved; many new forms and combinations have been brought to light, and species, hastily introduced, have been restored to their proper places. The loose and confused attempts at analysis, of which some examples might be adduced, ten years ago, would not be tolerated at the present day. In Geology ample materials are daily accumulating for a complete history of our different formations, and the efforts of our geologists are unwearied in adding to the stock of our positive knowledge on this subject. Unbiassed by the theories of European Naturalists, they attach themselves exclusively to the study of the nature, arrangement, and connexion of the different strata, without attempting to seek for proofs of their identity with similar formations in Europe. The Botany of our country has been carefully studied, and although the attempts hitherto made to introduce the natural orders, in preference to the Linnæan arrangement, have failed of success, yet there is every reason to anticipate, that ere long our botanists will adopt this only philosophical mode of studying the vegetable kingdom. In Zoology, from the peculiarity of our situation, naturalists have been more occupied in discovering and describing new species, than in investigating the natural affinities and relations of beings, the chief end of all zoological studies. Indeed, it is but natural to expect, that more attention should be given to the examination of new species, than to the rigid criticism of genera. A knowledge of the former is doubtless of great importance, but the latter will enable us to detect the delicate affinities by which the different classes of organized beings are approximated, if not brought into

absolute contact. We are aware, that the idea of a chain of beings has been ridiculed as a philosophical reverie; but the more this question is examined, with the light afforded by modern observation, the firmer will this opinion be established. Already we hear the terms 'natural series,' 'annectant groups,' 'regular series,' and other expressions, which mark the first glimmerings of light on this hitherto obscure subject. And when we reflect, that these affinities have been, for the most part, drawn from external and obvious characters; that we have yet much to learn from internal anatomy; that new species are continually discovered, which connect hitherto separate genera; that every day brings with it the discovery of some extinct animal, whose structure varies more or less from that of any living being, we are insensibly led to admit, that the idea of a chain of beings is neither visionary nor unphilosophical.

"As naturalists, we have much reason to be satisfied with our peculiar position. Placed on a comparatively virgin soil, with new forms and objects continually presented to our view, suggesting new trains of thought, and giving rise to new associations, we are more highly favored than the naturalists of older countries. As pioneers in the Natural History of the United States, reputation and after-fame, those powerful incentives to active and honorable exertion, are more immediately within our reach, than they will be to the numerous naturalists who shall but tread in our footsteps. With such incentives before us, let us apply ourselves diligently to the work—

——— dum loquimur, fugerit invida ætas.

"In another point of view, our situation offers some striking advantages. Removed, as we are, from the scenes of those rivalries and contentions which, unfortunately, too often intrude even upon the peaceful domains of science; where unworthy national prejudices are sometimes associated with private jealousies, we are enabled to examine controverted points with coolness and impartiality. The remoteness of our situation supplies the place of time, and we may be supposed to decide between the conflicting opinions of European naturalists with the same justice and impartiality, as if we were removed from them by intervening centuries."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET.

Aye thou art welcome—heaven's delicious breath!—
When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,
And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,
And the year smiles as it draws near its death.
Wind of the sunny South!—Oh, long delay
In the gay woods and in the golden air,—
Like to a good old age, released from care,
Journeying, in long serenity, away.
In such a bright late quiet, would that I
Might wear out life, like thee, 'mid bowers and brooks,
And, dearer yet, the sunshine of kind looks,
And music of kind voices ever nigh;
And, when my last sand twinkled in the glass,
Pass silently from men, as thou dost pass.

B.

FROM THE SPANISH OF BARTOLOME' LEONARDO DE ARGENSOLA.

MARY MAGDALEN.

Blessed, yet sinful one, and broken-hearted!
The crowd are pointing at the thing forlorn,
In wonder and in scorn!
Thou weepest days of innocence departed,
Thou weepest, and thy tears have power to move
The Lord to pity and love.

The greatest of thy follies is forgiven,
Even for the least of all the tears that shine
On that pale cheek of thine.
Thou didst kneel down to him who came from heaven,
Evil and ignorant, and thou shalt rise
Holy and pure and wise.

It is not much, that to the fragrant blossom
The ragged briar should change, the bitter fir
Distil Arabian myrrh;
Nor that, upon the wintry desert's bosom,
The harvest should rise plenteous, and the swain
Bear home the abundant grain.

But come and see the bleak and barren mountains
Thick to their tops with roses; come and see
Leaves on the dry dead tree:
The perished plant, set out by living fountains,
Grows fruitful, and its beauteous branches rise,
For ever, towards the skies.

B.

THE JUBILEE.

'T WAS glorious, when the clarion swell
Announced the purple dawn of war,
To see, where late such darkness fell,
The bright ascent of Freedom's star.
Even when some cloud of dubious fight
Veiled for a time its purer blaze,
Still might you see its struggling light,
Half bursting through the reddening haze.

More happy we, who seated now
Within the bowers by Freedom made,
Where, with the laurel's deeper glow,
Entwines the olive's grateful shade,
Behold that star, o'er which were driven
Such early shades of doubt and fear,
High burning in its Western heaven,
Pour its eternal brightness here.

Here mingling see a various group;
Grey veterans lift their kindling eyes,
And sanguine youth, a shouting troop,
Hail the pure light of Freedom's skies.

What peals are heard—what music swells!
The banners wave, the merry bells
Chime, while the cannons roar.
Is there a bosom sighs to day?
Oh is there one feels not the sway
Of this inspiring hour?
Yes, He who, full of strength sublime,
'Bodied the spirit of the time
In that proud act, which erst unfurled
Our flag of freedom to the world;
And He, the Sage, who firmly stood,
Stemming the force of Faction's flood;
To guard each right our blood had won,
Till, with the patriot and the good,
Adams and Liberty were *One*.

Yes, this fair morn to them is dark;
The day of Jubilee has shed
Its joyous radiance but to mark
More solemnly their dying bed.
They die amid the loud acclaim,
That tells the glory of their name.

When ruin, through the long wild day,
Follows the tempest's furious way,
And fitful sun-breaks only show
Its wild career of waste and woe,
And heavy clouds of darkness frown
More sternly as the sun goes down;
Then seems the thoughtful mind to see
An emblem meet of Tyranny;
A bad and powerful being's reign,
Long struggling with its fate in vain;
Till, while life's parting ray is shed,
Deep curses thicken round his head.

These die not thus; but like the day,
Serene and beauteous from its birth,
Which, as it calmly steals away,
Seems like the smile of God on earth;—

And o'er whose evening festal skies
Bright banners of a thousand dies
Seem in its gorgeous clouds to glow;
While lays of many a happy bird,
Hymning that setting sun, are heard
From all the woods below;
And a still anthem seems to swell
Up in the pure and fragrant air,
Bidding that glorious light farewell,
So calm, beneficent, and fair.

They died—but when the tale went forth
Amid the bright array of mirth,
Then revelry was turned to woe,
The pageant seemed a funeral show;
Then music hushed her festive sound,
In groups the broken crowd stood round;
Some old men talked of former years,
Their voices broken with their tears;
The young their mingled sorrows shed,
Half envying the immortal dead.

But thou, who standest in thy years
Sublime amidst thy dead compeers,
A lonely pillar laurel-crowned
With kindred columns crumbling round;
To thee a grateful nation turns,
Each eye grows bright, each bosom burns,
Gazing on thy majestic age,
Warm thanks our flowing griefs assuage:
Death need not aim his hallowing dart,
Already canonized thou art;
And patriot pilgrims hail in thee
The living saint of Liberty.

ROWENA.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

A Chronological History of New England, in the form of Annals; with an Introduction, containing a brief Epitome of the most considerable Transactions and Events abroad, from the Creation. By THOMAS PRINCE, M. A. Boston, N. E. Printed by Kneeland & Green, for J. Gerrish, MDCCXXXVI. A New Edition. Published by Cummings, Hilliard, & Co. 1826. 8vo. pp. 439.

THE republication of this excellent work is entitled to a respectful notice, and a grateful acknowledgment. It reminds us of one of those streams, which, after disappearing and holding a long subterraneous course, reappear unexpectedly, to the surprise and delight of the observer. Nine decades,—to speak in chronological style,—have elapsed since the first edition of this Chronology was published. Its merits have always been well known, but never duly estimated by the community. The author's character for learning and talents was well understood by his learned contemporaries. Ten years after his death, Dr. Chauncy observed of him; "I do not know of any one that had more learning among us, excepting Dr. Cotton Mather; and it was extensive, as was also his genius. He possessed all the intellectual powers in a degree far beyond what is common. He may be justly characterized as one of our great men." It was, therefore, on good authority, that the late worthy author of the "New England Biographical Dictionary" remarked of him, that "he was one of the most learned, and useful men of his age;" and we want no better authority than his own, for the additional remark, that "he would deserve this character, if he had never published any thing but the Chronology."

The work, however was not so well received, as to encourage him to finish it. From the "Design," which he published in 1728, the people of New England expected their own early history. It was, indeed, stated in the "Design," that the New England Chronology was to be published "together with an *Introduction*, containing a Brief Account of the most remarkable persons, transactions, and events *abroad;* 1. From the Creation to the Birth of Christ, according to the computation of the best chronologers; 2. From thence to the Discovery of the New World by Christopher Columbus; 3. From thence to the Discovery of New England by Captain Gosnold." This "Brief Account" was extended, in the first edition, to upwards of a hundred pages. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* It might be very useful as an epitome of all history, sacred and profane; but it disappointed

the expectations of those, who were looking only for a history of New England. It cost the compiler immense labor, and had the unfortunate effect of retarding and curtailing the principal work. His own account were enough to appal a German. "In my prefaces to the several periods and the following notes, I observe the writers with whom I agree and differ, and also some of the greatest difficulties. And, as I would not take the least *iota* upon trust, if possible, I examined the original authors I could meet with; and some of the articles were so perplexed, as it cost me a fortnight's labor and thought before I could be fully satisfied. The mere tables and calculations I was forced to make, would compose a folio." What scholar, adamantine as Origen, would choose to throw away the products of such profound researches, such intense labors! The author acknowledges, that, in this Part, he exceeded his design; and intimates, that he was solicited to enlarge the remainder. "In the Introduction, I observed this rule, that the nearer I drew to the later ages wherein we are concerned, the larger I made my periods; and in the process of this work, was gradually led on and persuaded to exceed my first design, which was to have the five later periods near as short as the two former.* By the time I had finished the Introduction, I found so great a number of historical manuscripts, both old and new; containing all sorts of records, both public and private, religious, civil, and military; that our printed histories are but a small part in comparison with them, and made me still more ready to yield to the solicitations of others, to enlarge my design, and give the public an abridgment of them."

Of the exactness of the first part of the work, entitled "Introduction," we have no doubt; and, without having examined it throughout, would not question its utility. With such chronologists on our shelves, as Bede, Usher, Petavius, Tersellinus, Alstedius, Scaliger, Du Fresnoy, and Blair, we have seldom had occasion to consult this "Brief Account;" but to those who have not access to large chronological works, this may be very convenient and useful.

The New England Chronology is divided into two parts. The first part extends from the 20th of March, 1602–3, to the beginning of the New England colonies, in the settlement of the first in Plymouth, on the 31st of December, 1620. The second part

* The three periods, mentioned in the "Design," were subdived into seven. The two first, containing five pages only in the present edition, come down to the death of Samuel and Saul, in the year of the world, 949; the five last, containing 68 pages, come down from that time to the beginning of the reign of James I. in 1603, being 802 years.

was to extend from the beginning of these colonies, in 1620, to the settlement of New Hampshire, in 1640; but, in the first volume, it terminated at the 28th of September, 1630. Three additional numbers, of thirty-two pages each, published in 1755, brought down the New England Chronology to the 5th of August, 1633. These numbers, but few copies of which are to be found, were republished in the "Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society" in 1818. "The present volume contains the original first volume, with the corrections and additions made by the author, together with the whole of the supplementary numbers, and is therefore the first complete and uniform edition of the work that has been published."

Of the work, as now presented to us, we can speak in terms of high commendation. It is printed with a new type, on good paper, making a neat octavo volume of 439 pages, 333 of which are New England Chronology. After collating this edition, in many articles, with the first, we are persuaded that great care has been taken to print it correctly, and to insert in their proper places the author's own additions, which were subjoined to his first volume. A few literal errors have been detected; but too inconsiderable to deserve notice. Proper names are of more importance than common words; and we observe, p. 111, "Dr. Dayton" is, in Prince, Dr. *Layton;* and, p. 116, "Sketwanoes" is, in Prince's Additions, *Sketwarroes*. Several of the abbreviations of the cited authorities, are, in the present edition, judiciously altered, rendering them more obvious to the reader, and saving him the trouble of looking after the entire names, wherever explained. The editor, in his last note, styles the author, "Dr. Prince." However justly he merited that honor, he never received it. Such honors were not so easily acquired, nor so profusely distributed, in his day, as in ours. Nor did he need this distinction. The name of *Prince* alone, in our literary republic, associated as it is with talents and genius, learning and piety, is incomparably more honorable than the highest academical or regal titles, without them.

We cannot dismiss this article, without expressing the pleasure we have felt at the reappearance of this inestimable work in its present lucid form, and in one entire and respectable volume. Under all the disadvantages of the first edition, we were in the habit of consulting it; and rarely found occasion to distrust it, in an *iota* of our New England history. We rejoice, that, at length, it has acquired the attention which it deserves, and its author, the honor which he merited. It is a subject of congratulation, that our age is doing to both the justice, which the preceding withheld;

but which the sagacious of that age expected from us. A contemporary historian,* who was a very competent judge on this subject, remarked; "It gives me great concern, that Mr. Prince's Chronology has been so ill received. I look on it as an honor to the country, as well as to the author, and doubt not but posterity will do him justice."

The reader will find in Mr. Prince's Preface, an account of some of the very numerous original manuscripts and rare volumes, which, in a long course of years, he collected in Europe and America; but an adequate idea of the extent of his collections cannot be formed, without a sight of his own manuscript catalogue of the New England Library. The invaluable remains of this library belong to the Old South Church and Society in Boston, who have permitted a selection of the historical books and manuscripts to be deposited in the Library apartment of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Of the manuscripts, relating to the New England Colonies, a sufficient number was collected to make ten folio volumes; which are now standing in the Society's room. An account of the Prince Library is given in the seventh volume of the second series of the Collections of the Historical Society.

It is only from such materials as these, that an impartial history of New England can be composed. The more frequent the recurrence to these original sources, the more effectually will the errors of foreign and even American historians be corrected, and their misrepresentations be refuted; and the more assuredly will justice be rendered to the great and good men, who laid the foundations of our Commonwealth. The time for this work of equity and charity has come. The magnanimous example of a highly respectable foreign Review, in vindicating the Puritans, is already followed. Truth is great, and it will prevail.

Original Communications made to the Agricultural Society of South Carolina, and Extracts from select Authors on Agriculture. Published by order of the Society. Charleston. Archibald E. Miller. 1825. 8vo. pp. 316.

THE publication of this work is one of the results of that attention, which thinking and intelligent men in various parts of our country are beginning to devote to agriculture, and which has

* The Rev. Elisha Callender, author of a Century Sermon, which contains an excellent summary history of the Colony of Rhode Island.

done so much to raise it from its late depressed condition, and to add not only to the respectability, but to the productiveness of the pursuit. The committee of the Society, under whose superintendence this work was compiled, began by addressing letters to those persons in the State of South Carolina, who had been most distinguished for their success in agriculture, desiring them to suggest such modes as in their opinion might conduce most to its improvement. The answers received to these letters were not very numerous, but perhaps as much so as could be expected, considering that our citizens have hitherto, for the most part, followed blindly the old processes of husbandry practised by their fathers, and are now only just beginning to observe and reflect for themselves. Some valuable communications were, however, procured by this method, and these form a respectable portion of the work. The remainder consists of such selections from the best agricultural writers in our own and other languages as are adapted to the climate and productions of South Carolina. It is obvious, that, in the common agricultural compends published both in this country and in England, there is a great deal which has no application to the latitude of South Carolina, and that many topics interesting to the inhabitants of that State, are altogether overlooked. The compilers of this volume were, therefore, obliged to consult those works which relate to the agriculture of countries whose productions are the same with those of their own State, and particularly works illustrating the agriculture of Italy and Egypt. Some of these are in foreign languages, and few of them are generally in the hands of our citizens. From these works, a variety of useful matter has been gathered for this publication, and placed within the reach of the community.

The Operative Mechanic and British Machinist; being a Practical Display of the Manufactories and Mechanical Arts of the United Kingdom. By JOHN NICHOLSON, Esq. Civil Engineer. First American, from the Second London Edition, with Additions. In 2 Vols. Philadelphia. 1826. 8vo. pp. 488 and 361.

THESE volumes are very neatly executed, and contain some valuable additions to the English edition of the same work. Experienced and skilful mechanics will not expect to find much that is new to them; indeed they are usually somewhat in advance of their science, as laid down in the regular treatises. Improvements in the modes of operation among the practical

mechanics, are concealed as long as possible, that the inventor may profit by the exclusive practice of them; and when they get abroad, they are pretty widely circulated before they can find a place in the scientific works. This edition of Nicholson's Operative Mechanic has, however, been prepared and published with a good deal of care and expense; and must recommend itself to a very large and increasing class of the public. It contains a description, and a representation by very distinct plates, of almost all the machines of any importance used at the present day; and also brief accounts of many kinds of manufactures, which do not require the aid of machinery. The work must, therefore, be highly acceptable to the gentleman, who wishes to obtain a knowledge of the mechanic arts, and the various kinds of machinery employed in them, and a general idea of the modes of conducting them. To the young just entering upon the science, it will be valuable, as it conveys, in a very clear manner, a general knowledge of mechanical principles, and illustrates them by frequent applications and examples. In this respect, it has a decided advantage over an abstract treatise. And to the adept in the science, it will be a convenient manual for reference for many things, which cannot easily be retained in the memory. Our limits do not allow us to go any more at length into the merits of the work; and we could not pass over so valuable an addition to the number of useful books, without announcing its appearance, and thus briefly commending it to the public attention.

INTELLIGENCE.

Quarterly List of New Publications. The new publications contained in the numbers of the United States Literary Gazette, for the months of July, August, and September, amount to three hundred and six, which may be thus distributed;—Biography, four; The Drama, five; Education, thirty-four; Geography, two; Law, eleven; Miscellaneous, eighty-two; Music, three; Poetry, eleven; Politics, four; Theology, twenty-seven; Topography, seven; Travels, two; History, five; Mechanics, one; Mathematics, one; Medicine, one; Novels, one; Orations, fourteen; Arts and Sciences, two; Eulogies, nine; Foreign works reprinted, eighty.

Humming-Birds. Humming-birds have frequently been described by naturalists, as of an extremely passionate disposition, destroying the most beautiful flowers, apparently without any cause. An enterprizing traveller, Mr. Waterton, has lately shown, that the food of these minute birds consists of insects, and, consequently, what has been hitherto attributed to irritability arises from the natural instinct of the bird in pursuit of sustenance.

Botany. In an extent of more than four thousand leagues, in the whole intertropical zone, from the Isle of France as far as Otaheite, and much further, on the islands as well as on the continents, the vegetable kingdom presents a great number of identical species; while the islands of St. Helena and Ascension, also situated under this zone, in the Atlantic Ocean, produce species which are peculiar to themselves, and not found either in Brazil or Africa in the same latitude. This observation was made during the circumnavigation of the globe by the French vessel Coquille.

Vegetable Life. A rather uncommon instance of the tenacity of vegetable life, occurred some time since in the Royal Park of Bushey. A small portion of the park being broken up for the purpose of ornamental culture, immediately several flowers sprang up of the kinds which are ordinarily cultivated in gardens; this led to an investigation, and it was ascertained, that this identical plot had been used as a garden not later than the time of Oliver Cromwell, more than one hundred and fifty years before.

Salmon in Ponds. An English gentleman caught a number of young salmon, about four fingers long, at the time of year when these fish return to the sea, and put them into a fish-pond about an hundred feet square, with a clay bottom, and fed by a running stream. Three years afterwards, he found in this pond three salmon, about eight fingers in length, which, though lean, appeared to be in good health. It would seem to follow, that they might have attained to their natural size, if they had been placed in a larger body of water better suited to their nature, with a fuller supply of food. They may perhaps, therefore, be naturalized in lakes.

Posts. The statutes of Edward III. contain the first intimations of the carriage of letters by post in England. Edward IV. established several lines, in which the stations were twenty miles apart. It is doubtful, at what period the advantages of this establishment were opened to the public. In the reign of Charles I., private individuals were obliged to depend on the chances of private conveyance, and the universities, as well as the principal cities, had each its own post. In 1543, there was a post between London and Edinburgh, which transmitted letters in four days. It continued in existence but a short time. James I. instituted one for the conveyance of letters into foreign countries. For a long time afterwards, the foreign merchants settled at London, claimed the right of having a postmaster of their own in that city. In 1632, Charles I. forbade the sending of letters into foreign countries by any channel but the government post. In 1635, he established a post between England and Scotland, abolishing the private posts, and appropriating the proceeds of the one which he had instituted, as a branch of the royal revenue. In 1630, this same prince, in concert with Louis XIII., organized a post between London and Paris. The private posts between France and England were abolished. The civil wars almost entirely broke up these institutions; but as soon as public tranquillity was restored, they became one of the principal objects of attention to the rulers of the English Commonwealth. They were subjected to new regulations, and made to produce a net annual income of ten thousand pounds sterling. In the reign of Anne, they received an organization, which has remained to the present time. The general post-office of Great Britain includes every thing relating to the posts of England, Scotland, and the Colonies, with the exception of the East Indies, and the settlements in the South Sea. The post of Ireland is also a separate department. The annual income from all the branches, is over 13,335,000 pounds sterling.

Iceland. The following account of the island of Iceland may perhaps be interesting to our readers. It was discovered in the year 861, by the Norwegian pirate Nadod. The first colony, consisting of Normans, was established there in the year 874. In 928, its constitution of government had become aristocratic. This constitution endured three centuries, and comprises the period of the island's greatest prosperity. Christianity was introduced there in 981. In the middle of the thirteenth century, it submitted to Norway, and in 1380, was, together with Norway, united to Denmark. These changes were ruinous to its prosperity. Its commerce diminished by degrees, and fell into the hands of foreigners; it lost its reputation for eminence in the arts and sciences. Calamities of various sorts gradually diminished its population. The plague, several kinds of epidemics, the small-pox, the incursions of pirates, in turn afflicted this unfortunate isle. In the year 1530, the first printing-press was established there; the reformation was introduced towards the middle of the same century. In 1703, its population amounted to 50,444 souls; in 1809, to 48,063; and, in 1822, to 48,386; at present, the number is 49,269. The greater part of the children die before the age of ten years. The whole population dwells on the sea-coast; the interior is absolutely uninhabited. It is the usage among them, for the minister, in the name of the suitor, to ask the hand of the lady. They have no national dance. Their mode of singing is monotonous, and their war songs resemble confused cries. The island is very poor in

vegetables, and the fruits of the trees seldom reach maturity. Barley is cultivated there. The reindeer has been naturalized since the year 1770. It is seen in considerable herds. As for domestic animals, it was computed, that the island contained, in the year 1822, about 28,443 horses; 21,803 head of cattle; 348,752 sheep; many goats, and a very few swine. The country is divided into three bailiwicks. It has a bishop, nineteen provosts, a pharmaceutical institution, and five surgeons.

Russian Marine. The maritime force of Russia, which Peter the Great began to form, and which amounted, in the reign of Catherine II., to forty-five vessels of the line, now consists of about seventy vessels of the line, eighteen frigates, six cutters, seven brigs, fifty-four schooners or vessels of small size, twenty galleys, twenty-five floating batteries, and many vessels of inferior consequence, in all four hundred and sixty-four sail; carrying five thousand pieces of ordnance, thirty-three thousand sailors, nine thousand marines, and three thousand men belonging to the department of maritime artillery.

Dome of Milan. The celebrated metropolitan church or Dome of Milan, is well known to be one of the largest and most magnificent monuments of the Gothic architecture existing in Europe. It was begun in the latter part of the fourteenth century, by the first duke of Milan, Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti, who laid the first stone in the year 1386, and it was not entirely finished till within a few years, while the French armies remained in Italy. Napoleon, then king of Lombardy, issued a decree, dated the 8th of June, 1805, ordering the erection of the facade and the completion of the upper part of the edifice. During the long train of ages, which elapsed between the commencement and completion of this admirable monument, the progress of the work was often suspended, in consequence of the change of princes, the occurrence of wars, and other similar causes. The artists successively employed about the work, one might imagine would have displayed the state of art at different epochs; but they seem to have been in fact so impressed with the dignity of the charge committed to them, and the necessity of preserving uniformity of design, that we are struck no less with the harmony of its parts, than with the majesty of its whole appearance, and the richness of its details.

English Gardens. The botanic gardens of Great Britain are supposed to contain between fourteen and fifteen thousand living species of plants, and are the richest in the world. The principal foreign establishments are supplied with their rarest plants from thence. The gardens of Lee and Kennedy at Hammersmith, and of Loddiges at Hackney, are on so extensive a scale, that they may be considered national monuments of the taste of the English people; and have been rendered exceedingly useful to science, through the liberal spirit of the proprietors. On entering the principal apartment at Mr. Loddiges', the visiter finds himself suddenly transported into a grove of palms, flourishing in all their native luxuriance, many of them of full size, and clothed with foliage unbroken by exposure to the winds or the thunder-shower, in many cases, in fact, more splendid than they are often to be met with in their native climate. So large an assemblage of tropical plants and trees of full growth, was never before seen at such a distance from the equinoctial regions.

Georama. We extract from the Florence "Antologia," the following description of a machine intended to facilitate the acquisition of geographical knowledge. The georama, which signifies, *view of the earth*, is a hollow sphere, forty feet in diameter formed by the union of thirty-six rods of iron, which represent the parallels and the meridians, covered with a blue cloth, admitting the light, and representing the seas and lakes. Countries, with their mountains and rivers, are painted with much exactness, on paper attached to the cloth. The poles are situated as in maps, at the extremity of the vertical diameter of the sphere. Round this diameter wind spiral stairs, which lead to three little circular galleries, placed one above the other, in such a manner, that the spectator can at pleasure approach the point which he wishes to examine. This ingenious and convenient contrivance produces a striking effect at first view.

Omography. A new art, to which the name of omography has been given, has been invented by M. Aiguebelle, of Paris, which is said to afford an extraordinary facility in executing, not only all that has been hitherto done by engraving and lithography, but also the effects of the pencil and stamp, which neither the graver nor the crayon has yet been able to accomplish.

Whales' Bones dug up. Some vertebræ of a whale have been found near the mouth of the river Couan, in Scotland, in a bed of blue clay, twelve feet above the level of the sea. This marine clay extends several miles. In the park of Dunmore, also, sixty feet from the river Forth, several similar vertebræ have been discovered, from which, the length of the animal, when alive, was estimated at eighty-five or ninety feet. The place is twenty three or four feet above the highest flood tides. The bed of earth was likewise argillaceous, and contained several stag-horns. At Blair Drummond, too, bones of a like sort have been excavated at the depth of four feet.

Calculating Machine. An incident, which occurred during some of the proceedings of the Astronomical Society of London, has given rise to one of the most extraordinary of modern inventions. To insure accuracy in the calculations of certain tables, separate computors had been employed, and two members of the Society, having been chosen to compare the results, detected so many errors as to induce one of them to express his regret, that the work could not be executed by a machine. To this, the other member, Mr. Babbage, at once replied, that this was possible; and, persevering in the inquiry which had thus suggested itself, he produced at last a working model of a machine for calculating tables with surprising accuracy. The government, with equal judgment and liberality, have encouraged this admirable invention, and induced Mr. Babbage to undertake the construction of a machine applicable to more extensive calculations, which is now proceeding, as rapidly as its very difficult and complex nature will admit.

Death of Infants in Russia. The number of children, who die annually in Russia, amounts to about one fourth of the whole number of deaths in the empire. The ceremonies which take place at their baptism, are stated to be one chief cause of this mortality. The naked infant is three times plunged into a bason of cold water, from which it emerges shiver-

ing with the cold. Among the more enlightened classes, warm water is now introduced; but neither physicians nor philosophers can persuade the lower classes to depart from the usage of their ancestors.

Books in Thibet. An intrepid Hungarian traveller, of the name of De Koros, who has been passing some time in Thibet, has discovered a collection of writings, in the language of that country, filling three hundred and twenty volumes. All these works were translated from the Sanscrit; the titles of the originals, and the names of the authors and of the translators, are carefully marked on them. Mr. De Koros has copied the tables of contents of all these works, and transcribed the most ample of them, which occupies one hundred and fifty-four pages.

Bones of Extinct Races. In a limestone cave, near Spezia, in Italy, Professor Paolo Savi has discovered, among many other bones, those of the lion, the tiger, and the bear. On examination, it appeared, that the bones of the bear were different from those of the existing species, from which he inferred, that these animals lived before the present system of organized beings; and, from the bones not being rounded, or broken at the edges, by rolling, he concludes, with Cuvier, Buckland, and other naturalists, that they lived where their bones were found, and that the cave was their retreats, to which they brought their prey to be devoured; a fact which has been substantiated by Buckland, who has found in English caves, the bones of granivorous animals half gnawed.

Plants in Trenches. A gentleman of Portsmouth, England, who had some strawberry vines growing in an excavation in his grounds, finding that they produced very abundantly, made several other excavations with inclined sides, in which he planted various sorts of pulse, and obtained uncommonly large crops. These effects are attributed to the elevated and regular temperature, produced by the reflection of the solar rays, and to the shelter afforded to the plants from the winds. The trenches must be pretty deep, and conveniently situated to receive the rays of the sun.

Chinese Advertisement. The following is an advertisement, extracted from a periodical paper published in Canton. "I, Acheu Tea Chincheu, a lineal descendant of Coap Boi Roche Chincheu, the celebrated sculptor and carver in wood, who, through his unremitted studies to promote rational religious worship, by the classical touches of his knife and chisel, has been honored by the emperors, kings, and rajahs of the East, and supplied them with superior idols for public and domestic worship; now humbly offer my services in the same theological line, having travelled from hence at a considerable expense, to perfect myself in anatomy, and in copying the most graceful attitudes of the human figure, under those able masters, Nollekins and Bacon. Acheu Tea Chincheu is now in possession of casts of the most approved models and Elgin marbles; he is ready to execute to order, idols from twelve feet high, well proportioned, down to the size of a marmoset monkey, or the most hideous monster that can be conceived to inspire awe or reverence for religion. My charges are moderate; for an ourang-outang, three feet high, seven hundred dollars; ditto, rampant, eight hundred; a sphinx, four hundred; a bull, with hump and horns, six hundred and fifty; a buffalo, eight

hundred; a dog, two hundred; ditto, couchant, one hundred and fifty; and an ass, in a braying attitude, eight hundred and fifty. The most durable materials will be used. Of statuary granite, brass, copper, I have provided sufficient to complete orders to any extent. Perishable wood shall never disgrace a deity made by my hands. Posterity may see the objects of their father's devotions unsullied by the inclemencies of the seasons, the embraces of pious pilgrims, or their tears on the solemn prostrations before them. Small idols for domestic worship, or made into portable compass for pilgrims; the price will be proportionate to the size and weight. Any order, post paid, accompanied by a drawing and description of the idol, will be promptly attended to, provided that one half of the expense be first paid, and the remainder secured by any respectable house in Canton."

Discovery of a Roman Town, &c. In the parish of Strathmiglo, Fifeshire, there were dug up, in the year 1823, within four feet of the surface, six bronze vessels of different capacities, from one and a half mutchkin Scots, to ten pints Scots, or twenty gallons English, unquestionably of Roman antiquity. These proved to be only a presage to still greater discoveries, recently made. A Roman town, the *Urbs Orea* of Tacitus and Ptolemy, has been discovered at a short distance, consisting of about thirty houses, in three rows, whose foundations are yet distinctly visible, with the fragments of three or four different specimens of urns, found about these ancient ruins. About a mile west, about forty bronze Roman military weapons, of various kinds, have been found, all lying together. A little to the north, a Roman urn and two Roman coins, have been recently picked up, one of them of the emperor Domitian, in excellent preservation. The most remarkable thing about the new discovered town Orea, is a stupendous triangular table, cut out of the freestone rock, upon a pedestal and pillar, and standing, with little alteration, as the Romans left it.

Auricular Organs. Sir Everard Home has recently made some inquiries by way of comparison between the auricular organs of man, and of quadrupeds. The result of his researches seems to prove, that shrill tones, or the upper notes of an instrument, have comparatively little effect in exciting the attention of animals, whilst the full lower tones stimulate them almost to fury. Sir Everard observes, "that the effect of the high notes of the piano-forte upon the great lion in Exeter 'Change, only called his attention, which was considerable, though he remained silent and motionless. But no sooner were the flat, or lower notes, sounded, than he sprung up, lashed his tail, and yelled violently, and endeavoured to break loose; and became altogether so furious, as to alarm the spectators present. This violent excitement ceased with the discontinuance of the music. The deep tones of the French horn also produced a similar effect with the lower tones of the piano-forte on the elephant, and other animals, on which the experiment was made.

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Published every month, for the Proprietors, by BOWLES & DEARBORN, at the office of the United States Review and Literary Gazette, No. 74, Washington Street, Boston, and by G. & C. CARVILL, No. 108, Broadway, New York. Terms, five dollars per annum.

Cambridge: Printed at the University Press, by Hilliard, Metcalf, & Co.

THE UNITED STATES

REVIEW AND LITERARY GAZETTE.

VOL. I. NOVEMBER, 1826. No. 2.

REVIEW.

A Sketch of the Internal Condition of the United States of America, and of their Political Relations with Europe. By a Russian. Translated from the French, by an American. With Notes. Baltimore. E. J. Coale. 8vo. pp. 163.

THIS work is attributed to a gentleman, who has resided some years in the United States, in an official capacity. His opportunities for observation have been considerable, and his book affords sufficient evidence of his having made good use of them. It is, what it purports to be, a mere sketch of the internal condition of the United States, and is not likely to call the attention of our citizens on account of any important information, which they can expect from it. It will probably, however, be very generally interesting on another score, that of affording gratification to the natural curiosity, which influences alike the prince and the peasant, the civilized man and the savage, to inquire what is thought of him by his neighbours and cotemporaries. The citizens of this republic have been charged with an extraordinary share of this feeling, and it would not be difficult to show abundant reason why this should be the case. We are very far from denying or concealing the fact, which indeed we consider as a result of that general intellectual activity, which belongs to the hopeful youth of nations, as well as to that of individuals. There is somewhat of an excessive desire of fame, it may be, an over-eagerness

For the world's debt to deeds of high degree.

But it will be a worse state of things, when we shall have become callous to censure and indifferent to reproof.

It is not now, however, the question, what we think of ourselves, but what M. Poletica thinks of us; and it is gratifying to find the opinion of an impartial foreigner so favorable to our country and its institutions; the rather, as his education, habits, and situation naturally lead him to prefer a form of government so unlike our own. His opinions respecting the condition of the United States, are, with some few and slight exceptions, equally just and liberal; they do credit to his own candor and skill in discriminating, as well as to the manners and institutions which are the subject of them.

The following extract, from the "General Considerations," with which his book begins, will show the attention which the author has has bestowed on the causes of things.

"From the irrevocable recognition of the political independence of the United States of America, by the treaty of Paris, of 1783, until towards the present time, the world has seen them prosper with a rapidity without example in the history of the most civilized nations.

"Natural and immutable causes, joined to others entirely accidental and transient, have concurred in producing the extraordinary developement of industry, in a country so recently emancipated, and so far from the great focus of civilization.

"Among the permanent causes, we must assign the first rank to the geographical situation of the United States, which gives them all the advantages of an insular position, in regard to external security, without excluding those which result from the possession of a territory immense in extent, and susceptible of every species of culture. To be perfectly secure in the peaceful enjoyment of this vast and beautiful domain, the North Americans never had, nor have they now, any other but tribes of Indian hunters to contend with, which daily and visibly diminish by the necessary effects of their precarious and wandering life. The great extent of fertile lands, and the abundance of the means of subsistence in the United States are the more favorable to the population, as it is naturally active, laborious, and enterprising. Thus have we seen it double itself in the space of twenty years succeeding the war of their Independence. This single fact in their statistical annals has not since been repeated.

"To this principal cause of the so rapidly increasing prosperity of the United States, we should undoubtedly add the salutary influence of a government as imperceptible in its progress as in its operations. Here, locality has again been favorable to that country. The absence of all immediate neighbourhood that could be dreaded, enables them to afford to their republican institutions all the latitude

which the opinions and prevailing habits of the people could claim. Wisely judging that the existence of a standing army would badly accord with the genius of a popular government, they have reduced it to a handful of men, so that they have no cause to apprehend any serious inconvenience to the safety or tranquillity of the American Confederation.

"Their civil and political laws have been conceived in a spirit eminently calculated to guard individual liberty. Such must be the case in a country, in which, since its first colonization, the hatred of political or religious persecution has been transmitted from age to age as a revered tradition.

"It is well known that the first colonist who came to the United States, were men who had abandoned their own country to seek refuge from the civil troubles with which England was agitated about the middle of the seventeenth century. Many of them fled from the religious persecution, to which the English protestants were exposed during the reign of the Stuarts. These colonists were the first legislators of the country. It is therefore natural, that all their ideas, all their solicitude should be directed to the adoption of the most effectual measures against arbitrary and religious intolerance. In fact, among the first institutions and municipal laws which governed the English Colonists of North America until their emancipation, we find the most protecting spirit of liberty, and the most unlimited freedom of conscience. The war of Independence, commonly called in Europe the American War, effected but little change in these matters, because the sole object of that war, was political Independence, and not civil liberty, which the Anglo-Americans had enjoyed in an equal degree with their English brethren.

"So true is this, that when the rupture took place between the mother country and the colonies, some of the thirteen confederated states retained their ancient constitutions granted by the British government; and, what is still more remarkable, these very states were considered more democratical than the rest. It will be sufficient to offer as an example the State of Connecticut, which, until the year 1818, had not changed its original constitution under which political power was delegated but for six months."

pp. 5—9.

While the author admits some advantages in the republican system, and allows, that "the apparent effects of these popular forms of government present the image of happiness and contentment," he finds in them "serious imperfections and anomalies;" and distinctly expresses his belief, "that limited and constitutional monarchies better guarantee individual safety and public

tranquillity than democratical states." That this should be the opinion of M. Poletica, is not to be wondered at, and, perhaps, we should pass these remarks without further comment, if we did not believe, that there are still some among us who have their misgivings on this subject, and their doubts whether our polity is, on the whole, the best, or the most likely to be permanent.

As to the first of these points, we are thorough believers. It seems to us, that the democratic form has its foundation in certain eternal and immutable truths, and that, though there may, and must be, some imperfection in the details, the system is, on the whole, the true one. It is possible, indeed, though certainly highly improbable, that our government should become monarchical or aristocratic; but even supposing such a thing to happen, it would not shake our belief in the rightness of the popular form, or our persuasion, that such will ultimately become the only form existing in the world. The monarchical is doubtless the most natural system, in the same sense, as it is more natural for men to obey their passions rather than their reason, and to blow out each other's brains and cut each other's throats, than to love their enemies and to return blessing for reviling. But few will support the theory of following nature in the latter case, and we believe it to be as downright heresy in politics to defend it in the former. The violent introduction of the republican form, indeed, into most countries of the old world, would be productive of much present evil; to be beneficial, it must be the result of gradual progress. In this matter, the inhabitants of the Eastern continent are children, and have many steps to take before they can reach the point at which we are arrived. We assert openly, at the risk of incurring the charge of a "shocking degree of national vanity," that, in this respect, we are far before the nations of the earth. "Though the country is new," says our author, "its civilization is old." It is truly so in this particular. What, though the Federal constitution has "stood the test of but forty years' experience;" the spirit which framed it, dates, to seek no earlier period, from the Magna Charta of England. Not to go over the successive encroachments of the people upon the fancied rights of their monarchs, which appear in English history before the reigns of the Stuarts, we may look at the spirit of a small minority in the House of Commons, during that of the last of the Tudors, and see in it the same democratic tendencies, which have ever distinguished our countrymen. Under the wicked and feeble princes of the house of Stuart, it shone out with distinguished splendor. Out of the mouth of their most powerful enemy, the Tory histo-

rian, the Puritans may be judged, without being found wanting in the true spirit of civil liberty and republican institutions.

Happily for us, our fathers brought this spirit to a corner of the earth, where it could flourish unobserved and unobstructed. In its native soil, it was crushed for a while under a military despotism, whose natural result was the restoration of the ancient *régime*. While our ancestors were enjoying in the wilderness their republican forms, and yielding little more than a nominal allegiance to the mother country, that country was sunk under the sway of one of the most contemptible of those who have sat upon thrones,—the misnamed "merry monarch," the pensioner of Lewis, the dastardly deserter of every principle of virtue, gratitude, and honor. Time has seen England shake off some of her fetters, and retrace many of her steps; but we have no chains, and few other impediments to retard us. It is unnecessary to speak of our Revolution, a bloody contest for a mere principle, and a successful resistance to the first postulate of oppression. We came out from this war with a scattered population, a feeble government, an unpaid army, and a successful and revered leader. What result could political experience predict, what had the world seen, from the same circumstances? Did the magnanimity of Washington alone preserve us from a military chieftain? Had he even, for a moment, thought of such a result, he would have been too wise to dare it. For the spirit of liberty was no transient ebullition of a vexed populace; it formed a part of the settled and permanent character of the nation. And what are the circumstances, which are, at length, to crush and exterminate this spirit, that has thus been growing and strengthening for ages. They must be powerful indeed, and are as yet far beyond the political horizon.

On this question of the permanency of our institutions, we may quote the following remarks.

"A foreigner, known generally in Europe by the extent and variety of his acquirements, as well as by the sprightliness of his mind, Mr. Correa de Serra, Minister Plenipotentiary of Portugal near the United States, who resided a long time in that country, and who traversed it in every direction, maintains, that the American government, to the prejudice of the individual state governments, tends strongly to consolidation.

"He even goes so far as to say, that it contains already all the elements of a monarchy, and only wants a head; he therefore called it the headless monarchy. Notwithstanding my respect for the intelligence of this *savant*, I am bold enough to entertain a contrary

opinion. It appears to me, that in proportion as the territory of the United States is enlarged, and as the population, as well as the number of the confederated states, increases, the general government will gradually lose its strength." pp. 66, 67.

Thus, it appears, that, while two intelligent and observing foreigners, who have visited our country, agree in predicting the termination of our government, they are directly opposed to each other in regard to the manner of it. One must necessarily be mistaken, and both may be so. The truth may, as we trust it does, lie in the middle, and experience may prove, that our confederation will neither divide nor consolidate, but continue, modified indeed by the wisdom of ages, but still free, happy, and, as far as it now is, purely democratic.

There are several other subjects touched upon in this work, on which we might be tempted into a dissertation, as long, and not much more novel, than that in which we have just indulged ourselves; but this would be a transgression of our limits, and we shall accordingly content ourselves with a few remarks on the subject of the Penitentiary system.

Our author supposes it to be generally admitted in the United States, that the experiment of Penitentiaries has completely failed. We, at least, are not disposed to admit it. That it has not answered the expectations of some of its enthusiastic projectors, is true enough, and this, for two obvious reasons; the first, because those expectations were unreasonable; and the second, because the practice under this system has too frequently lost sight of the conditions of the theory. The wicked are always very troublesome people to dispose of. It has been found so in this country, as well as elsewhere. They have been, and will be, vexatious and expensive burdens to the community. It was a dream of some philanthropists, that the idle and the vicious might be removed from society, and caused by their labor to support, not only themselves, but the various functionaries necessary to guard and direct them. Moreover it was hoped, that, by this process, some would be completely reformed, and most of them be made better. Nobody believes that Penitentiaries have fulfilled these expectations. But many contend, that they have done much good, and might do more; and for ourselves, we are of opinion, that, of all the inventions for securing society from evil doers, Penitentiaries are the best, and, what is important in a republican country, the least expensive. This is not the place for a fuller consideration of this important subject; we remark only that our author seems to

have a right notion of the causes, which have operated to diminish the benefits expected from these establishments. They are thus stated.

"1st. The want of a proper classification of the prisoners."

"2dly. The facility with which criminals condemned to a long confinement, obtain either the remission or commutation of their punishment."

"3dly. The luxury of charity, if we may be allowed the expression, with which they usually provide for the subsistence of prisoners." pp. 99—101.

It is a new thing to have an account of our country from the pen of an accomplished native of a state so distant and so little connected with us as Russia, and therefore likely to be so impartial. The book will accordingly, it is presumed, be widely enough circulated, to supersede the necessity of numerous extracts. We shall close this notice with one, which may be considered as a summary of the author's opinion of the state of society among us.

"In a word, what is the present state of society in the United States? A civilized population, but spread over an immense, and still new territory. All is in motion, and rapidly advances towards a better order of things. But this motion, in consequence of the very great disparity between the extent of territory and the population, is rather physical than moral. Human industry there seems absorbed in the desire of wealth; and they do not think as yet of enjoying their acquisitions.

"Those who seek but for an easy and tranquil existence, without being dependant on any man; those whose situation would induce them to withdraw from unmerited oppression; those, in fine, who only aspire to the lucrative employment of their physical force, with good conduct and sobriety, may easily realize all their hopes in the United States.

"It is, above all, the country for those who are unfortunate and yet possess means of subsistence, or for men without fortune but laborious and temperate. Much time must yet elapse before this country becomes the sanctuary of the sciences, the fine arts, and those intellectual enjoyments which form the charm of society."

pp. 135, 136.

The Importance of the Sciences of Anatomy and Physiology as a Branch of General Education; being an Introduction to a Course of Lectures to the Upper Classes in Brown University. By USHER PARSONS, M. D. Cambridge. Hilliard & Metcalf. 8vo. pp. 31.

THIS Lecture was delivered as introductory to a course addressed to hearers not professional, and presents, therefore, only a very general view of the subjects which are noticed in it. Dr. Parsons considers, first, the nature and progress of the sciences of anatomy and physiology, and some of the difficulties which usually attend the study of them. He illustrates the value and importance of the knowledge derived from comparative anatomy in their pursuit, and shows in what manner it may be made to throw great light upon the operations of some of our organs.

But what has particularly attracted our notice to this pamphlet, and induced us to call the attention of our readers to it, is the author's attempt, which we would gladly second, to prove, that a competent knowledge of anatomy and physiology is a desirable thing, and one of practical utility, to other persons than those who are devoted to them as a profession; whilst, to the general student, they form an interesting branch of philosophical inquiry.

The term, anatomy, though originally confined to the art of the dissector, is now frequently used to designate the science of organization, and, of course, includes both physiology and natural history, particularly that of the human species.

Physiology is the science of life. The physiology of man, considers him as a living being, investigates the laws by which his vital actions and processes are governed, traces their causes, and examines their effects. The natural history of man, regards him as one among animals, and points out his characteristic distinctions in regard to form, habits, customs, and the varieties of his race. These sciences are nearly connected; the former regarding rather the internal economy, the latter the external characterictics of their subject.

One of the first remarks, that occurs to us in considering these sciences, is, that the public are remarkably, and, we may add, unnaturally ignorant of them. And this is the case, not only with the public in general, but even with many who are not, in other respects, deficient in general knowledge. There is scarcely any science, which is so completely confined to a single profession. We hear gentlemen talk of the law; and who is without some

knowledge of theology, controversial theology at least. Our periodical publications, our every-day reading, our parlour-window books are loaded with long essays on the former subject; while the latter is only excluded by the common consent, which appropriates to it a particular class of publications, as wide-spreading as those merely literary. The public have some knowledge on both subjects, and naturally seek for more. But how seldom does a straggling physiological essay find its way into one of our journals. And what is the reason? The public do not understand the subject sufficiently to be interested in it. They have not learned the first principles of the science, and it is all darkness to them. The few notions they have, are generally derived from, or colored by, the traditional lore, which has descended from the sages of a darker age to the sages of the nursery. How many are there, who, while they would be ashamed of the same ignorance on any other subject, hardly know the meaning of the names of the sciences of which we are speaking, and would be puzzled, if called on to define either the one or the other.

We have applied the term *unnatural* to this general ignorance and neglect of these subjects, because it seems at variance with the common results of the most powerful impulse of our nature. We are eager to pry into every thing else, and our efforts are frequently successful. A degree of knowledge of the other sciences is widely diffused. The phenomena of eclipses are now generally understood, and comets no longer, "from their blazing hair, shake pestilence and war." But our knowledge has neither begun nor ended at home; since we are better acquainted with the motions of bodies separated from us by millions of miles, than with those far more wonderful motions, which are continually going on in our own. We flock to see, and are delighted to understand, the machinery of a cotton-factory or a steam-engine. But what are these to the machine, for which, and by which, these noble engines were constructed. Even if we had no more immediate personal interest in this, than most of us have in the machines of Birmingham or Manchester, one would think, that it would attract and fix our attention. How much more, when it is considered, that upon the wellbeing of this depend the happiness and comfort of every moment of our lives, all that moralists have said, and all that poets have sung, of the blessings of health.

> See the wretch, that long has tost
> On the thorny bed of Pain,
> At length repair his vigor lost,
> And breathe and walk again.

The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise.

Can we contemplate these glorious results of the well-ordered action of our systems, and yet be content to remain in ignorance of their structure, and the laws which govern their actions?

The general ignorance on this subject is to be referred to two principal causes. The first is its intrinsic difficulty. The internal structure of the human body is completely concealed from observation, and the opportunities of examining any part of this during life are rare. They can, therefore, only be studied after the subject has ceased to be a living being. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that a condition like this is a sufficient bar to the study, with the majority of individuals out of the profession of medicine. The power of curiosity is neutralized by that of disgust and abhorrence; and the natural feelings on this subject, strong as they are, have been strengthened in almost every age and nation by motives of a moral nature. The acquisition of physiological knowledge from books is attended with many difficulties. In the first place, there are no proper elementary works on this science. In this respect, many other sciences have greatly the advantage over it. Astronomy, geography, botany, have all their guides and compends. We have "Conversations on Chemistry," "Conversations on Natural Philosophy," and even "Conversations on Political Economy;" but we have no physiological works, except those which are intended for professional students, and suppose a considerable amount of previous knowledge. The science itself indeed supposes a good deal of such information, and some acquaintance with many of the natural sciences, and even with the learned languages, is necessary, before the student can understand a physiological work. The solitary reader is stopped on the very threshold by barbarous names, barbarous doctrines, or, what is worse, allusions to doctrines, which have long ago been consigned to partial oblivion.

These difficulties are avoided by popular lectures, which seem to afford the easiest, if not the only way, in the present state of things, of diffusing some physiological information through the community. The lecturer can often explain, in a few words, an allusion, or a doctrine, which would have cost an unassisted inquirer a day's or even a week's labor. A course of lectures may, moreover, excite a taste for this science in the community, which would soon bear down the present obstacles.

Another reason why the public do not learn more of this science is, that they are not sufficiently aware of their ignorance.

There is a great deal of false knowledge abroad on this subject, which has taken the place, and prevented the progress of the true. The natural consequence has been, that people have not been eager to obtain, what they supposed themselves to be already in possession of.

The advantages to be expected from the diffusion of some general knowledge of physiological science, are such as belong to scientific knowledge in general, and are connected with this in an eminent degree. Physiology is among the noblest of the sciences, and the common consent of all who are acquainted with it, declares it to be inferior to none in point of attraction and interest. It possesses, moreover, some peculiar advantages. It may frequently afford to the individuals of a community opportunities of preserving or prolonging their health and lives. Many instances might be pointed out, and many will probably occur to our readers, in which some information of this sort would be advantageous. But, supposing the knowledge thus acquired to be never, or rarely, applied in practice, it has a tendency to raise the standard of excellence in a profession to which this science properly belongs, a profession which all are ready practically to admit to be of the utmost importance to society. Under how many delusions do the public labor in this particular, and what gross impostures are they not liable to. What absurd and wicked empiricism is not continually practised even in this enlightened age and country, and how feeble are laws and statutes against these things. The light of science, it is true, is gradually chasing away these shadows, and effecting what legislation has labored for in vain. But what can call louder for encouragement, than an attempt to promote this desirable end, and what more likely to produce this effect, than the diffusion of a general knowledge of the laws, by which living beings are governed. That cancer-curers, and wart-touchers, and Indian doctors, and *high-pressure* practitioners will ever be entirely banished from society, is not indeed to be expected, as long as there are so many cases where learning and judgment must pause and hesitate, and as long as "fools will rush in where angels fear to tread;" but their ranks may be thinned, and the number of their victims diminished. Surely every new test which the public can obtain of the capability of those, to whom they are to trust their health and lives, must be valuable. The simple fact, that some knowledge of this subject is common in society, will tend to keep up attention, circumspection, and a desire of real excellence among the members of this important fraternity.

There is another point of view, in which this subject may be considered. In a concern so generally interesting, as the knowledge of the vital actions and processes, if men cannot get right notions, they will have wrong ones. They neither can, nor will, remain in utter ignorance. Every man, woman, and, we had almost said, every child, pretends to some knowledge on this subject; and the consequence is, that the world is filled, and physicians are embarrassed and annoyed, with superstitious and idle fancies. The practitioner is sometimes met by presumptuous confidence, and sometimes by ill grounded timidity, where it would be as hopeless to argue as to talk Greek, not because his opponents are foolish, but simply because they are incapable of appreciating his arguments. We remember to have seen an old man, of good common sense in regard to the ordinary concerns of life, who resented, as an insult to his understanding, an attempt to prove to him, that the world was round, which he saw to be flat; and we are told, that the "inhabitants of a certain island, visited by Captain Cook, were alarmed by his cows and horses, but his sheep and goats came within the narrow bounds of their comprehension, and they gave him to understand, that they knew them to be birds." It is even so with too many domestic physiologists, who have not yet learned their own ignorance. But there is enough to operate upon the feelings and bias the decisions of physicians, without the influence of such pernicious prejudices. We may here be met with the common objection, that instruction in this particular would be injurious; that it would lead people to criticise and embarrass their physicians; and, perhaps, we may have arrayed against us the threadbare quotations, "A little learning is a dangerous thing," "Where ignorance is bliss, 't is folly to be wise," and the like. We shall be told, that people will be too fond of inquiring into the nature of their complaints, and too apt to imagine disorders which never existed.

But, in the first place, we are not disposed to admit the soundness of an argument, which leads to the conclusion, that ignorance is ever bliss, at least in regard to any subject, which the Deity has rendered accessible to our faculties. Our minds were formed for exercise, for activity. We were born to learn. And must we never begin to inquire into a subject, because we cannot understand the whole of it at once? Shall we avoid the water, with the simpleton of Hierocles, till we have learned to swim?

Who does not perceive, that this is the same reasoning, that has been repeated over and over against the communication of information of any kind to the community. It stands upon a

sandy foundation, and will be destroyed by the power of knowledge, as the prisons and fetters of Eastern fable vanished at the touch of the benevolent enchanter. The abode of science is as fatal to every kind of delusion, as the grotto of Corrinan-shian is represented to have been to the fabrics of mortality.

> Error's warp and error's woof
> Cannot brook her charmed roof.
> All delusive art has wrought
> In her cell returns to nought.
> The fancied gold returns to clay,
> The mimic diamond melts away.
> All is altered, all is flown,
> Nought stands fast but truth alone.

It requires but little observation to show the absurdity of this doctrine; all the evils which are feared, exist now. It would be as reasonable for a man, who had spent his life amidst the horrible din of a cotton-factory, to object to the introduction of an improvement in its machinery, that it would make a noise. People will judge, as they ever have done, of the different degrees of merit among physicians; but their judgment will be more frequently according to knowledge. The same inquiries will doubtless continue to be made. The difference in the case of the inquirer's possessing some physiological knowledge, would be, that he might obtain an answer couched in language, which was neither unintelligible, nor necessarily connected with horrible associations. As to the sensitive and nervous, they will be sensitive and nervous still, whether they learn any thing of physiology or not. If they have no well grounded causes of alarm, they will always create them; and since such fears and anxieties must and will exist, a change of course is of little importance; if some new bug-bears are created, as many old ones will be destroyed; and, lastly, these groundless anxieties may be opposed by reason, instead of the only method possible at present, repeated assertion.

These remarks, suggested by the subject of Dr. Parsons's pamphlet, have extended so far as to leave us little room to make comments on the work itself. This is the less necessary, as it is devoted to the establishment of the position for which we have been contending. An analysis of it would therefore involve a repetition of much that we have said above. We have only to observe in general, that it is clear, correct, and unpretending; that we have read it with pleasure; and that we offer the author our best wishes for his success in this and all similar endeavours to diffuse through society the light of knowledge and truth.

Francis Berrian; or The Mexican Patriot. 2 Vols. Boston. Cummings, Hilliard, & Co. 1826. 8vo. pp. 299 and 285.

It is understood, that this novel is the work of a gentleman, who has lately published an interesting and instructive book of travels in the Valley of the Mississippi. From some remarks and hints in that work, and from the general plan and character of this, we are inclined to infer, that, during his sojourn in the West, he gathered much information respecting the recent history, the manners, and condition of Mexico, and thought that he could not give it to the public in any form so acceptable as that of a popular tale.

The author supposes himself to have found, in a steamboat which plied between Philadelphia and Baltimore, a young man of striking appearance, who, for many reasons, interested him particularly. They again met in a boat which left Louisville for the South; and, as they became intimate, the stranger beguiled the many hours of a long river voyage with relating his strange experiences. And they were strange indeed; such as scarcely could have happened, and such, we believe, as never did happen, although the author says, in his dedication, "that no inconsiderable portion of these adventures, is any thing rather than fiction;" and afterwards, in the person of his hero, "if the whole story of the Mexican revolution could be told, a thousand adventures, a thousand whimsical turns of the wheel of fortune would come to light, in comparison of which, all my adventures would assume the air of common occurrences." But a brief analysis of the story may enable our readers to judge of its probability for themselves.

Francis Berrian was born in a village near Boston; he was the child of a substantial farmer, and was strictly educated in the forms and doctrines of puritanism. Circumstances excited in him a vehement desire to travel, and this passion gradually resulted in a determination to try his fortune in our Western "land of promise." He was graduated in his nineteenth year, at Harvard college, and soon after left his father's roof. After a fatiguing journey, he arrived at Alexandria, on Red River, and there stopped to look about him, and determine what course to pursue. An extract from the account of this long journey, may illustrate our author's power of description, which we think eminent. There are in both volumes, many passages of a similar character, which are forcible and eloquent, and impress one with a belief of their exactness.

"We had much fatigue, and encountered many dangers, and there were many quarrels and reconciliations, before we reached

the mouth of Red River. That river discharges its waters into the Mississippi by a broad and creeping stream, through a vast and profound swamp. It seems a deep canal, its dark surface ruffled only by the darting of huge and strange fishes through its sluggish waters; the foaming path of the monstrous alligator gar, the shark of rivers, a thousand little silver fishes leaping from the water, and sparkling like diamonds; numberless alligators traversing the waters in every direction, and seeming to be logs possessing the power of self-direction; or occasionally these logs sinking one end in the water, and raising the other in the air, and making a deep and frightful bellow, between the hiss of a serpent and the roaring of a bull; the lazy and droning flight of monstrous birds, slowly flapping their wings, and carelessly sailing along just over the surface of these dark and mephitic waters, with a savage and outlandish scream, apparently all neck, legs, and feathers; a soil above the bank, greasy and slippery with a deposit of slime; trees marked fourteen feet high by an overflow of half the year; gullies several feet deep, and large enough to be the outlets of rivers, covered at the bottom with putrefying logs, and connecting the river with broad and sluggish lakes, too thickly covered with a coat of green buff to be ruffled by the winds which can scarcely find their way through the dense forests; moccasin snakes, writhing their huge and scaly backs at the bottom of these dark gullies; such was the scenery that met my eye, as I advanced through the first thirty miles of my entrance into that region, which had been so embellished by my fancy. I looked round me, and the trees, as far as I could see, were festooned with the black and funereal drapery of long moss. My eyes, my ears, and my nostrils joined to admonish me, that here Fever had erected his throne. I went on board my boat at the approach of night; and when, to get rid of my thoughts, I laid me down in my narrow and sweltering birth, millions of musquetoes raised their dismal hum, and settled on my face. Drive away the first thousand, sated with blood, and another thousand succeeds, and 'in that war there is no discharge.' A hundred owls, perched in the deep swamp, in all the tones of screaming, hooting, grunting, and in every note, from the wail of an infant to the growl of a bear, sing your requiem.

"You rise from a sleep attained under such auspices, and crawl up the greasy banks to the cabins of the wood-cutters. You see here inhabitants of an appearance and countenance in full keeping with the surrounding scenery, There is scarcely one of them but what has a monstrous protuberance in the stomach, sufficiently obvious to the eye, vulgarly called an 'ague-cake,' and a yellowish white complexion, finely described, in the language of the country, by the term 'tallow face.' There is an indescribable transparency of the skin, which seems to indicate water between the cuticle and

the flesh. Eyes preternaturally rolling and brilliant, glare in the centre of a large, morbid circle, in which the hues of red, black, and yellow are mixed. The small children bear all these dismal markings of the climate in miniature. Dirty and ragged, as mischievous as they are deformed, they roll about upon the slippery clay with an agility and alertness, from their appearance altogether incredible; for you would suppose them too feeble and clumsy to move. There is something unique, chilling, and cadaverous in the persons of both old and young. You would suppose that the grave was dug for them. But the more slender and uncertain their hold on life, the more gaily they seem to enjoy it. They laugh and shout, and drink and blaspheme, and utter their tale of obscenity, or, it may be, of murder, with bacchanalian joyousness. Shut your eyes, and you would suppose yourself in the midst of the merriest group in the world. Open them, and look upon the laughers, and see the strange fire of their eye, and you will almost believe the chilling stories of the Vampyres." Vol. I. pp. 27—30.

At Alexandria, he was smitten with the disease of the country, and very narrowly escaped its usual termination. As soon as his strength returned, he joined a party of young men who proposed to travel in the Spanish country, and traffic with the Spanish and Indians for mules. They crossed the frontier by the sources of the Arkansas; and here the *novel* adventures begin. Berrian accompanied one of the party to a central village of the Commanches, an Indian tribe, whose lovely valley is well described. Here a very important squaw fell in love with him, and he fell in love with Doña Martha Miguela d'Alvaro, only child of the Conde Alvaro, governor of Durango. This young lady had been just before captured by the Indians, and was now held for her ransom; of course, Berrian rescues her from captivity, saves her life and honor from imminent peril, and shows much courage and prowess. He restores her to the Conde, and becomes a member of his family. Every one is jealous and rude, but his love affairs go on prosperously. There is a father confessor, who is a perfect Schedoni of the nineteenth century, and a haughty, heavy-whiskered Don, the regular lover of Doña Martha. He undertakes to teach English "to a select few;" and all his pupils fall in love with him, except the Don just mentioned, and he challenges him to fight a duel, which Mr. Berrian declines. He is altogether ill treated, and thereupon pulls the whole family out a mountain stream, which would have drowned every one of them past all hope of resuscitation, if Berrian had not been by, to swim as never man swam before. He is again suspected and insulted, and joins the rebels, who had just begun

to make head against the royal troops. They are finally defeated, but after much active warfare, which is pretty well set forth; and while Berrian's star is yet in the ascendant, he finds occasion to save the Conde and all the family from destruction. Indeed, it must be admitted, that he saves his mistress' life as frequently and variously as the most thorough-going and exorbitant novel-devourer could ask; and so far, approves himself her destined husband. After the rebels are defeated, he hides in a cave with three charming young ladies, their father, and an Irish servant, and there lives, through fifty-eight pages of the second volume, in rather a dull way. At length the father dies, and then a daughter, and then another daughter, and then Berrian with his remaining companion and servant leave their hiding-place. Upon coming into the world again, he learns that Iturbide has been crowned emperor, and goes to Mexico to volunteer to the new sovereign his services. In Mexico, he ascertains, that Iturbide is not of much account; that his old friend, the lover of Martha, whom he had pulled out of the stream by his whiskers, had become Secretary of War, and was persecuting Martha with his addresses; and that the Conde Alvaro was doing all he could to save his estates by inducing Martha to marry her persevering lover. Berrian gets into high favor with certain great men, who, having no especial relish or playing second part to Iturbide, call themselves patriotic; and he joins the general of this party on the breaking out of the rebellion,—or rather, revolution, as it was successful,—and very rapidly rises to the highest rank. He becomes "the North American general," without whom "they would all fall together by the ears, and the cause would fail;" and finally, having succeeded in driving out Iturbide, he declines "a command only subordinate to the commander-in-chief," accepts a good estate from the Junta, whose authority he had restored; marries Martha, and on his return to Mexico from his native village, whither he had gone to build himself a house to winter in, he meets our author as aforesaid, and tells this tale.

Now it is certainly indiscreet to tell such a story as this, as having happened in these days to a real, live, born-citizen of Yankee-land. It is setting all reality at defiance; for we suppose it matter of notoriety, that no citizen of this country actually did rise to such high rank in the Mexican revolution, or could have overcome the feelings of distrust and dislike which were very generally felt towards the interlopers, who crossed their frontiers for what was to be got; which feelings, we believe, were manifested at the very outset in Texas, without reserve or quali-

fication, and,—we say it with all due deference to the fabulous merits of Mr. Francis Berrian,—were but too well justified by the principles and conduct of many, if not most of those, who went out from among us to speculate upon the troubles and convulsions of our Mexican neighbours.

It is difficult to estimate exactly the value of this work as a book of authority, if we are to regard it as a near view of the public transactions of which it treats. We have alluded to some of its violations of probability; and there are divers departures from received opinions, which are rather startling.

But, perhaps, our author may complain, that we are judging his work by laws to which it is not amenable. He may claim to have produced, not a history, nor a memoir, nor a book of statistics, but simply a novel; and, therefore, to abide no other responsibility with respect to his facts and personages, than as they are well or ill adapted to create and sustain that illusion,—that momentary belief of the reader, from which every tale must derive its power of interesting. We do not think he would profit much by this claim. His work, considered merely as a novel, although it exhibits proof of some of the qualifications necessary to success in this kind of writing, is nevertheless a failure. It is in very bad taste, and destructive to the interest of the story, to violate probability so remorselessly. The author's representation of his female characters, which seem to us sadly wanting in delicacy; his relying so much upon the worn-out expedients of the Minerva Press,—such as his Spanish lover, and his Spanish father confessor, and, more than all, that exhausted *bore*, "the terrible rogue, with his awful brogue,"—satisfy us, that those readers who find this book interesting, will find it so in spite of its being a novel, and not because it is one.

Illustrations of Lying, in all its Branches. By AMELIA OPIE. From the Second London Edition. Boston. 1826. Munroe & Francis and others. 12mo. pp. 280.

THIS is a book, that we fear few of us can look in the face without blushing. Mrs. Opie is a moralist of the most unsparing veracity. She has no idea of letting things pass because they are small; or winking at sins because they are little. Nor is she willing that they should be called by any but their right names.

A good name to a bad thing, is like a good coat on the back of a blackguard,—a passport to better company than any to which he has a right. Mrs. Opie, accordingly, does not talk of fibbing, and quizzing, and shamming, and telling untruths, and saying the thing one ought not; she speaks outright of lies and lying, and reprobates the whole tribe, white lies and all.

She makes out indeed a fearful catalogue of genera and species; and, as some of our readers may never have an opportunity of seeing the book itself, we give her introductory chapter in full.

"What constitutes lying?

"I answer, the *intention to deceive.*

"If this be a correct definition, there must be *passive* as well as *active* lying; and those who withhold the truth, or do not tell the whole truth, with an intention to deceive, are guilty of lying, as well as those who tell a direct or positive falsehood.

"Lies are many, and various in their nature and in their tendency, and may be arranged under their different names, thus:—

"Lies of Vanity.

"Lies of Flattery.

"Lies of Convenience.

"Lies of Interest.

"Lies of Fear.

"Lies of first-rate Malignity.

"Lies of second-rate Malignity.

"Lies, falsely called Lies of Benevolence.

"Lies of real Benevolence.

"Lies of mere Wantonness, proceeding from a depraved love of lying, or contempt for truth.

"There are others probably; but I believe that this list contains all those which are of the most importance; unless, indeed, we may add to it—

"Practical Lies; that is, Lies acted, not spoken.

"I shall give an anecdote, or tale, in order to illustrate each sort of lie in its turn, or nearly so; lies for the sake of lying *excepted;* for I should find it very difficult so to illustrate this the most despicable species of falsehood." pp. 9, 10.

The anecdotes and tales by which these several kinds of lying are illustrated, are very happily conceived and well executed. They are of course short and simple, but all to the point; and several, even apart from their principal moral object, are highly interesting, and possess much of that pathos, for which the former productions of the author are remarkable. No person, we are assured, can read this book without gratification of the taste and imagination, or without admiration of the genius, but, above all, the moral

purity, which it displays throughout. None certainly can read it without feeling deeply, how true, how far too true a picture it exhibits of the tendency of all men to some species of deception. We pretend to be pretty honest and veracious ourselves, particularly in our vocation; but we must confess, that, more than once, has Mrs. Opie detected us in something very like a—lie, of some few of her species. And we doubt, whether any man, who has read her book, and who remains in a due degree influenced by her precepts, can say any thing better for himself. She holds, indeed, the mirror up to nature.

She tells us, perhaps, nothing new, and this, as she professes, is not her object. Her proper purpose, is, not so much to bring to light that which is hidden, as to point out to us the true character and quality of things which are constantly before our eyes, the subjects of our daily observation. One is dismayed at finding what a tissue of lies and deceit, is the whole fabric of human intercourse. So smooth and fair as it shows to the common gaze, no sooner is it subjected to the miscroscope of our fair author, than we are shocked at the coarseness of the texture it exhibits. She exposes the deceit which forms a part of the common courtesies of life, and enters more or less into the occupation or profession of every man. We all are lying with a greater or less degree of criminality. The man who tells his neighbour he is glad to see him, when at the bottom of his heart he wishes him in Pandemonium; who presses him to stay, when he desires to have him go; who urges him to eat and drink, when he would rather forbid him to taste a mouthful; the lawyer, who covers his table with the books of his craft, opened, with leaves turned down which he never turned before, and passages noted with the pencil, which he has noted in no other way; the doctor, who mounts his horse, and rides through streets, and squares, and alleys, in apparent haste, not to do business, but to get it; the minister, who says of himself and of his congregation in the pulpit, what he and they would take as an insult if said of them by any one else, and any where else, are all lying, according to the definition of Mrs. Opie.

This is a hard saying, and we suppose a great many will be inclined to doubt, whether so great a strictness in the interpretation of the commandment against lying, is required. It must be acknowledged, that, as the world now goes, and with its present bad habits in this particular, a man who spoke the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, at all times and in all places, would be found a very inconvenient person, and would

probably find himself in some very awkward predicaments. But this is taking society as it is, with its habits of lying, which have been accumulating upon it for six thousand years. Could we begin anew, we believe that perfect and universal truth would conduce as much to the comfort and convenience of mankind, as perfect and universal virtue of all kinds would. But even weeds, which have been suffered to grow a long time unmolested, entwine their roots too closely with those of wholesome plants, to be suddenly and safely rooted up. And old evils, bad as they may be, cannot always be wholly and suddenly eradicated. In this way, certain modes and expressions of deception have become so connected with the common civilities and decencies of life, that upon them depend many of the kind feelings and affections which are called into exercise in the daily intercourse of mankind. To do them away, would be to sow discord and dissension where there is now peace and harmony; it would be the signal for bickering, backbiting, scolding, strife, duels, and broken heads. Mercy upon us! what would become of a community, where every man's ay was ay, and no was no, literally. Human intercourse would be nothing but a skeleton, without flesh or sinews, a mere *caput mortuum*, the residuum of a destructive distillation. No ancient and decayed beauty, whose hair, eyes, teeth, lips, cheeks, and bloom, all come under the denomination of moveables, could be more completely despoiled of all that made her charming.

But, disguise it as we may, the vice of lying is still one of the most common; and although, when seen in its naked shape, unadorned, undisguised, there is none more disgusting or more abhorred, yet, by means of a little self-deception, all of us are seduced to practise it without compunction, and without even suspecting that we are guilty of it. We despair of a thorough reformation in this particular; but still a vivid representation of the actual state of the case may do much to awaken many minds from the apathy with which this subject has been generally regarded, and lead them to more just notions of the nature and obligations of truth.

The lies of vanity are active and passive; of the active, we have an example in those who claim to be *acquainted* with persons of eminence whom they have only accidentally met in general society. "The king spoke to me to-day," says a ragged fellow boastingly, to one of his comrades. "Ay," retorts his fellow, "he did so, I was by at the time; he told you to get out of his way." The passive lie of vanity is committed where we suffer impressions and opinions to prevail, favorable to ourselves,

but which we know we do not deserve. Two of the best stories in the book are illustrative of these two species of lying. We quote the conclusion of one of them. The daughter of a bankrupt has been boasting in a public coach, in the presence of two of her father's principal creditors, of his wealth and prosperity. The consequence is his ruin and disgrace.

"As Lady Alberry was going to her chamber, on the second night of their journey, she was startled by the sound of deep groans, and a sort of delirious raving, from a half-open door. 'Surely,' said she to the landlady, who was conducting her, 'there is some one very ill in that room.'—'Oh dear! yes, my lady; a poor man who was picked up on the road yesterday. He had walked all the way from the heart of Wales, till he was so tired, he got on a coach; and he supposes, that, from weakness, he fell off in the night; and not being missed, he lay till he was found and brought hither.'—'Has any medical man seen him?'—'Not yet; for our surgeon lives a good way off; and, as he had his senses when he first came, we hoped he was not much hurt. He was able to tell us that he only wanted a garret, as he was very poor; and yet, my lady, he looks and speaks so like a gentleman!'—'Poor creature! he must be attended to, and a medical man sent for directly, as he is certainly not sensible *now*.'—'Hark! he is raving again, and all about his wife, and I cannot tell what.'—'I should like to see him,' said Lady Alberry, whose heart always yearned towards the afflicted; 'and I think that I am myself no bad doctor.' Accordingly, she entered the room just as the sick man exclaimed, in his delirium, 'Cruel Sir James! I a fraudulent . . . . . Oh! my dearest Anna!' . . . . . and Lady Alberry recognised in the poor raving being before her, the calumniated Burford! 'I know him!' she cried, bursting into tears; 'we will be answerable for all expenses.' She then went in search of Sir James; and having prepared him as tenderly as she could for the painful scene which awaited him, she led him to the bedside of the unconscious invalid;—then, while Sir James, shocked and distressed beyond measure, interrogated the landlady, Lady Alberry examined the nearly-threadbare coat of the *supposed rich man*, which lay on the bed, and searched for the slenderly-filled purse, of which he had himself spoken. She found there Sir James's letter, which had, she doubted not, occasioned his journey and his illness; and which, therefore, in an agony of repentant feeling, her husband tore *into atoms*. In the same pocket he found Annabel's confession; and when they left the chamber, having vainly waited in hopes of being recognised by the poor invalid, they returned to their fellow-travellers, carrying with them the evidences of Burford's scanty means, in corroboration of the tale of suffering and fatigue which they had to relate.

'See!' said Lady Alberry, holding up the coat, and emptying the purse on the table, 'are these signs of opulence? and is travelling on foot, in a hot June day, a proof of splendid living?' While the harsh creditor, as he listened to the tale of delirium, and read the confession of Annabel, regretted the hasty credence which he had given to her falsehoods.

"But what was to be done? To send for Burford's wife;—and, till she arrived to nurse him, Sir James and Lady Alberry declared that they would not leave the inn. It was therefore agreed that the nephew should go to Burford's house in the barouche, and escort his wife back. He did so; and while Annabel, lost in painful thought, was walking on the road, she saw the barouche driving up, with her young fellow-traveller in it. As it requires great suffering to subdue such overweening vanity as Annabel's, her first thought, on seeing him, was, that her youthful beau was a young heir, who had travelled in disguise, and was now come in state to make her an offer! She, therefore, blushed with pleasure as he approached, and received his bow with a countenance of joy. But his face expressed no answering pleasure; and, coldly passing her, he said his business was with her mother, who, alarmed, she scarcely knew why, stood trembling at the door; nor was she less alarmed when the feeling youth told his errand, in broken and faltering accents, and delivered Lady Alberry's letter. 'Annabel must go with me!' said her mother, in a deep and solemn tone. Then, lowering her voice, because unwilling to reprove her before a stranger, she added, 'Yes, my child! thou must go, to see the effects of thy errors, and take sad, but salutary, warning for the rest of thy life. We shall not detain you long, Sir,' she continued, turning to Charles Danvers; 'our *slender wardrobe* can be soon prepared.'

"In a short time, the calm, but deeply suffering wife, and the weeping, humbled daughter, were on their road to the inn. The mother scarcely spoke during the whole of the journey; but she seemed to pray a great deal; and the young man was so affected, with the subdued anguish of the one, and the passionate grief of the other, that, he declared to Lady Alberry, he had never been awakened to such serious thought before, and hoped to be the better for the journey through the whole of his existence; while, in her penitent sorrow, he felt inclined to forget Annabel's fault, coquetry, and affectation.

"When they reached the inn, the calmness of the wife was entirely overcome at the sight of Lady Alberry, who opened her arms to receive her with the kindness of an attached friend; whispering, as she did so, 'He has been sensible; and he knew Sir James; knew him as an affectionate friend and nurse!'—'Gracious Heaven, I thank thee!' she replied, hastening to his apartment,

leading the reluctant Annabel along. But he did not know them; and his wife was at first speechless with sorrow; at length, recovering her calmness, she said, 'See! dear, unhappy girl! to what thy sinfulness has reduced thy fond father! Humble thyself, my child, before the Great Being whom thou hast offended; and own his mercy in the awful warning!' 'I am humbled, I am warned, I trust,' cried Annabel, falling on her knees; 'but, if he die, what will become of me?'—'What will become of us *all?*' replied the mother, shuddering at the bare idea of losing him, but preparing, with forced composure, for her important duties. Trying ones indeed they were, through many days and nights, that the wife and daughter had to watch beside the bed of the unconscious Burford. The one heard herself kindly invoked, and tenderly desired, and her *absence wondered at;* while the other never heard her name mentioned, during the ravings of fever, without heart-rending upbraidings, and just reproofs. But Burford's life was granted to the prayers of agonizing affection; and, when recollection returned, he had the joy of knowing that his reputation was cleared, that his angry creditors were become his kind friends, and that Sir James Alberry lamented, with bitter regret, that he could no longer prove his confidence in him by making him his partner." pp. 33—36.

Next are "Lies of Flattery;" and here, we think, our author has made a mistake in point of classification; for we cannot agree with her, that all lies of flattery are of the kind and degree of criminality which she is disposed to attach to them. The fact, however, is, that, in the multitude of her subdivisions, she includes many which would ordinarily be considered as lies of flattery under some different denomination.

"Lies of Fear" arise from a deficiency of moral courage to speak the truth, rather than from any disposition to tell a lie. If a dull author, for instance, by whom you have been unfortunately *cornered*, asks you how you like his writings; if, when dining with some Epicurean host, particularly profuse and particularly proud of his wines, he entreats your judgment of some ancient and musty trash, which has no merit but dust and age to recommend it; if a young lady demand your opinion of her music, her painting, her embroidery, or her new gown; or if, worse than all, some matron expose for your admiration, her ill-bred and noisy offspring, of all sexes, sizes, and colors; it requires no trifling amount of resolution, to tell one, that the outpourings of his genius are "stale, flat, and unprofitable;" another, that his treasured liquor is fit for nothing but the vinegar barrel; a third, that her music is a mere squall, her painting a daub, her embroidery execrable, and her gown fit only for her grandmother; a fourth, that her

children are all frights and their breeding as bad as their looks;—yet to do otherwise, is a lie of fear.

"Lies, falsely called Lies of Benevolence," are occasioned by a desire of making those to whom they are told, pleased with themselves. Liars of this kind make it a rule, that they are never to scruple to sacrifice the truth, when the alternative is giving the slightest pain or mortification to any one. These lies border upon the lies of fear on the one hand, and the lies of flattery on the other, and might all, in fact, be included under one or the other of these denominations; but while Mrs. Opie displays and illustrates so satisfactorily all her different divisions, we care not how many of them she makes.

"Lies of Convenience" form a large class, and are to be particularly reprobated, because the temptation to them is so constant, and because they appear so trivial as not to alarm the conscience, and thus form stepping-stones to lies of more importance. Under this head more particularly come all excuses, apologies, &c. It includes a vast number of bad colds, tooth-achs, head-achs, "particular and unexpected engagements," "circumstances not under our control," and a long list of *et-cæteras*, which have formed the materials of all excuses from time immemorial. The fine lady who says she is not at home; the young belle who refuses to dance with a disagreeable partner, under a pretence of being engaged; the doctor who sends word he is detained by a patient, to avoid the *bore* of a large party; the lawyer who has always an accommodating client at his elbow to answer the same purpose,—are liars from convenience.

"Lies of Interest" and "Lies of Malignity" need no definition. "Lies of Benevolence," like all others, are of various shades and degrees of criminality. Among these are ranked, by Mrs. Opie, the lies told to sick and dying persons by their friends and physicians, in order to keep them tranquil and comfortable; the false or insufficient characters given to servants who are changing their places; and, in short, all those which are told for the sake of preventing or relieving painful feelings. The tale by which the evil consequences of this last species are illustrated is one of the best of the book. We quote the conclusion; it relates to the closing scene of life in an old man, who has been deceived, from false kindness, with regard to the character and fate of one of his sons.

"As the man rose from his occupation, and saw where Vernon stood, he smiled significantly, and said, 'I planted that willow; and it is on a grave, though the grave is not marked out.'—'In-

deed!'—'Yes; it is the grave of a murderer.'—'Of a murderer!' echoed Vernon, instinctively shuddering and moving away from it.—'Yes,' resumed he, 'of a murderer who was hanged at York. Poor lad! it was very right that he should be hanged; but he was not a hardened villain! and he died so penitent! and, as I knew him when he used to visit where I was groom, I could not help planting this tree, for old acquaintance' sake.' Here he drew his hand across his eyes, 'Then he was not a low-born man.'—'Oh no; his father was a clergyman, I think.'—'Indeed! poor man: was he living at the time?' said Vernon, deeply sighing. 'Oh yes; for the poor son did so fret, lest his father should ever know what he had done; for he said he was an angel upon earth; and he could not bear to think how he would grieve; for, poor lad, he loved his father and his mother too, though he did so badly.'—'Is his mother living?'—'No: if she had, he would have been alive; but his evil courses broke her heart; and it was because the man he killed reproached him for having murdered his mother, that he was provoked to murder him.'—'Poor, rash, mistaken youth! then he had provocation.'—'Oh yes; the greatest; but he was very sorry for what he had done; and it would have broken your heart to have heard him talk of his poor father.'—'I am glad I did not hear him,' said Vernon hastily, and in a faltering voice (for he thought of Edgar.) 'And yet, sir, it would have done your heart good too.'—'Then he had virtuous feelings, and loved his father amidst all his errors?'—'Aye.'—'And I dare say his father loved him, in spite of his faults.'—'I dare say he did,' replied the man; 'for one's children are our own flesh and blood, you know, sir, after all that is said and done; and may be this young fellow was spoiled in the bringing up.'—'Perhaps so,' said Vernon, sighing deeply. 'However, this poor lad made a very good end.'—'I am glad of that! and he lies there,' continued Vernon, gazing on the spot with deepening interest, and moving nearer to it as he spoke. 'Peace be to his soul! but was he not dissected?"—'Yes; but his brothers got leave to have the body after dissection. They came to me; and we buried it privately at night.'—'His brothers came! and who were his brothers?'—'Merchants, in London; and it was a sad cut on them; but they took care that their father should not know it.'—'No!' cried Vernon, turning sick at heart. 'Oh no; they wrote *him* word that his son was ill; then went to Westmoreland, and . . . . .'—'Tell me,' interrupted Vernon, gasping for breath, and laying his hand on his arm, 'tell me the name of this poor youth!' —'Why, he was tried under a false name, for the sake of his family; but his real name was Edgar Vernon!'

The agonized parent drew back, shuddered violently and repeatedly, casting up his eyes to heaven at the same time, with a

look of mingled appeal and resignation. He then rushed to the obscure spot which covered the bones of his son, threw himself upon it, and stretched his arms over it, as if embracing the unconscious deposit beneath, while his head rested on the grass, and he neither spoke nor moved. But he uttered one groan: then all was stillness!

His terrified and astonished companion remained motionless for a few moments,—then stooped to raise him; but the FIAT OF MERCY had gone forth, and the paternal heart, broken by the sudden shock, had suffered, and breathed its last." pp. 171—173.

Last come "Lies of Wantonness" and "Practical Lies." The first are those told from the mere love of lying. Practical lies are those not uttered but acted; and the illustrations are principally taken from dress. All artifices of dress intended to deceive by concealing defects or heightening beauties, and thus producing a false impression, are practical lies, unless the individual having recourse to such artifices expressly acknowledges the fact, upon all occasions when praised for an appearance thus procured.

We think it will abundantly appear to the reader of this book, that in spite of the detestation in which the vice of lying is held, it is yet the most common of all vices. Not that the criminality of all lying is equal, or that most persons ever utter the worst kind of lies. But probably every man is at times guilty of some kind or degree of deceiving, with the intention of deceiving, and this amounts to a positive lie.

There is one class of lies, which we are a little surprised did not attract a larger share of Mrs. Opie's attention; lies told by parents to their children. We believe that the slight regard in which strict truth is held among mankind, is principally owing to the lies which are told to children by their parents during the few first years of their lives. Then is the time that permanent impressions may be as well made as at any later period. It is then, probably, that what is called the natural propensity of a child is unfolded. Many persons who have a great abhorrence of lying, and whip their children if they detect them in it, yet make no scruple of telling and acting to them the most atrocious falsehoods. There are few parents who do not do this in a greater or less degree, though doubtless without dreaming they are guilty of criminal deception. With many the whole business of managing their children is a piece of mere artifice and trick. They are cheated in their amusements, cheated in their food, cheated in their dress. Lies are told them to get them to do any thing which is disagreeable. If a child is to take physic,

the mother tells him she has something good for him to drink; if recusant, she says she will send for the doctor to cut off his ears, or pull his teeth, or that she will go away and leave him, and a thousand things of the same kind, each of which may deceive once and answer the present purpose, but will invariably fail afterwards. Parents are too apt to endeavour to pacify their children by making promises they never intend to perform. If they wish, for instance, to take away some eatable which they fear will be injurious, they reconcile them by the promise of a ride, or a walk, or something else which will please them, but without any intention of gratifying them. This is lying, downright lying. People think nothing of breaking their promises to children, if the performance be not perfectly convenient. But they are the last persons to whom promises should be broken, because they cannot comprehend the reason, if there be one, why they are not kept. Such promises should be scrupulously redeemed, though at a great inconvenience, and even when inadvertently made. For the child's moral habit is of infinitely more consequence than any such inconvenience can be to the parent.

We have only noticed a few of the cases of lying to children, but enough to illustrate the frequency of it. And yet after having pursued such a course of deception for the two or three first years of life, if the parent then finds his child is trying to deceive him, and will tell a downright lie, he wonders how he should have learned to do so, for he has always taught him to speak the truth; without reflecting that he has been lying to him from his very birth. So he attributes that habit to an innate disposition and tendency for falsehood, which he has himself been fostering and nourishing from the first. Children soon learn to know when they are deceived, and learn to deceive others. They are not deceived many times in the same way; and the most comfortable method in the end, as well as the most conformable to the precepts of morality and religion, is, never to deviate in the slightest degree from the strict truth in our intercourse with them.

The character is not formed by precept, but by example. It is in vain to tell children a year old that they must not lie, but it is very easy to teach them so by our own example. Indeed, till taught by example, we do not believe that there is in the human mind the smallest disposition to falsehood. But the elements of the moral character are formed by example, long before a precept can be understood. People think that children under two years cannot reason, cannot draw inferences, and cannot know what a lie is. What the nature is of the process in their

minds, is more than we can discover; but the result is, that they form habits in agreement with the principles according to which they have been treated. The character of a child for life is too often fixed, its moral education finished, before it is generally supposed to be begun. For our own part when we see into what hands the forming of the minds and morals of the young so often falls, we are more surprised that the world is so good, than that it is no better. People are disposed to look back to our original constitutions for the origin of our vicious propensities, and the moral defects of our characters; but we have only to consider the common treatment of children by their parents, to find cause enough for the evil which is in the world, and which is seen so early in life. We wonder that, amid all the schemes of various kinds for education at the present day, no one has adventured upon the plan of a seminary for the preparation of parents for the management of their children; since it is to them that their moral education at least is actually entrusted, and not to the instructers who are employed after the character is formed.

Observations on the Growth of the Mind. By SAMPSON REED. Boston. Cummings, Hilliard, & Co. 1826. 8vo. pp. 44.

WE are hardly qualified to review this pamphlet, because it is strongly marked with certain peculiar religious sentiments, which the great mass of our readers, we are inclined to believe, can neither feel nor comprehend. Things that must be unintelligible to them, appear on almost every one of its pages. It is, however, interesting to us for a variety of reasons. The style we find rich and varied. Beautiful imagery is thrown over many parts of it. The author, if not a cool reasoning philosopher, is a writer of thought, of imagination, of genius, of fine taste, of pure moral feeling, of deep devotion, too, we think, to the bright prospects, which seem to break upon him from his own peculiar views of religion; and, unless we are much mistaken, possessed of a soul, keenly alive to all the true charms of poetry. Even his mysticism would not be unattractive to many. It reminds us of some of the wild, impassioned compositions of Madame de Staël, where we seem to feel touches of the sublime, because, from her indefinite manner of writing, we see things dimly,—magnified by the mist, probably, in which they are shrouded. The difficulty with these, is, that

they will not bear the full noon-day of reason undiminished. The objects then appear distinctly within our grasp, and those splendid illusions, that the creative power of imagination has wrought out of materials which the understanding could not reach easily, are scattered. There is indeed much of this character, we believe, in the "Observations" before us.

The writer seems to us greatly to misuse language, particularly the word, *memory;* and we wish he had not puzzled himself through nearly half his treatise, as he has done, with a rambling disquisition concerning what he thinks the most mysterious of all things,—the abstract nature of time. The idea of time, he says, belongs not to memory. "The memory has in reality nothing to do with time." But, to us, time seems to constitute it. It is the single characteristic feature which distinguishes it. Exclude this idea, and the name of the faculty is changed. He would not give to it that of memory, who mingled not with it some notions of what was past and gone by. We would say, at least, that such is the common use of language; and when an author assumes the right of departing from this, without offering his reasons therefor, he runs the risk of bewildering others, if not himself. By the word, *miracle*, Mr. Reed seems to understand, not a divine suspension or reversal of the laws of nature,—which we think its true meaning, unless when metaphorically used,—but merely something incomprehensible and great. He has a right to deny the existence or the possibility of miracles as most christians believe in them. This in fact he does. We argue not with him on this point. It is his misuse of language only, that we now reproach. So, too, the word, *revelation*, he sometimes makes to embrace the light of nature, from which it is commonly contradistinguished. It is a bold and poetic metaphor, also, to employ the term, *music*, to express all the harmonies of the universe. Here, however, our author explains.

"By music is meant not merely that which exists in the rational world, whether in the song of angels or men; not merely the singing of birds and the lowing of cattle, by which the animal world express their affections and their wants—but that harmony which pervades also all orders of creation; the music of the harp of universal nature, which is touched by the rays of the sun, and whose song is the morning, the evening, and the seasons. Music is the voice of God, and poetry his language, both in his word and works." p. 25.

Does not this sound like some of the poetry, we will call it, which is to be found among the earliest attempts at philosophy?

It occurs to us, on reading such passages,—and many such there are in these "Observations,"—that we are not able to lay our hand on the key to what our author thinks his treasures. Our insensibility must exclude us from the enjoyment of them. Thoughts original, and hitherto unimagined, may spring up in his bosom, from the strong feelings of his peculiar devotion. It is possible, that he may have such glimpses through the dark clouds, which hang over our moral atmosphere, of the bright realms beyond, as men of common minds see not, know not of, and for which, therefore, terms are not yet invented. All this may be. We speak of possibilities. Of one thing, however, we feel sure, that language, as it now is, though common property and the native offspring of thought every where, has by consent been exclusively appropriated in some cases to certain distinct ideas; and when others, not merely novel and extraordinary, but entirely at variance with those, are embosomed in it unexplained, the most indulgent friend will doubt, or be unable to comprehend; and the plain, sensible reader, who has patience to go through such speculations, will be apt to speak of them, too severely perhaps, as unintelligible visions. We would apply this remark to our author's use of words like *memory;* for it excludes the only idea which we think essential to it, that of time.

Time and space, like the rays of light around us, show us every thing else clearly, but seem themselves at first sight hardest to be brought under the eye of examination. Out of these, we shall find arise all our ideas of order, arrangement, beautiful design. Mr. Reed thinks, that inquiry never can reach the former of them. "The more we enter into an analysis of things, the farther we are from finding any thing that answers to the distinctness and reality which are usually attached to a conception of time." We do not by any means agree with him. Kant calls them both the inscrutable laws of the mind, which belong not to the external world, whither we are always transferring them, but lie buried within ourselves, and have no existence elsewhere. It may be so, though we would rather call them the results of those laws, than the laws themselves. Time is mere succession, the universal succession of events,—the succession abstracted entirely from the events themselves, which do thus succeed each other. The mind has the power of noting this fact alone, and this power forms the memory. Without it we could not know, nor conceive of cause, nor effect, growth nor decay, progression, improvement, nor even change. These all require memory, because they involve time. The diffi-

culty of thinking on this subject is, that we are apt to confound the various means of estimating time with time itself. We mingle with it in thought, the idea either of some artificial chronometer, the shade upon the dial, the hand of the clock, or what may be called the great chronometers of nature, the revolutions of the heavenly bodies,—the periodical goings and returns of the sun and the seasons; which, however, constitute it not, any more than the quadrant and the telescope make part of the space which they are employed to measure. All these are the mere instruments of mensuration. The universal succession, to which they are applied, which they mark, of which they form part, and which constitutes time, embraces all events, and every thing subject to advance, decline, or change.

Space gives us the power of distinguishing among external objects; it is a general term, which includes all the various forms of distance between them; this would be our definition of space. Without it we could not mark their differences, nor see them separately nor apart, and all outer things must become one undistinguishable mass, which even then would scarcely exclude the idea. Here, also, there is an effort of memory. But, in contemplating and comparing objects, which are immediately before our eyes, the mind's transition from one to the other is so rapid, that the effort is slight, and we are unconscious of it, though reflection must convince us of its existence. We call it not the memory, because we observe not the lapse of time, which, we have said, makes the memory. The faculty thus receives another name. It may be termed, perhaps, *observation*, or *contemplation*, or *judgment*.

From subtle reasonings upon these subjects, it may be asked, is it possible to draw any inferences, which shall be valuable in our practical reasonings, or for the purposes of life? A single reflection occurs to us, showing why it may be so. Time is succession; space a combination of distances; both, as we have said, are the results of laws imposed by our Creator on our weak, limited intellects. Have we a right to refer back those laws, and suppose him governed by them, or in any way under their influence? If in imagination we must, in reasoning would not this be presumption? Yet are we not doing it continually? Do we not argue of him, as much such an one as we ourselves are, though expressly warned against it? Is it not in fact from hence, that spring those dark questions in theology, which have distracted and set in opposition the most enlightened minds, and some of which Milton has admirably put in the mouths of "angels fallen,"

who, apart from their more active fellows, "sat on a hill retired,"

> "and reasoned high
> Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
> Fixed fate, free will foreknowledge absolute,
> And found no end in wandering mazes lost.
> * * * *
> Vain wisdom all and false philosophy."

These schools of philosophy, of which the immortal bard finds such an archetype, have still many disciples on earth. May we not have pointed to one of the errors which misled them? Of course we do not mean to be partizans, nor take sides in this case. We neither agree nor disagree with either of the conflicting claims for superiority. Let such reasonings be laid aside as unproductive and presumptuous, for they lead to those remarkable grounds of discord, where all parties in the controversy seem to us to be equally wrong.

But what account does our author actually make of his reflections on the nature of time, or rather on the nature of memory, from which all idea of time is to be excluded? His great object he declares to be a religious one. It is, he says, "that we may be impressed with the immediate presence and agency of God, without which a correct understanding of mind or matter can never be attained; that we may be able to read on every power of the mind, and on every particle of matter the language of our Lord, 'My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.' We usually put the Divine Being to an immense distance, by supposing that the world was created many years ago, and subjected to certain laws, by which it has since been governed." But can we banish these estimates of time from our thoughts, with which they continually mingle? and if it were possible, instead of elevating our feelings of devotion, as is here supposed, would it not destroy them by destroying all conceptions of cause and effect, and of infinite benevolent design, by which cause and effect are united?

These sceptical impressions, which our author has ascribed, falsely, we think, to the results of our ideas of time, we have before seen ascribed, more plausibly, though still we should say, falsely, to the progress of science, which, by unfolding to us the knowledge of proximate or intermediate causes, seems to thrust our Creator to an immeasurable distance from us, merely because it places him at their head. The mind thus stops short of the only proper object of our adoration. Rude, uncivilized people, it is thought,—those who know no reason for any of the

great changes in nature,—are compelled to suppose every one to be the direct work of the Almighty, and feel thus most strongly that intimate sense of his immediate presence, from whence all true devotion springs. But can this be so? Does the light of the understanding chill the religious affections? Is it possible, that the discovery of things admirable, will weaken our admiration,—that multiplied proofs of infinite benevolent power will abate our reverence for the holder of it? While we are pressing onward by the unerring pathway now pointed out to us, step after step, to the disclosure of the beneficent purposes of Providence, are we going so many steps farther from the Giver of all these blessings? It cannot be so. The answer to the questions seems involved, in the questions themselves; and if the fact be sometimes otherwise, as those from whom we differ suppose it, it springs from false education; it is the result not of our nature, but of a misdirection of our nature.

By the researches of science, our religious feelings may indeed change, but they change naturally for the better, and tend to become, what they should be, full of gratitude, love, affectionate admiration. This we say is the natural effect; it is our own fault if it be otherwise. Ignorance clothes Deity with terrors. The object of his supreme reverence is to the unlettered savage often an object of affright, for he sees few of his attributes but power; and those mighty acts of sovereignty of which he comprehends not the generous purpose, may sometimes seem to him partial, unmerited, capricious. Not so, in any respect, to the truly enlightened philosopher. In his inquiries into nature, he traces every where the kind contrivances of an affectionate parent, who has scattered all around us innumerable comforts of which we shall never find an end; and his heart must be indeed perverted by bad discipline or clouded by selfishness, if it feel not those grateful emotions, which such things, even in the imperfect intercourse of man with man, are almost sure to awaken. Is it not true then as we have stated it? The devotions of the ignorant or the uncivilized are moved by fear, which makes them shrink from the approach of Deity, and sometimes willing, if it were possible, to fly from his presence. Those of the enlightened are in all respects different; not repulsive, nor forced, but most voluntary, and reposing on their eternal object with increasing delight and hope. This, we wish again to repeat it, seems to be the natural tendency of things.

Still it may be said, the feelings of the savage in the contemplation of Deity are more powerful and have a greater effect on

his conduct, than those of the intelligent or enlightened. True, it is so; and the reason may be plain. Self-preservation is said to be the first law of our nature. It is on this account, that fear is the most instantaneous and the strongest of all our emotions. It drives us from evil quicker, and with incomparably more power, than hope allures us to good. It is universal, too, and constant; while the softer affections reign in few bosoms, and often expire from mere exhaustion, this is every where, shakes even the firmest minds, and continually increases, until knowledge, which is its sure assuasive, comes to its relief. Any one who has felt the terrors of some great, uncertain, immediate, impending danger, will allow all this to be true; and we think it may be a cause, why the power of Deity strikes us more forcibly than his benevolence does, and why therefore fear operates with more energy and effect than love. There is no doubt, that the difference between the relative strength of these emotions may be much increased by what we should call wrong instruction; and in fact, it often is so, even in the most gifted minds. Few are taught feelingly to think of Deity as all in all,—the benevolent director of every event, causing every cause, effecting every effect, and in short immediately designing every thing which presents itself to us, excepting, perhaps some may say, human thoughts and human feelings. It is only in the great and extraordinary changes or revolutions of nature that most men think it necessary for him, if we may so speak, to be personally present. All the rest, the minute events, and the every-day occurrences around us, they are content to ascribe, unmeaningly enough, to what they philosophically call general laws. In such reflections as these we are all along aware that we run a great risk of error by applying literally to Deity the thoughts borrowed from our own weak powers of action, and every one of our remarks on this subject ought to be received with strong qualifications on that account. Probably the words *design*, *intent*, as we understand and continually apply them to him may be very gross and improper. Certainly we may say so of the phrase, *general laws*; taken in the first from our own weak political institutions, then transferred by a metaphor to our classification of the phenomena of nature, and at last, by a third step, raised to express the principles on which the moral world is governed, and the conduct of man divinely tried. The meaning of it, when thus used, is obscure, if not absolutely unintelligible, and conveys such marked ideas of imperfection, as we are sure no one would seriously think of imputing to Deity. It is the very defect of human laws that they

must be general. If a particular one could be promptly and impartially made and fairly executed for every particular case, we might be more sure of justice than we are now. Their infinite number, the obscurity of evidence, and the hazards of administration, make this impossible. Not so, however, with those of the great Being to whom we now refer. In speaking of him, it is true, we are obliged to employ the poor, feeble language springing from human contemplations; but let us do it with such a clear understanding of its narrow limits as to derogate as little as possible from his character, and never to extinguish those pure religious affections, which a true sense of his attribntes is, as we have more than once said, always sure to inspire. To intimate this caution was the object of our last remarks.

We have rambled on this theme enough already, but we cannot leave it without touching a subject which seems nearly connected with it, and which it suggests. The emotion of sublimity is more full of involuntary devotion than any other which it is possible for purely sensible images to awaken. It is said that science diminishes this; and in a qualified sense it may be so. Had Franklin stripped the lightning of more of its unknown terrors, he might have robbed it of more of its grandeur. If we should go on still farther, follow electricity into its most hidden recesses, see all the causes which operate upon it, trace it to its original elements, the subtle materials of which it is composed, the ethereal springs which actuate it, learn how to grasp them, bring them under our control, direct them, make the whole of its qualities subservient to the common purposes of life, (and why may not this be, since knowledge which is power is interminable) we might much more weaken its elevating influences over our feelings, and perhaps utterly destroy them. Still, were we even to rest here, we might ask, Would we exchange our knowledge of it for the ignorance of the savage, who sees in it the red arm of the Almighty, and trembles under the united power of superstition and the repulsive fear of capricious, undistinguishing, tyrannic force? But we rest not here. That lofty emotion of which we speak, may be melted into those of a milder and more attractive form, affection, gratitude for the goodness of Heaven; and the sublime has only taken its station on higher grounds, where science points it out to our view. Consider for a moment the discoveries of the astronomer, the demonstrated revolutions of the material system of the universe, the worlds on worlds, which the telescope has found for us. We may turn to instances of this sort without number, and they are continually

increasing. The true objects of grandeur, too, are thus clothed with infinitely more dignity than before. We may depend upon it, that this noble sentiment, in which awe and admiration seem to mingle, will never want its exciting causes, while real philosophy advances. There can be, indeed, no realm of intelligence where common sense ought not to enter, and where new and greater wonders will not come before it at every step of its progress. We speak it as well in metaphor, as literally, when we say, that the horizon expands upon us as we ascend, till it becomes boundless, and untold, countless stars crowd into the firmament.

What magnificent prospects appear to break upon us from this quarter! Our knowledge is continually extending itself. Our power advances in the same proportion and with equal steps. We bring more and more to the altar the fires of our best affections, and religion tends to become what it ever ought to be, love. The sublime may, indeed, sometimes sink into the beautiful,—the dubious emotions of awe, dread, terror, give place to the tender ones of love, gratitude, admiration. But grander objects of sublimity still multiply around us, and there will always be enough to keep fear upon the watch, and not to suffer reverence to slumber, although its repulsive power may be softened. Such we believe to be the natural effects of the progress of intelligence; or, as Mr Reed chooses to call it, of the growth of the mind. Do they not furnish us with the strongest argument in favor of the researches of science, and the universal diffusion of knowledge?

These reflections have led us far out of our way. We have now no room to touch, as we intended, upon other interesting themes, which the "Observations" before us contain. Their faults, we have already intimated, we may not be qualified to judge of. Generally, however, we would say on this point that some of his reasonings we differ from; sometimes he seems to mistake effect for cause, as when he says that the sciences are the natural offspring of the mild affections; some of his conclusions we cannot reach, and some which we can reach and which appear to us right, we think we have arrived at before, though by a different and easier route. All the merits of the writer, which are comprehensible to us, we have summed up briefly in our first paragraph. Perhaps the reader may say we have paid him a more unequivocal compliment by following him in his abstract discussions, and thus running ourselves into the very faults we have condemned. There is, however, this difference between us. He took boldly hold of subjects, which he thought dark and mys-

terious, and, if we may judge from the whole tone of his writing, perfectly insolvable. To us, on the contrary, these same subjects appear plain and simple. It requires only care in examining the particular ideas, which we class together under the general words, *time* and *space*, in order to mark a characteristic feature of resemblance among them, and then the difficulty vanishes. A child's understanding might thus be taught to comprehend them.

A Discourse pronounced before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at the Anniversary Celebration, on the thirty-first day of August, 1826. By JOSEPH STORY. Boston. Hilliard, Gray, Little, and Wilkins. 8vo. pp. 58.

An Address delivered at Plymouth, Massachusetts, at the Consecration of "Plymouth Lodge," September 6, A. L. 5826. By JAMES GORDON CARTER. Plymouth. Allen Danforth. 8vo. pp. 37.

THE profusion of orations, which our occasions of public assembling call forth, bears testimony to the intellectual activity of the people. Men's amusements are a test of their characters; and the fact, that multitudes of our countrymen come together again and again to be entertained with discourses on important topics, is a proof of an advanced state of public improvement. The causes which have given this direction to the popular taste, may be easily found in the nature of our institutions, and the great moral and physical characteristics of our country. The continual exercise of the various rights of free citizens produces among us a constant necessity and consequent love of argument and discussion. They like to talk and to be talked to, and a fondness for hearing set speeches is the natural result. The boundless field which our country spreads out before the eye of enterprise, awakens mental activity, affords the means of constant progression, and produces of course a love of improvement, a thirst for knowledge, and a desire of instruction. At the same time this active spirit is not favorable to contemplation, to solitary study. It finds its proper food in the bustle of life, and much more gladly receives instruction from living lips than from the treasures of written wisdom.

Moreover the general cultivation arising from the wide diffusion of the means of knowledge among our countrymen, demands a peculiar literature. The literature of Europe is intended for a

particular class, raised by systems of monopoly and exclusion, to a very disproportionate height above their fellow men. There is no intellectual food provided for the mass of the people. With us the wide extent of intellectual cultivation produces a greater demand for intellectual nutriment adapted to the taste of the whole community. The people will be informed. More especially are they anxious for a right apprehension upon subjects of general and immediate interest. To supply this demand, and thereby to gain a hold on public favor, ambitious men are ready to produce the fruits of their study and reflections in the shape of popular addresses.

We may add, that the men whom nature and education have fitted to promote the progress of literature among us, share in the active spirit which pervades the land. The avenues to power and wealth are numerous and open. No jealous monopoly excludes all but the favorites of fortune from posts of honor and trust. No crowded population presses hard upon the means of employment. The prospect of wealth and honor attracts every eye, and the refinements of contemplation give place to the energies of action.

In Europe the exclusive system weighs so heavily upon talent unaided by adventitious circumstances, and the number of competitors in every department of honorable action makes the struggle so arduous and success so uncertain, that many men, whose wealth and influence lie in their intellects, retire from the arena of active life, and concentre their powers in literary labor. Thought becomes profound, writing finished, and authorship a profession. While, among us, men of talents being mostly devoted to active pursuits, their literary efforts are of course less elaborate, and take almost exclusively the shape of essays and orations. Among these may be found many productions of great merit. Several of the best have been called forth by our late celebrations.

The Discourse of Judge Story is a happy excursion into the fields of elegant literature, by a mind devoted untiringly to the arduous and honorable duties of a high public station. The object of this oration is to "trace out some of the circumstances of our age which connect themselves closely with science and letters." "One of the most striking characteristics is the general diffusion of knowledge," arising from the freedom, combined with the cheapness of the press. The effects of the wide spread love of reading are illustrated by the altered condition of authors themselves, now pursuing an independent and lucrative profession, and by the elevated character of education among the female sex.

"Another circumstance illustrative of our age, is the bold and fearless spirit of its speculations." The effects of this spirit are shown in the changes which have taken place in jurisprudence and legislation, in medicine and theology, in mathematics, physical science, and metaphysics, and more especially in the department of general literature. After exemplifying the advantages which have sprung from this spirit, the orator proceeds to set forth some of its bad effects and extravagances, arising from the demand for novelties and the rejection of old opinions. Among these bad effects, is justly reckoned the growing propensity to disparage the importance of classical learning. And, as our readers may like to know the opinions of a man of high character, and distinguished for practical ability, upon a subject much agitated among us at the present time, we extract a part of his remarks relating to it. After showing its importance to professional men, and some of the reasons which have tended to bring it into disrepute, the orator proceeds thus:

"There is one objection, however, on which I would for a moment dwell, because it has a commanding influence over many minds, and is clothed with a specious importance. It is often said, that there have been eminent men and eminent writers, to whom the ancient languages were unknown; men, who have risen by the force of their talents, and writers, who have written with a purity and ease, which hold them up as models for imitation. On the other hand, it is often said, that scholars do not always compose either with elegance or chasteness; that their diction is sometimes loose and harsh, and sometimes ponderous and affected. Be it so. I am not disposed to call in question the accuracy of either statement. But I would nevertheless say, that the presence of classical learning was not the cause of the faults of the one class, nor the absence of it the cause of the excellence of the other. And I would put this fact, as an answer to all such reasonings, that there is not a single language of modern Europe, in which literature has made any considerable advances, which is not directly of Roman origin, or has not incorporated into its very structure many, very many of the idioms and peculiarities of the ancient tongues. The English language affords a strong illustration of the truth of this remark. It abounds with words and meanings drawn from classical sources. Innumerable phrases retain the symmetry of their ancient dress. Innumerable expressions have received their vivid tints from the beautiful dyes of Roman and Grecian roots. If scholars, therefore, do not write our language with ease, or purity, or elegance, the cause must lie somewhat deeper than a conjectural ignorance of its true diction.

"But I am prepared to yield still more to the force of the objection. I do not deny, that a language may be built up without the aid of any foreign materials, and be at once flexible for speech and graceful for composition. That the literature of a nation may be splendid and instructive, full of interest and beauty in thought and in diction, which has no kindred with classical learning; that in the vast stream of time it may run its own current unstained by the admixture of surrounding languages; that it may realize the ancient fable, 'Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam;' that it may retain its own flavor, and its own bitter saltness too. But I do deny, that such a national literature does in fact exist in modern Europe, in that community of nations, of which we form a part, and to whose fortunes and pursuits in literature and arts we are bound by all our habits, and feelings, and interests. There is not a single nation from the North to the South of Europe, from the bleak shores of the Baltic to the bright plains of immortal Italy, whose literature is not imbedded in the very elements of classical learning. The literature of England is in an emphatic sense the production of her scholars; of men, who have cultivated letters in her universities, and colleges, and grammar schools; of men, who thought any life too short, chiefly, because it left some relic of antiquity unmastered, and any other fame humble, because it faded in the presence of Roman and Grecian genius. He, who studies English literature without the lights of classical learning loses half the charms of its sentiments and style, of its force and feelings, of its delicate touches, of its delightful allusions, of its illustrative associations. Who, that reads the poetry of Gray, does not feel, that it is the refinement of classical taste, which gives such inexpressible vividness and transparency to his diction? Who, that reads the concentrated sense and melodious versification of Dryden and Pope, does not perceive in them the disciples of the old school, whose genius was inflamed by the heroic verse, the terse satire, and the playful wit of antiquity? Who, that meditates over the strains of Milton, does not feel, that he drank deep

> ——at "Siloa's brook, that flowed
> Fast by the oracle of God"—

that the fires of his magnificent mind were lighted by coals from ancient altars?

"It is no exaggeration to declare, that he, who proposes to abolish classical studies, proposes to render in a great measure inert and unedifying the mass of English literature for three centuries; to rob us of much of the glory of the past, and much of the instruction of future ages; to blind us to excellencies, which few may hope to equal, and none to surpass; to annihilate associations, which are interwoven with our best sentiments, and give to distant

times and countries a presence and reality, as if they were in fact our own." pp. 37—40.

The orator proceeds to set forth other bad consequences of the spirit of innovation, in the constant demand for new works and new styles of writing, and the hasty preparation into which men of genius are seduced. He then speaks of the interest which we of the United States ought to feel, and the efforts which we ought to make in the cause of science and literature, and concludes with an elegant panegyric on the lately deceased patriots of the Revolution.

The variety of subjects embraced in this discourse necessarily precludes profound disquisition upon particular topics. This is not in fact its object. It is intended to exhibit a lively sketch of the distinguishing characteristics of our age, most interesting to the lovers of literature and of human improvement. It is composed with taste and spirit, and contains much "for reflection, for encouragement, and for admonition."

The subject of Mr. Carter's Oration is the progress of the world. From a wide survey of the history of man, through his various periods of advancement and decline, he comes to the conclusion, in which we all delight to believe, that the human mind is on the whole advancing, although its motion at certain periods has been undoubtedly retrograde. The difference between the Jewish and Christian dispensations is adduced in support of this opinion.

"During the first four thousand years of the world, a period embracing the lapse of ages from the creation to the introduction of christianity, the economy of the divine government, so far as it was distinctly revealed, proceeded in the manner of a parent with a child. It inculcated few general principles, but consisted rather in specific directions for particular actions, defined and described in the law. The sanction of the law, too, was not merely the slow displeasure of men and the little punishments they can inflict, but the immediate vengeance of the Almighty. The Jewish dispensation does not suppose in the subjects of it understandings sufficiently enlightened, to comprehend any very general principles of action, nor to be influenced by any very distant motives. Nor does it presume upon such pure hearts as can be made the sole seat of devotion. The forms of worship were an essential part of the religion, and were revealed at the same time with the object of it. Though Abel offered a more acceptable sacrifice than his brother, it was still a sacrifice of the firstlings of his flock, and not merely 'the grateful incense of a pure heart.'" pp. 12, 13.

"The new revelation presumes upon a comparatively improved state of the human mind and of society. It enjoins the practice of 'prudence,' 'temperance,' 'fortitude,' and 'justice' from right motives; but it supposes its disciple to have already learned, in some degree, what constitutes these 'cardinal virtues.' The understanding of the christian must comprehend general principles, and his heart must take in the whole family of religious affections. In the exercise of these consists the essence of christianity. Forms of worship have lost their power. Devotion is within us, or we have no part in it." p. 17.

In the ages succeeding the introduction of christianity, there was indeed a period of intense darkness, but the light at length burst forth so gloriously and has continued to shine so steadily, that we have good reason to hope for the future advancement of man. After briefly sketching some of the modes in which the improvement of later times has displayed itself, the orator thus proceeds:

"There is one topic, however, intimately connected with the introduction and decline of christianity, and subsequently with the revival of Europe, which the occasion strongly suggests, and which I cannot forbear briefly to touch upon. I allude to the new and more interesting character assumed by woman since those events. In the heathen world, and under the Jewish dispensation, she was the slave of man. Christianity constituted her his companion. But as our religion gradually lost its power in the dark ages, she sunk down again to her deep moral degradation. She was the first to fall in the garden of Eden; and, perhaps it was a judgment upon her, when the whole human character was now low, she sunk the lowest, and was the last to rise again to her original consequence in the scale of being. The age of chivalry, indeed, exalted her to be an object of adoration. But it was a profane adoration, not founded upon the respect due to a being of immortal hopes and destinies as well as man. This high character has been conceded to her at a later period as she has slowly attained the rank ordained for her by heaven. Although this change in the relation of woman to man and to society is both an evidence and a consequence of an improvement in the human condition, yet now her character is a cause operating to produce a still greater improvement. And if there be any one cause to which we may look with more confidence than to others, for hastening the approach of a more perfect state of society; that cause is the elevated character of woman as displayed in the full developement of all her moral and intellectual powers. The conjugal confession of Eve to Adam,

> God is thy law, thou mine; to know no more
> Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise,

has grown to be obsolete. The influence of the female character is now felt and acknowledged in all the relations of her life. I speak not now of those distinguished women, who instruct their age through the public press. Nor of those whose devout strains we take upon our lips when we worship. But of a much larger class; of those whose influence is felt in the relations of neighbour, friend, daughter, wife, mother. Who waits at the couch of the sick to administer tender charities while life lingers, or to perform the last acts of kindness when death comes? Where shall we look for those examples of friendship, that most adorn our nature; those abiding friendships, which trust even when betrayed and survive all changes of fortune? Where shall we find the brightest illustrations of filial piety? Have you ever seen a daughter, herself, perhaps, timid and helpless, watching the decline of an aged parent, and holding out with heroic fortitude to anticipate his wishes, to administer to his wants, and to sustain his tottering steps to the very borders of the grave!

"But in no relation does woman exercise so deep an influence, both immediately and prospectively, as in that of mother. To her is committed the immortal treasure of the infant mind. Upon her devolves the care of the first stages of that course of discipline, which is to form of a being, perhaps the most frail and helpless in the world, the fearless ruler of animated creation, and the devout adorer of its great Creator. Her smiles call into exercise the first affections, that spring up in our hearts. She cherishes and expands the earliest germs of our intellects. She breathes over us her deepest devotions. She lifts our little hands and teaches our little tongues to lisp in prayer. She watches over us, like a guardian angel, and protects us through all our helpless years, when we know not of her cares and her anxieties on our acconnt. She follows us into the world of men, and lives in us and blesses us, when she lives not otherwise upon the earth. What constitutes the centre of every home? Whither do our thoughts turn, when our feet are weary with wandering, and our hearts sick with disappointments? Where shall the truant and forgetful husband go for sympathy unalloyed and without design, but to the bosom of her, who is ever ready and waiting to share in his adversity or his prosperity. And if there be a tribunal, where the sins and the follies of a froward child may hope for pardon and forgiveness this side heaven, that tribunal is the heart of a fond and devoted mother." pp. 23—27.

From the extracts which we have given, our readers can judge of the character of this discourse. It appears to us to be written with power and elegance, and we deem it highly creditable to the Order to which the author belongs, that its occasional celebrations can call forth addresses of such a character.

MISCELLANY.

LETTER ON THE NAPOLEON CODE.

The following letter from one of the most distinguished lawyers of France, to William Sampson, is an answer to one addressed to him by Mr. Sampson, requesting to be informed whether, as was sometimes asserted, the French Codes were already nearly overwhelmed, and would soon be lost sight of, in the multitude of decisions to which they gave rise, as Mr. Sampson had an earnest desire to be set right, if he had been misled in forming a contrary opinion; or whether he was warranted in believing that the five Codes of France, and particularly the Civil Code, were not found, upon full experience, advantageous to the nation and generally approved by the profession and the public.* Such a communication from one of such high reputation, we think of sufficient importance to be made public; for discussions of this sort must be favorable to truth, whatever conclusions or results may be derived from them. This may be a valuable supplement to the publication of Mr. Pishey Thompson, of Washington, which was noticed in the United States Literary Gazette, vol. iv. p. 345.

Paris, 26 *June*, 1826.

Sir—Your letter of the 20th of April did not come to hand till the 19th of the present month, and I take advantage of a leisure moment to answer it.

* The difference between the practice of the French courts of law and that of our own, and the great difficulty which the French jurists find in comprehending the utility of our legal fictions, are curiously illustrated in the following anecdote. About the year 1792, a suit was brought in one of the New York courts to recover a sum of money due to the Barons D'Espagnac, who were at that time in prison in France on the charge of being royalists. The declaration was in the common form with the usual *videlicet* when the contract was entered into out of the State, alleging it to have been made within the State where the action was brought, and concluding in the usual manner, that the defendant fraudulently attempting to cheat and deceive the plaintiffs, had not performed his promise, &c. Judgment was given for the plaintiffs, and it became necessary for some purpose of the parties, to send an exemplification of it to France. In the mean time, one of the brothers D'Espagnac had been guillotined, and the party who had been sued in New York, prosecuted the survivor in the Court of Criminal Police, for having obtained his judgment by fraud, inasmuch as he had alleged that he was in America at the very time when in fact he was in prison in France, and also for having falsely affirmed that the defendant had attempted to deceive and cheat him. A French lawyer, who had been a short time in the United States, prepared a *memoir* in favor of the Baron, in which he stated that the allegations were merely matters of form which the law required, and the truth or falsehood of which were never inquired into; the judges however remained unconvinced. In this dilemma, the unfortunate Baron bethought himself of applying to Mr. Otis, who was then at Paris. Mr. Otis, on reading the copy of the record, saw that he was about being condemned for a mere technical form in our pleadings. He accordingly gave him a certificate explaining the matter, which, as he soon afterwards had the satisfaction of learning, succeeded in removing the incredulity of the judges.

Your name, sir, had no need of any special recommendation to me. The elevated object of your letter, and the article accompanying it, are sufficient evidence of your character, patriotism, and talents.

I shall answer, without hesitation, your questions relative to the French legislation, as I can do that from my acquaintance with the subject *(connaissance de cause)*; I must be more reserved upon the question as it respects America, for the like reason.

The promulgation of the five Codes of France has been productive of immense advantage. It has cleared up, simplified, and determined principles hitherto scattered, controverted, and contradictorily applied by the different tribunals.

There were formerly with us more than two hundred written customs, feudal, barbarous, and defective.

A jurisprudence varying with times, persons, jurisdictions, and territories, served to fill up the chasms, by furnishing, upon some points, precedents *(des examples)*, which every pleader laid hold of to turn to his own advantage.

The Roman Law intervened, not as law, but as written reason; *non ratione imperii, sed rationis imperio.* It was to us a body of doctrine, not of law.

During the last century many general ordinances had been passed, regulating certain branches of legislation; such as donations, testaments, substitutions, waters and forests, &c.; but jurisprudence in itself was still a confused science, difficult and entangled; and lawsuits were numerous, interminable, and expensive.

The Revolution cleared the ground as to many of these matters; and but for it, in my opinion, Solon and Lycurgus, if placed upon the throne of France, would have failed in every project of reformation. They never would have had the power to silence the opposition raised by local and particular interests.

Napoleon was endowed with a resolute mind, and was moreover placed in a favorable position; he was not called upon to demolish, but to disencumber the law. He caused the five Codes to be drawn up, decreed, and promulgated.

The first and best of them all is the Civil Code. Clear and methodical, neither too much nor too little. The language of the legislator is noble and pure; the rules well defined, and, with the exception of the difficult subject of *hypothecations*, it has been universally approved; and, more now than ever, especially since the immoral law of divorce is retrenched.

The Code of Practice *(procédure)* has simplified the forms and diminished the costs. That part only is censured which

concerns the forms of *alienation*—the unhappy companion of the law concerning *hypothecations*.

The Commercial Code, which in great measure revived the Marine Ordinance of 1681, and the Commercial Ordinance of 1673, is also generally esteemed, with the exception of the insolvent laws *(le titre des faillites)*, of which the insolvents and the creditors both complain.

The Code of Criminal Proceeding *(d' instruction criminelle)*, and the Penal Code, are the latest, and those against which the greatest discontent has been manifested. They were dictated by despotism. They have sometimes been used for political purposes, and liberty has often suffered; and their revision has been called for in the very bosom of the Court of Paris.

But on the whole, these codes, such as they are, have produced much good; their enactment has delivered us from a chaos of antiquated law; we are no longer tormented by varying customs, nor from diversities in jurisprudence since the institution of the regulating and superintending Court of Cassation, to which as to a common centre are directed all the objections to judgments or to jurisdictions.

It is not true, sir, that the authority of precedents has at all prevailed against the text of our codes, nor that we are threatened, in the most distant manner, with the disappearance of the letter of the law under the heap of interpretations. In every discussion, the text of the law is first resorted to, and if the law speaks, then *non exemplis sed legibus judicandum est.* If the law has not clearly decided on the particular case under discussion, doubtless, it being silent or deficient, the defect is supplied by the judges; but where is the system in which the judgments have not necessarily furnished the complement of legislation. But as I have treated fully of this subject in a little volume entitled *De la Jurisprudence des Arrêts*, which resembles your common law; it is possible that something worthy the attention of your jurists might be found in it, if made known through a translation from your hand, and I send you a copy which I have taken from my own library.

How far would a textual code of national law benefit your country? My opinion, generally, is, that every country would be the better for laws suited to itself, and that a single code of laws is for many reasons preferable to the confusion of a multiplicity or plurality of particular laws; but upon the precise point whether your country may be ripe for such an enterprise, I cannot pretend to speak.

I admit that if our codes had been drawn up in the fifteenth or even in the sixteenth century, they would have possessed in a very much inferior degree the qualities which now recommend them. It required the labors of jurisconsults, the decisions of judges, and general experience to bring the science to something fixed and palpable. But you must be a much better judge of all this than we.

I am much impressed by the reasons of your adversaries, as you state them; that an ill conceived law would tie the hands of the judges, and prevent their melioration little by little of the system; but, on the other hand, this melioration which they suppose to result from "*the liberality and wisdom of the judges*," what is it but the exercise of arbitrary power, and is not this a serious evil? Bacon has wisely said, *Optima lex est, quæ minimum relinquit arbitrio judicis; optimus judex, qui minimum sibi.* And this principle would, in effect, make of your judges, legislators!

And can your nation, so enlightened upon questions of policy and government, be so far behind in civil jurisprudence and proceedings, in commercial and criminal legislation?

Have you not the jury in all its freedom, and in many states of the union, that admirable law which abolishes the punishment of death, yet contrives, by other punishments, to repress the greatest crimes?

From these indications, from your improved institutions of government, from the writings of your *publicists*, I am much deceived if the United States of America are not already at that point, that they can produce codes of laws not unworthy of the opinion which Europe has conceived of that generous nation.

Such, sir, is the answer which I owed you. I shall have it transcribed by another hand, to save you the trouble of decyphering my bad writing.

I have the honor to be, with high consideration,

Sir, your obedient servant,

DUPIN.

POPULAR LECTURES.

In these later days, when a blind reverence for the opinions of our predecessors on the earth has given place to the opposite extreme of sceptical scrutiny; when men are more than half inclined to regard any established opinion and practice, as the result of the prejudice, rather than of the wisdom of ages, and readily give their assent to the proposition, that the world is growing wiser

and better, as well as older, every day; in these days, we repeat, of free thinking and free speaking, the practice of oral instruction, or lecturing, has not been able to escape the ordeal, to which all things, new and old, are subjected. The institution of public lectures, so venerable for its antiquity, and so long regarded as an essential ingredient in the constitution of the highest order of seminaries, the universities, has found some among thinking people, who deny its necessity, and impugn its utility. It is maintained, that the knowledge thus obtained, can be better gained from books; that a lecturer, after all, is but an unpublished author, who has the fear of the public less before his eyes, and therefore is less to be depended on; that the knowledge thus acquired is superficial, general, and often inaccurate, for the same reason that we remember and repeat conversations less correctly than we quote and recollect written opinions; that a lecture room is a Procrustes' bed, which is never fitted but to a small portion of its occupants; that the mind is hurried on without pausing either to understand or weigh, and that there is no medium between pinning our faith upon the professor's sleeve, or denying his whole doctrine; between swallowing his opinions whole, or rejecting them altogether. From such premises has been drawn the conclusion, that public lectures are altogether useless. A sweeping opinion, whose general incorrectness, however, is qualified by some grains of truth.

Before the invention of printing, and even for a long time after it, the deficiency of books was necessarily supplied by oral instruction. Men heard of the name and fame of a celebrated professor, and found it easier to travel to the focus of knowledge than to collect its divergent rays. The literature of foreign climes was as difficult to import as their more perishable commodities. The learning of Italy could be acquired only at her universities, as her grapes could be eaten only in her vineyards. A bookseller was rarely seen, and a reviewer never. Times are altered, when a new discovery, a new thought, or even the new expression of an old one, traverses the whole literary community, with the rapidity of wildfire, and when a man may sit in his elbow-chair and have the wisdom of the world laid upon his table. The advantage of public lectures, therefore, to the students of any particular profession or science is much diminished. In some branches, indeed, they are entirely useless, if not worse. In others, however, they possess a certain value, which they can never lose, because the knowledge thus acquired can hardly be gained from any other source. This is the case

with those sciences, which cannot be taught either by written description, or the art of design alone; when the objects, or the tools, if we may so speak, must be seen to be understood. It will be long before it will be as easy to bring either a steam-engine or a spinning-jenny into our studies, as to go where they are to be found. One such object must serve for the instruction of many, as the 'squire's newspaper, in the last century, enlightened the whole village.

But, though the demand for lectures, as a part of the apparatus of a strictly professional education, is much less than in former times, the importance of them, as connected with any system of general education, is vastly increased. It is a singular thing in the history of human affairs, that two opposite causes should have produced a similar effect. The scarcity of books made lectures necessary two centuries ago; their abundance makes them still more so now. The diffusion of knowledge, and the existence of free institutions, are mutual re-agents, which require and create each other. Wisdom and liberty go hand and hand, and when either languishes the other is in danger. What would be the duration of a republic, of which the citizens were barbarous; what is the amount of useful knowledge among the mass of the subjects of a despotic *régime*? He who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before, is admitted to be a public benefactor; he who introduces two ideas into a mind, in the place of one, is a greater; and any contrivance, by which such a result is accomplished, is to be considered valuable. Now this is precisely the light in which lectures are at this day to be regarded; they are a labor-saving invention; they are to the minds of a community what the power-loom is to their bodies; they are the result of a glorious application of the principle of division of labor to intellectual wants.

The value of such an application has become more obvious since we have ceased to regard the mind of any human being as a vessel of limited capacity, which can hold only a certain quantity of knowledge, and in which the introduction of new ideas must necessarily drive out the former occupants; since we have learned to consider it correctly, as the subject of indefinite improvement, whose power and capacity increase with every addition to its stores. "For the desire of knowledge," says a foreign writer on this subject, "spreads with each effort to gratify it; the sacred thirst of science is becoming epidemic, and we look forward to the days, when the laws of matter and of mind shall be known to all men; when an acquaintance with them shall no longer be

deemed, as heretofore, the distinction of a few superior minds, any more, than being able to read and write now constitutes, as it once did, the title to scholarship." The bug-bears which alarmed the theorists of other times, are losing their power. The notion of the danger of instructing the people, lest they should criticise their rulers, and leave their proper business to keep the world in an uproar, is now classed with that of the most judicious Jack Cade, when he charged Lord Say with having "traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm, by erecting a grammar school; and that, whereas their fathers before had no other books than the score and tally, he had caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, had built a paper-mill; and that he had men about him, who usually talked of a noun, and a verb, and such abominable words, as no Christian could endure to hear." Experience continually shows, that ignorance alone is mother of presumption, error, and mischief.

Not only does the spirit of modern liberality desire to spread knowledge among all ranks, but among the individuals of both sexes. The absurd doctrine of intellectual inferiority is fast disappearing;—that doctrine which influences the savage, who degrades his wife to the condition of a menial, and which has made its appearance in more refined society in some such aphoristic form as this, that "the best learning for a lady, is to learn to make a pudding." It has been ascertained, that knowledge of various kinds is not incompatible with this important manufacture, and that many other branches of knowledge may be superadded to this essential one. It is admitted, that puddings, though admirable things in their way, are but indifferent subjects of conversation, and as it is the fashion now-a-days to converse a good deal, it is desirable, that there should be other subjects, not only than puddings, but even than ribbons, gauze, bobbinet, or, peradventure, the last new novel. We are growing democratic in this matter,—believers in equality of privilege, and begin to be persuaded, that the whole notion of resistance to the diffusion of knowledge any where, has no better foundation, than the detestable maxim, that "might makes right." The ladies of the present day are taught something of chemistry, geography, astronomy, natural philosophy, and the modern languages; there are who have not refrained from Latin, and some, it is said, have even meddled with Greek; still it is devoutly believed, that they are neither worse housekeepers nor less agreeable companions, than the potters, preservers, comfit-makers, and diligent embroiderers of times that are gone by.

There are two classes of knowledge in society; one of the principal profession and employment of the individual, and to the acquiring and perfecting of which, his labor is, and ought especially to be devoted. Very few are so situated as to be without some main object of this sort, and the situation of these few is rarely to be envied. Another class of acquirements is sought as a source of amusement or occasional advantage. The mason devotes himself principally to acquiring skill in the art of working in stone, brick, and mortar, and must, in the first place, provide himself with the necessary tools, the guage, the square, and the trowel; but, besides these, he finds occasional convenience in possessing a chisel, a plane, or a hammer, and in understanding the use of them. The mechanic finds it useful to be able to compose a note of hand without going to an attorney, while the attorney, in his turn, may find it more convenient to drive a nail or a screw than to be at the trouble of seeking a mechanic. Even where one never intends actually performing any particular operation, it is advantageous to know the best manner of doing it, in order to appreciate the skill of those by whom it is performed for us.

By the diffusion of this supplementary knowledge in society the standard of excellence is raised in every employment. The best workmen in every department will necessarily be found where skill is best understood and rewarded, and the competition will be between rival excellence instead of rival mediocrity. All the subjects of human knowledge have, moreover, connexions more or less remote, so that one is often assisted in his principal employment by hints drawn from others. But, though this subsidiary class of acquirements thus often proves advantageous, we are most commonly led to it by the desire of temporary gratification; the gratification of that natural curiosity, which was plainly implanted in us for the express purpose of enlarging our intellectual faculties and our capacity for happiness.

The desire of investigating causes is one of the earliest and most constantly operating impulses of the mind. This impulse peopled the groves and streams of ancient times with deities, and printed the greensward of more modern days with fairy rings; for when real causes are not apparent, the mind will rather task imagination for fabled agents than rest unsatisfied. Every addition to this second class of knowledge which can be made without prejudice to the peculiar and most important pursuit of each individual, answers one of the ends of his being, and opens new sources of enjoyment. But it is impossible for any one continually to pursue a single object; the bow cannot always

be bent, or the cord forever strained, without losing their power, and many hours of necessary relaxation may be employed in adding without much effort to our subsidiary stores.

This is effected, first, by observation, which, however, is, when unassisted, but a limited source of improvement. The eye of the mechanic sees one thing, that of the merchant another, and that of the man of science a third, till, mutually instructed by conversation, each sees the whole. Conversation, then, is another source of acquirement, a sort of intellectual barter, in which each changes his private stores for those of others; though unlike the barterer of material treasures, he gives without losing, and receives without taking away. But conversation can only take place between neighbours and contemporaries. The arts of writing and printing communicate the wisdom of distant ages and nations, and reading is therefore another abundant source of knowledge. But this partakes in many instances of the nature of toil, rather than relaxation, and occupies the time and energies which should be sacred to one's principal vocation. This is avoided by employing one to read for many, and adding a new one to the list of peculiar vocations. Of this nature is the system of lecturing, by which hundreds may obtain with little or no effort, and at the same time, the accumulated and corrected results of the labor of years.

In all these ways may what we have termed subsidiary knowledge be acquired. They all work together and mutually assist each other, and the sum of knowledge in civilized countries is thus advancing in a cumulative ratio, of which attentive observers are every day perceiving the progress and admiring the results.

Those of our readers, who have followed us through this explanation of the different classes of knowledge, will anticipate our reply to an objection sometimes made to miscellaneous learning. It is objected, that it is apt, after all, to be merely a smattering; that a complete knowledge cannot be obtained of many things; and that he who knows a little on a variety of subjects will know nothing well.

It is no doubt true, that great excellence cannot usually be obtained by any individual in more than one pursuit; but having done his duty in this particular, he is certainly right to spend a part of the remainder, and, as it were, superfluous time, in acquiring other sources of advantage or happiness. The question is not between books, conversation, or lectures, and a man's principal duties; but between these and idleness, or unprofitable and hurtful amusements. It is certainly better to have a little knowledge than to have none; and all that can be gained in one department, without preventing or even diminishing acquirements in another, is clearly valuable.

Popular lectures, again, may be considered in the light of sources of mere amusement, and much may be said in support of them in this view. In the first place they are innocent, which is more than can be affirmed of many other amusements commonly to be met with in a populous city. They endanger neither the health nor the morals of the community; they produce no unnatural and feverish excitement, nor leave behind them depression and languor.

Moreover, their effects are more or less permanent; they extend far beyond the hour specially given to them, and the mind acquires a new stock of materials for occasional amusement. The common enjoyment of books and conversation is enhanced; the individual is better enabled to impart pleasure and better fitted to receive it; much that was once dull and unintelligible to him becomes clear and interesting, and he remarks now some of the thousand things which were before continually passing without notice.

Lastly, popular lectures, considered in the light of an economical mode of diffusing scientific knowledge, tend to raise the religious and moral character of the community. The first and greatest commandment is enforced by every lesson in the sciences; the seal of wisdom and benevolence is on

> "Every star the sky does shew,
> And every herb that sips the dew;"

and the farther we penetrate into the temple of nature, the nearer we approach to the Holy of Holies. The second commandment is also written on the book of nature; for knowledge and charity go hand in hand. Every increase of the former adds new links to the chain of intellectual sympathy, and shows a new society of minds to "claim kindred with, and have our claim allowed." We are continually taught that the knowledge upon which we prided ourselves in solitude, is but a small part of the sum which is in the world. We are taught to be slow to despise that ignorance in one particular pursuit, which may be more than compensated by knowledge in another. We learn that there is no one who cannot teach us something that is valuable, and become gradually, in the best sense, citizens of the universe.

The necessary and eternal connexion between the general diffusion of knowledge and political liberty, should lead us to consider the institution of popular lectures as one of the most powerful defences of our republic, and to congratulate ourselves upon the general disposition, which has lately appeared, in various quarters of the United States, to encourage and extend them.

LETTER FROM AN AMERICAN IN EUROPE.

Göttingen.

My Dear C———,

If your curiosity about this academic city bears any proportion to mine before I came here, some account of it will not be unpleasing to you. My apology for any minuteness of description must be, that only a part of what I write applies exclusively to Göttingen; and in describing that city, I give you some general traits, which belong with equal truth to all the cities of Germany. To begin then with all becoming accuracy; Göttingen is situated in the kingdom of Hanover, upon the river Leine, a stream of such magnitude, that I believe a nimble harlequin might with no great difficulty leap over it on either side of the city. As you approach, there is nothing very agreeable in the aspect of the town. Like most European cities, it strikes one from our country as being all in a heap, and the uniformity of the red-tile roofs is only relieved by two churches, higher than the rest; one of these is crowned by two towers, which, unequal and unlike, display a marked independence of architectural harmony; the other has a modern cap of cross joists and mortar-work surmounting its ancient and solid foundation. The population is computed at 10,000, and is chiefly supported by the university. Göttingen was once noted for its woollen manufactures; but while literature has flourished, these have fallen into decay, and it is now famous only, the German students are wont to say, for its university and its sausages. The city is entirely surrounded by a wall, formerly fortified, but which for a long while has been planted with trees, and forms a fine promenade, about half as wide as the Mall in Boston. When upon this, you are raised nearly as high as the roofs of the houses, which here again obtrude themselves upon the eye, but you can well suppose are no more agreeable from this near point, than when seen from a distance. Much pleasanter is the view immediately below the wall on each side; for the ground is laid out in pretty gardens, and beyond, on the side towards the country, the eye rests on fertile and extensive fields, with here and there a village, each of them clustered, as if for protection, round its little steeple.

But I must quit the wall, and enter the town. The streets are tolerably wide and well paved, and neater than in any other German city I recollect, although you would not call them very clean. They are moreover provided with side-walks, a convenience in which Leipzig and even Dresden are deficient, but these are so

narrow, and so interrupted by projecting steps and shelves, that only the outer edge affords a tolerable path. This has accordingly been always debatable ground, and given rise to many a feud among the students, although there is a fixed rule of the police, whereby every one knows whether he is or is not entitled to the place of honor. The houses are neat, and their colour, which is generally white, yellow, or light slate, and occasionally pink, has a cheerful effect; but in some respects the construction is in bad taste. To tell you how these are built will give you some idea of the most common mode of building, both in France and Germany. A rough frame of wood is put up, and the intervals between the joists are filled with stones or rough bricks, usually not cemented together. The walls are then plastered on both sides, and lastly whitewashed, the joists being commonly left unwashed, or to show them off in still bolder relief, they are often painted black. In the villages the framework is most frequently filled up with clay or mud.

In Göttingen nobody thinks of standing outside the door to knock, but you open it, and a bell fixed over it, as in some of our shops, announces your arrival to the servant. This may have become customary, as a means of more speedy escape from the rain or dampness that is here almost perpetual. The front door serves moreover for the entrance and exit of cow and horse, pig and goat, if any such creatures are attached to the mansion; and it is not a little amusing to see the air of clumsy familiarity with which a cow mounts three or four steps and marches directly through the common entry. This is usually paved with stone, and the occupants are never too nice about its cleanliness. In the better houses, a footbrush is the substitute for a mat; in the rest, there is no substitute at all. The parlours and students' rooms are simply and neatly furnished. Few are without a row of pipes suspended against the wall, none without a sofa. Above all, they are prettily hung with white curtains. Instead of a fireplace there is a stove, with one end built into the wall, so that the attendant takes care of the fire without entering the room.

The professors of course are the first class. They rarely make their appearance in the streets, and are instantly to be recognised by the comparative respectability of their dress, by a black hat, since almost all beside wear caps, and by that intellectual cast of features which reflection and study confer. The doctors form the next class; they are persons who have devoted themselves to literature or science, and from being merely privileged to teach in the university, are ambitious of the dignity and

emoluments of professors, whose dress and gravity they imitate. They can easily be distinguished from the latter by their more youthful appearance, more rapid step, and a certain sensitiveness of eye and bearing, proper doubtless to merit out of office.

The morning after I arrived in Göttingen, I went out at an early hour, full of transatlantic respect for European literature, and by a natural association, for European universities, both professors and students. My head was busy in figuring forth scholastic forms, with eyes fixed in meditation, brows furrowed by thought,

> "With sable stole . . . . . .
> Over their decent shoulders drawn."

This was what I expected to see; now I will tell you what I saw. I met crowds of coarse young men, with a swaggering air, mostly dressed in frock coats of brown blanketing, such as our sailors' dreadnoughts are made of. They wore low round caps of all hues, although green was on the whole predominant. Nor was it, I ween, in the Palais Royal, nor yet in Bond Street, that they had learned the art of enveloping the neck. Some wore handkerchiefs of every variety of stripe and fabric; others a woollen tippet, which was sometimes blue, sometimes red, and sometimes of no color at all. I have even heard it asserted, that under cover of the closely buttoned frock, this last article frequently served in lieu both of vest and cravat, but for the correctness of this I cannot vouch from personal inspection. Others, more whimsical or more independent, left the neck entirely bare. Some clattered along the public ways in spurs; these I concluded were newly dismounted; but I soon found this was a *non sequitur;* for it was not uncommon for one to wear them who had not been on horseback for months. Some wore their hair of great length; a few even allowed it to fall on their shoulders. Some increased the natural fierceness of their countenance by mustachios; and many, who perhaps were not sufficiently confident of their own power to strike terror, were accompanied by dogs. Even these poor beasts were compelled to appear in costume; for if nature had given them shaggy hair, they were shorn of all but what hung upon the shoulders and fore paws, to give them the resemblance of a lion. Thus equipped, and with note-books under their arms, moving at all places and in all directions, these personages were students at the far-famed University of Georgia Augusta.

Besides the forementioned classes, who constitute the university, there are various others, nearly or remotely connected with it. The pastors of churches are of course few in so small a city,

but are men of unexceptionable manners and character. The citizens are a quiet, orderly set of people, moving, from the constitution of European society, in those humble walks of life,

> . . . . . where, to be born and die
> Of rich and poor makes all the history.

In these modern days, civility and servility are often found as hard to be distinguished, as were Sibboleth and Shibboleth of old, and that, not in the words alone, but in the practice of men; and these worthy citizens, like thousands elsewhere, in aiming at the one, often fall into the other. But this is a fault of the head; I know none of the heart, which is prevalent among these respectable people.

I come next to the young women, or *mädchens*, a class much too important to be passed over in silence. These have the burden of all sorts of business. They not only take care of the rooms, make fires, and bring coffee, but there are always many of them to be seen in the street, on all kinds of errands. They go to the baker, the butcher, the provider of dinners; they carry heavy loads on their backs, and work in the gardens and fields. Is a letter to be carred to the post-office? The *mädchèn* carries it. Is a book to be taken out of the library? The *mädchen* goes to fetch it. Is any little purchase to be made at the shops? The *mädchen* executes the commission. And be it wet or dry, they never wear bonnet or great coat. On Sundays and holidays, they put on all their gay apparel, tie their hair with a band, and let the two ends of the ribbon fly loose, to the length of half a yard.

The police officers are a necessary appendage to the government of the university, and of course come in for an ample share of the students' ill will. In their grave dark-green uniform, they have the appearance of old pensioners, yet it is a fact perhaps not wholly inexplicable to you, that there are few stations in which the soldiers are so uniformly in active service, as in this favored retreat of the sciences. Besides these, there is a whole regiment of the regular army of Hanover constantly quartered here. They guard every avenue to the city, and the citizens cannot go in or out without being put in mind of the allegiance they owe, and how it will be secured. I have had occasion to observe the neatness of their equipments, and the licentiousness of their manners; though in the latter respect, it must be owned they find an excuse in the more shameless licentiousness of many among the students. And now that I mention the students, your

own charity will suggest, if you should think that my censure of them has been, in this or any former letter, too frequent or too harsh, that the worst is the most obvious side of their character; that virtue is naturally silent, and brutality is obtrusive and loud. There is undoubtedly much diligence, much excellence among them; and I should indeed be sorry, if any severity of mine should have seemed to you of indiscriminate application; for I have been acquainted with more than one individual among them, whose character would furnish a complete refutation of any such opinion. I will not applaud any for refinement of external manners, but I will maintain, that I have never known persons more amiable, more pure, more intellectual, more candid, more generous, than some of the German students.

The peasants of the neighbouring villages form a strong contrast in dress and manners with the classes before mentioned. There is a coarseness of feature, language, garb, and gesture, from which they are never exempt. On first seeing them, I perceived they were of a different class from any of my countrymen. We see stupid people enough, but never such wooden rigidity of feature as is stamped upon these men, proclaiming to the observer, that they are hardened almost to machines, and that the currents of thought within them are frozen up. 'T is said the sun of every zone is kind to beauty; and nothwithstanding such ungainly kinsmen, the peasant women, especially the younger, have sometimes a mild and open expression of countenance. The women come in small companies from a distance of several miles every morning, bringing, in large baskets, on their backs the various products of the farm and the dairy. No part of the provisions for the market is brought, as with us, in wagons; the whole is conveyed in this manner. Thus the way through the centre of the town is thronged, not by market carts but by women, and there is little rattling of wheels to disturb the student. As this is the custom of nearly all the continental cities, an American, whose ears have been seasoned to the din of our Atlantic cities, might think himself, while sitting in his apartment, in some city of tombs, were it not for the periodical shouts of children at their play, and some few other indications of human existence. But to return to the peasants. Women as well as men labor in the fields and gardens. The men get from twelve to twenty cents per day for this work, the women not so much. Sunday is their only season of rest from low and menial occupation, and on that day a walk to one of these villages, and the sight of these poor people engaged in their only intellectual employment, have more than once

afforded me pleasure. In summer they often dance of a Sunday afternoon. Their food corresponds with the wretchedness of their situation; tough brown or more properly black bread is the principal article.

The costume of many of the German villages is sufficiently *bizarre*, but in those around Göttingen there is little very peculiar. Yet it is impossible to refrain from laughter, on first meeting the little boys, who are sent into the city with heath-berries, or raspberries, dressed in a suit which has strong marks of having come to its present owner by inheritance, and, so far as it goes, an exact miniature of his father's; but he never wears a vest under his preposterously long coat, and though his small clothes reach only to his knees, he is equally independent of the use of stockings, which we are so apt to think indispensable to that dress. There are also a few young men that carry about for sale small rugs of village manufacture, who array themselves with a fanciful nicety. Their neat grey stockings carefully tied at the knee, and their round hats with conical crowns bravely cocked on their heads, and always bearing a bouquet of flowers, make them, I doubt not, the beaux of their respective villages. The shepherds are likewise worthy of note for their antique and singular dress. It is of an ancient cut, entirely white, with a black three-cornered hat, and they carry in their hand a truly pastoral appendage—a long crook. These respectable personages tending their flocks on a hill-side, accompanied by the true shepherd's dog, with his short, quick, anxious bark, watching his master's commands, and skilfully guiding the silly sheep, carry the imagination far back into the realms of history and fable.

Thus I have made you acquainted with some of the outward shows of life and costume in our *dramatis personæ*; in students and professors, in pastors in black and pastors in white, in doctors, burghers, *mädchens*, soldiers and police, peasants and carpet-sellers. You will probably think this a sufficient variety for so small a city, and you will now be doubtless content that I should defer till another occasion the rest of my account of Göttingen.

Yours, affectionately.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE DAMSEL OF PERU.

WHERE olive leaves were twinkling in every wind that blew,
There sat beneath the pleasant shade a damsel of Peru:
Betwixt the slender boughs, as they opened to the air,
Came glimpses of her snowy arm and of her glossy hair;
And sweetly rang her silver voice amid that shady nook,
As from the shrubby glen is heard the sound of hidden brook.

'T is a song of love and valor, in the noble Spanish tongue,
That once upon the sunny plains of Old Castile was sung,
When, from their mountain holds, on the Moorish rout below,
Had rushed the Christians like a flood, and swept away the foe.
Awhile the melody is still, and then breaks forth anew
A wilder rhyme, a livelier note, of freedom and Peru.

For she has bound the sword to a youthful lover's side,
And sent him to the war, the day she should have been his bride,
And bade him bear a faithful heart to battle for the right,
And held the fountains of her eyes till he was out of sight;
Since the parting kiss was given six weary months are fled,
And yet the foe is in the land, and blood must yet be shed.

A white hand parts the branches, a lovely face looks forth,
And bright dark eyes gaze steadfastly and sadly toward the north;—
Thou lookest in vain, sweet maiden, the sharpest sight would fail
To spy a sign of human life abroad in all the vale;
For the noon is coming on, and the sunbeams fiercely beat,
And the silent hills and forest tops seem reeling in the heat.

That white hand is withdrawn, that fair sad face is gone,
But the music of that silver voice is flowing sweetly on,—
Not, as of late, with cheerful tones, but mournfully and low—
A ballad of a tender maid heart-broken long ago,
Of him who died in battle, the youthful and the brave,
And her who died of sorrow upon his early grave.

But see, along that rugged path, a fiery horseman ride,
See the torn plume, the tarnished belt, the sabre at his side;
His spurs are in his horse's sides, his hand casts loose the rein,
There 's sweat upon the streaming flank, and foam upon the mane;
He speeds toward that olive bower, along the shaded hill,
God shield the hapless maiden there, if he should mean her ill.

And suddenly the song has ceased, and suddenly I hear
A shriek sent up amid the shade—a shriek—but not of fear;
For tender accents follow, and tenderer pauses speak
The overflow of gladness when words are all too weak:
"I lay my good sword at thy feet, for now Peru is free,
And I am come to dwell beside the olive grove with thee."

B.

THE SEAMAN'S BURIAL.

The wind is hushed; the summer sun
  Still lingers in the golden West,
As if it loved to look upon
  A scene so calm, so blest;
The untired wave sweeps on its way
Unbroken in the sunset ray.

The tall ship rests a silent thing
  Upon the ocean tide;
So calm, the sea-mew dips its wing,
  Close to its wave-worn side.
The sea-boy's song is hushed, as slow
That noiseless ship rocks to and fro.

Sweet as from ocean's coral bed,
  Hark! sounds of mourning come;
And warriors march with measured tread,
  To beat of muffled drum.
And faintly now uprising there,
The funeral dirge steals on the air.

The prayer is hushed; the solemn stave
  In silence dies o'er that stern crowd;
As slowly through the clear blue wave,
  Girt in his snow-white shroud,
The pallid corse is seen to glide
Far, far adown beneath the tide.

He sleeps! but o'er his ocean grave
  Long peals the minute gun;
The thundering requiem of the brave
  When their bright course is done.
And night winds oft shall whisper there,—
Peace to the wave-tossed mariner!

F. M.

BE HUMBLE.

Triumph not, frail man; thou art
  Too weak a thing to boast;
Thou hast a sad and foolish heart,
  Misdeeds are all thou dost.
Thou seem'st most proud of thine offence,
Thou sinn'st e'en where thou want'st pretence.

Triumph not, though nothing warns
  Of vigor waning fast;
Remember roses fade, but thorns
  Survive the wintry blast.
A pleasant morn, a sultry noon,
Foretell the tempest rising soon.

Triumph not, though fortune sends
  The riches of the mine;
If then thou countest many friends,
  It is good luck of thine.
But triumph not; that gold may go,
And friends will fly in hour of woe.

And thou may'st love a smooth, soft cheek,
  And woo a tender eye;
But triumph not,—a single week,
  And cold those lips may lie,—
Or worse, that trusted heart may rove,
And leave thee for another love.

But triumph, if thy soul feels firm
  In faith, and leans on God;
If woe bids flourish love's warm germ,
  And thou can'st kiss the rod;
Then triumph, man, for this alone
Is cause for an exulting tone.

J.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Atlantic Souvenir, a Christmas and New Year's Offering. 1827. Philadelphia. H. C. Carey and I. Lea. 12mo. pp. 360.

This book would be well deserving of notice were it only for the uncommon beauty of its typography and embellishments. In the latter of these respects it is superior to its predecessor of last year, and quite equal in our opinion to any of the similar publications which have issued from the English presses, and which have been so much sought after in this country.

There is a numerous class of readers in this country who are not rich; there is also a considerable class of rich men who do not read. These latter, however, are not generally insensible to the pleasures of show;—they fill their houses with splendid furniture, and if they do not lay out their money in the purchase of books, it is because such an expense gratifies none of their tastes. Messrs. Carey and Lea have taken the proper method of recommending the literature of our country to the patronage of these worthy people. A book got up like the one before us, with splendid binding, beautiful type, fine paper, and elegant engravings, filled with tales and poems, furnished by the most popular writers of our country, solicits their attention as a pretty object

for a parlour window or a dressing-table. The first experiment of the publishers in this way has been completely successful; we understand that the whole impression of the last year's Atlantic Souvenir was quickly disposed of, and the present one seems likely, to say the least, to meet with an equally favorable reception.

The first of the prose articles in this collection, is a tale entitled "Modern Chivalry," by the author of Redwood. We remember that some years since, a book in which there was a good deal of drollery, not always of the most delicate kind, was published in the United States with this very title, and it is rather odd that it should now be chosen as the name of a very serious and affecting story. It is a narrative of the services rendered by an American seaman to a beautiful and noble young lady of England, and is told with that power of exciting interest, and that sagacity in the delineation of character, which the author never loses. The principal incidents are said to have actually taken place about the period of the American Revolution, and are worthy of being recorded and embellished by the pen of so successful a writer.

"The White Indian," by Paulding, one of the most voluminous and popular of American authors, is written with his usual talent, and in that pure idiomatic English for which he is so distinguished, and which presents so striking a contrast to the affectations of style, the hard words, pompous sentences, and foreign idioms, which prevail too much among us. There is exquisite truth and beauty in the following description. It sets us at once amidst the coolness, darkness, and silence of the thick old forests of our country, which never felt the axe.

"By degrees, as custom reconciled me more and more to fasting and long rambles, I extended my excursions farther from home, and sometimes remained out all day without tasting food or resting myself, except for a few minutes upon the trunk of some decayed old tree or moss-covered rock. The country, though in a great degree in its native state of wildness, was full of romantic beauties. The Mohawk is one of the most charming of rivers, sometimes brawling among ragged rocks, or darting swiftly through long narrow reaches, and here and there, as at the Little Falls, and again at the Cohoes, darting down high perpendicular rocks in sheets of milk white foam, but its general character is that of repose and quiet. It is no where so broad, but that rural objects and rural sounds may be seen and heard distinctly from one side to the other; and in many places the banks on either hand are composed of rich meadows or flats, as they were denominated by the early Dutch settlers, so nearly on a level with the surface of the water

as to be almost identified with it at a distance, were it not for the rich fringe of water willows that skirt it on either side and mark the lines of separation. In these rich pastures may now be seen the lowing herds half hidden in the luxuriant grass, and a little farther on, out of the reach of the spring freshets, the comfortable farm houses of many a sanguine country squire, who dreams of boundless wealth from the Grand Canal, and in his admiration of the works of man, forgets the far greater beauty, grandeur, and utility of the works of his Maker. But I am to describe the scenery as it was in the days of my boyhood, when, like Nimrod, I was a mighty hunter before the Lord.

"At the time I speak of, all that was to be seen was of the handy work of nature, except the little settlement, over which presided the patriarch Veeder. We were the advance guard of civilization, and a few steps beyond us was the region of primeval forests, composed of elms and maples, and oaks and pines, that seemed as if their seeds had been sown at the time of the deluge and that they had been growing ever since. I have still a distinct recollection, I might almost say perception, of the gloom and damps which pervaded these chilling shades, where the summer sun never penetrated, and in whose recesses the very light was of a greenish hue. Here, especially along the little streams, many of which are now dried up by the opening of the earth to the sunbeams, every rock and piece of mouldering wood was wrapped in a carpet of green moss fostered into more than velvet luxuriance by the everlasting damps, that, unlike the dews of heaven, fell all the day as well as all the night. Here and there a flower reared its pale head among the rankness of the sunless vegetation of unsightly fungus, but it was without fragrance, and almost without life, for it withered as soon as plucked from its stem. I do not remember ever to have heard a singing bird in these forests, except just on the outer skirts, fronting the south, where occasionally a robin chirped or a thrush sung his evening chant. These tiny choristers seem almost actuated by the vanity of human beings, for I have observed they appear to take peculiar delight in the neighbourhood of the habitations of men, where they have listeners to their music. They do not love to sing where there is no one to hear them. The very insects of the wing seemed also to have abandoned the gloomy solitude, to sport in the sunshine among the flowers. Neither butterfly nor grasshopper abided there, and the honey-bee never came to equip himself in his yellow breeches. He is the companion of the white man, and seems content to be his slave, to toil for him all the summer, only that he may be allowed the enjoyment of the refuse of his own labors in the winter. To plunge into the recesses of these woods was like descending into a cave under ground, there was the coolness, the dampness, and the obscurity of twilight. Yet

custom made me love these solitudes, and many are the days I have spent among them, with my dog and gun, and no other guide but the sun in heaven and the moss on the north sides of the trees." pp. 61—64.

"The Little Dutch Sentinel of the Manhadoes," is from the pen of the same writer. It is a sprightly, amusing tale, but not so happy either in the humor or the management of the story as some others which he has written, and there is now and then an odd kind of briskness in the style, which does not seem to us quite natural.

"The Green Mountain Boy," we do not greatly like. Ethan Allen is made to swagger more furiously than is necessary. There is a want of clearness in the story and of neatness in the style. The "Legend of the Grisons," which we should judge to be from the same hand, is beautiful in the descriptive parts, but somewhat heavy in the narrative.

The tale entitled, "The Rival Brothers," by the author of Hobomok, possesses the merit which might be expected from the fine powers of the author, and is one of the best in the collection. It is thus beautifully introduced.

"It was in the middle of one of the most delightful days in June, that I began a short journey which led me through the cool, sequestered forests on the eastern shore of Massachusetts. Few things are more enchanting than to saunter through the woods during a summer's noon. Nature enjoying the deep tranquillity of a most voluptuous repose, the gay warbling of the birds changed for that occasional twitter, which speaks the full enjoyment of their little hearts more plainly than the rich burst of their morning song; the very butterflies, like gay coquettes weary of conquest, closing and spreading their gorgeous wings in languid indifference, the deep shade, the drowsy splendor mantling the distant hills, all these bring to me a delicious sense of quiet existence which no other scene produces.

"During my ride every thing tended to heighten this feeling to the utmost. I could not mistake that I was in the land of my forefathers. Even nature bears the rigid aspect of these venerable heralds of our freedom, and time, while he has led wealth, taste, and fashion through all our favored land, has passed by these secluded spots with religious awe, and scarcely brushed the antiquated scene with his noiseless wing. The faces you meet are as a titlepage, on which 'by-gone days' are written; the children have the reverential demeanour of the olden time; the sea breeze

murmurs through the wood, with more of psalmody than song; and the very moss-grown stones have an air of puritan sanctity.

"My companion was one with whom I was too familiar to strive to be agreeable; and they who cannot be eloquent when effort is unnecessary, may forever despair of the power. Conversation is always delightful when the thoughts spring spontaneously from the tongue, attended with all the contagious exhilaration of wit and talent; but it is even yet more delightful, when, catching its tone from surrounding objects, it flows gently on, deriving new charms from the scenes around, and new interest from the circumstances under which we enjoy it. Such conversation I was at that moment listening to from my companion, and every instant with increasing pleasure. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of one of the most frightful and loathsome objects my eyes ever beheld. The lofty and projecting forehead, and the bold, rigid contour of the head, all indicated the possession of prodigious power, and the 'spark of hell' burning in his eye, proved that power had been exerted for the prince of darkness. He was clothed in the squalid and tattered drapery of exceeding poverty, and deeply had age engraven upon his iron visage the lines of guilt and passion."—pp. 208—210.

This wretch had committed a most foul murder many years before, and the remainder of the piece is occupied with the tragical story of his guilt and of the happiness he had destroyed. One thing, however, strikes us as somewhat remarkable, namely, that the perpetrator of such an act should still be alive and at large in the midst of society. The circumstances of the deed are related with great minuteness; the wretch is known and marked as a murderer, yet he continues to linger in the neighbourhood of the spot where his crime was committed. We have a custom, in these States, of hanging people for offences of this kind, and it was the duty of the author to account for his being suffered to remain unpunished, either by the circumstances of entire secrecy attending the act and the fidelity of the criminal to his own counsel, or by the failure of the means employed to bring him to justice.

"The Trials of the Troth" disappointed us. We were pleased with a page or two of the commencement, but no farther. The incidents are not contrived with skill, nor told with grace; the dialogue is tedious, and the diction often slovenly and incorrect. It is evident that the writer possesses more talent than he has chosen to exert in the composition of this piece.

The "Biographical Sketch of Wilson, the American Ornithologist," furnishes a convenient niche for two or three beautiful pas-

sages from his great work, and for his fine ballad of the Blue-bird. Wilson, although a foreigner, and although prevented by other pursuits from cultivating his poetical talents, was yet one of the earliest poets who set the example of faithfully copying nature as it exists in our country.

The poetical contributions to this volume are generally of a high degree of merit. Some, however, such as those entitled "The Oak of my Fathers," "To Sophie," "Imagination," &c. are of a very moderate quality. The lines by Percival, entitled, "To the Eagle," are wonderfully fine and spirited. Those on the Passaic Falls, by Washington Irving, are such as a gentleman and a man of taste might be expected to write, but have much less poetry in them than is to be found in a great deal of his prose. The following stanzas, with the exception of two or three phrases, admitted to fill up the gaps in the measure, are pretty, although the thought is not new.

"I think of thee when the young morn is breaking
In radiance bright;
Thou art the earliest thought of my awaking,
My last at night.

I think of thee when day-light is declining,
Low in the west:
I think of thee when its last rays are shining
On nature's rest.

And when on summer evening's brow is gleaming
Our favorite star,
I think of one who watched with me its beaming,
Now distant far.

When darkness reigns, and all are sleeping round me
So peacefully,
How often has the silent midnight found me
Thinking on thee.

And still, in all that memory loves to treasure,
Thy form I see;
In every little grief, or hoped for pleasure,
I think of thee. pp. 152.

The engravings of this little volume are executed with great skill and delicacy. Among them are views of Trenton and Passaic Falls, taken by Doughty and engraved by Ellis. The Lady and the Merlin, from one of Newton's pictures, by Longacre, is

full of character and expression, and the engraving of Canova's Infant Napoleon, by the same artist, is exceedingly well done. The Legend of the Grisons is ornamented with a design of Leslie engraved by Humphreys.

Reports of Cases argued and determined in the Supreme Judicial Court of the State of Maine. By SIMON GREENLEAF, Counsellor at Law. Vol. III. Portland. 1826. 8vo. pp. 504.

THE notice of the second volume of Mr. Greenleaf's Reports, contained in the United States Literary Gazette, vol. ii. p. 463, exhibits our present view of the able and happy manner in which he accomplishes his part of the difficult task of preparing a book of judicial decisions for the use of the profession and the public. It is hardly necessary to repeat what we then said of Mr. Greenleaf's method of reporting, and we content ourselves by saying, that he has, in the volume before us, sustained, in all respects, the reputation which he had before acquired.

This volume contains all the decisions of the highest court of Maine, during the years 1824 and 1825, except the cases in one county in 1824, which had been previously published. Our impression is, that there are not so many important questions raised and determined in this, as in the two preceding volumes. This, however, is nothing to the reporter. He, of all men, is obliged to take things as they come; and is answerable for the workmanship, but not for the materials. In *Wyman* v. *Dorr*, p. 183, we notice that the court have applied to the action of replevin the principle, before familiar in trespass and trover, that the plaintiff must not only have a property in the goods which are the subjects of the suit, but also a right of immediate possession. A bailor was therefore held not entitled to maintain replevin against an officer who seized the goods as the property of the bailee, during the stipulated term of bailment. We recollect that Mr. Justice Wilde expressed the same opinion, in a trial in Massachusetts, in 1822. In *Williams* v. *Williams*, p. 135, it was held, that in a libel for divorce *a mensâ et thoro*, the marriage of the parties must be proved, though the respondent does not appear. *Hill* v. *Hill*, 2 Mass. Rep. 150, was supposed to be an authority for dispensing with this proof. We well remember, however, that, in 1810, Chief Justice Parsons, in a similar case, informed the bar, that there was an appearance in the case of *Hill* v. *Hill*,

although it does not so appear from the report; and that in a case where there was a default, he and his brethren required the proctor of the libellant to furnish evidence of the marriage. In *Lewis & al.* v. *Webb*, p. 326, the court decided, that the legislature have no authority, by the constitution, to grant a new trial or an appeal, in any case between private citizens. The opinion, as pronounced by Mr. Chief Justice Mellen, is able and sound, and will reward a careful examination. The courts of Massachusetts and New Hampshire had previously made similar decisions, which we believe to be as unanswerable as they are important. In the Appendix to this volume, we find several valuable opinions of the justices of the Supreme Court of Maine, given in reply to questions propounded by the Governor, or the Senate, or the House of Representatives, respecting the construction of the constitution of that State.

Probably we were the more pleased at the decision of the case of *Bussey* v. *Gilmore*, p. 191, on account of certain old-fashioned, strict notions of ours, concerning the limited power of towns,—which notions we have, more than once, had the mortification to find very unceremoniously rejected by an assembled town, notwithstanding our own sturdy defence of them. It was held, in the case just mentioned, that it was not within the legal authority of a town to impose a tax on its inhabitants and the property within it, for the purpose of discharging a contract made by the town with the corporation of a toll bridge, for the free passage of the bridge by the citizens of the town. The "necessary charges," for which towns are empowered to raise money, were held to extend only to expenses incident to the discharge of corporate duties.

It ill becomes us, perhaps, to question the correctness of the decisions of the court of Maine, or of any other court; but we cannot resist the conviction, that *Davis* v. *M'Arthur*, p. 27, was erroneously decided. The defendant, who was attorney of a plaintiff in another suit, indorsed a writ, "George Wentworth, by A. M'Arthur, his attorney;" and the court held him liable for costs. We can see neither the reason nor the justice of it. Had the court decided that an attorney has not, of course, authority to indorse his client's name on a writ, we might have yielded a reluctant assent,—repugnant as such a decision would have been to previous faith and practice. As this was not the ground of the determination, we would ask, where is the difference between this case and any other in which an act is done by virtue of letter of attorney, or other method of procuration? Was it ever before heard, that an authorized agent, by executing an instrument, or

performing any other act, according to his authority, and expressing that authority on the instrument executed, or in the other act performed, renders himself liable? If, in the wide range of precedent and authority, there be such an instance, we should be grateful for a sight of it. The doctrine of this case, if we comprehend the judge who gave the opinion, is this; that an attorney is liable for costs, if he puts his name on a writ, in any manner, as attorney, because "he is presumed to know the law and the obligation he assumes by indorsing the original writ, in the character of attorney." This may be reasoning, good reasoning, but we cannot feel it. Though it is asserted, that the case of *Middlesex Turnpike Corporation* v. *Tufts*, 8 Mass. Rep. 266, "cannot be distinguished in principle" from the case in question, we would humbly venture to suggest, that, as the statute of Massachusetts requires that original writs shall "be indorsed on the back thereof by the plaintiff, with his *christian and surname*, or by his agent or attorney," it might possibly have been supposed, even by Mr. Chief Justice Parsons and his associates, that a *corporation aggregate* was not within the first provision of the statute, and therefore that the indorsement, in that case, *ut res magis valeat*, must bind the agent who had indorsed his own name, as such. Nor do we perceive any thing very weak or unusual in such a notion. If we mistake not, there are other instances on record, in which an agent or attorney, failing to bind his principal, has found himself bound. Had the indorser, in this last mentioned case, written the *christian and surname* of the Middlesex Turnpike Corporation on the writ, and added, "by R. M. their agent," we admit the case could not be distinguished in principle from *Davis* v. *M'Arthur*.

Most of the cases in the volume now on our table, appear to have been carefully considered by the court, and well argued by the bar. We have always regarded Mr. Greenleaf's Reports as creditable to the State of Maine as well as to himself. If we were inclined to hint at a circumstance, which we have habitually considered as a blemish in too many of the opinions of the court, as published in these volumes, we should refer to the reliance which seems to be placed on the accumulation of *obiter dicta*, in settling a new point, rather than on their own powers of analogical reasoning.

INTELLIGENCE.

Double-Stars. Professor Stune, of Dorpat, to whose hands Frauenhofer's large refracting telescope has been intrusted, has determined on a review of all the double-stars already observed, as well as on a minute examination of the heavens from the north pole to fifteen degrees of south declination, with respect to these objects. He has now accomplished one third of the labor, and has found one thousand double-stars of the first four classes; among which, eight hundred are new, and of these, nearly three hundred are of the first class. He extends the examination to all stars of the 8th and 8.9 magnitude.

Russia. Russian literature has made a rapid progress since the commencement of the century. From 1700 to 1800 only about three thousand works were printed in that empire, and, since the latter period, more than eight thousand volumes have appeared. Three hundred and fifty authors are now living, the greater part of them unknown, even by name, to the rest of Europe.

Population. The population of the Netherlands appears to be increasing. The following is the state of the population for six consecutive years.

In 1820,	5,642,552
1821,	5,692.323
1822,	5,767,038
1823,	5,838,123
1824,	5,913,526
1825,	5,993,666

The proportion of male to female births is much the same as in England. In the Netherlands, it is as 1000 to 950; in England, as 1000 to 947; in France, as 1000 to 937; and in Naples, as 1000 to 955. This agreement, of the cause of which we shall probably always remain ignorant, is as remarkable for its singularity as for its constancy.

Longevity of Animals. A little treatise by Aristotle, on the length of the lives of animals, has recently been republished at Göttingen, with notes by Professor Schultz. These notes contain a summary of all that is known on the subject by the moderns. M. Schultz gives an account of some very curious experiments on *cercœriæ ephemeræ;* and, although, of all vertebral animals, birds are those which have the shortest lives, he brings forward, in opposition to these beings of a few hours, the instance of a paroquet, carried, in 1633, from Italy into France, which was still living in 1743, and which, consequently, was above one hundred and ten years old. He also quotes the no less remarkable fact of a fish, taken at Kayserslautern, in 1497, in a reservoir, where it had been deposited two hundred and sixty-seven years before, as appeared from a ring of copper with which its head was encircled. Whales, which, according to Buffon, live for one thousand years, are not forgotten; but M. Schultz prudently observes, that the celebrated naturalist may perhaps have been deceived on that point.

Voyage of Discovery. An English journal says, "The Board of Admiralty have determined on fitting out another expedition to the Arctic Seas. The direction and immediate objects of the intended expedition, however, are different from those of the former voyages, and the promotion of the interests of our fisheries forms a very material inducement for the present undertaking. Our knowledge of Spitzbergen is almost entirely confined to its western coast, and a wide field for discovery remains unexplored on the eastern shores of that island. The first object, therefore, of the intended expedition, is the survey of its eastern coast, where, it is expected, that new and prolific fishing-ground may be discovered, which will be attended with great benefit to our Northern fishery, the seas on the western side of Spitzbergen being nearly exhausted. Captain Parry has been selected for this interesting survey, and the Hecla is to be prepared for the performance of this service during the next year. An ultimate, and still more interesting object is subsequently to be attempted, which will require all the energy and enterprize of the distinguished officer to whom this service is to be entrusted. We understand the Hecla will take out with her boats or small vessels of peculiar construction, in which Captain Parry and a party of the Hecla's officers and men are to attempt actually to reach the North Pole, leaving the ship in the neighbourbood of Spitzbergen. This attempt is made at the suggestion of the Royal Society."

Ancient Coin. A fine and well preserved gold coin of king Edward III. was lately found by George Bidgood, a gardener, of Axbridge, while digging up some ground near that ancient town. Its present weight is exactly one hundred and eighteen grains troy; and it is about the size of a modern half-crown in circumference. Edward III. is said by many historians, to have struck the first gold coins in England; but Hume says, they are to be found so early as Henry III's time, about a century before. Guthrie's Chronological Tables say, gold was first coined in 1344 (18th Edward III.); if they are correct, this piece may be one of the earliest, and most valuable.

Buried Forests. At Lawrence Park, four miles beyond Linlithgow, there is a piece of ground lower than the adjoining country, and covered with moss, but tolerably dry, which the proprietor opened with the view of forming a pond. About four feet under the surface, a great number of large trees were discovered, which were pronounced to be oak; the wood was still fresh and fit for use, and there was also found strewed upon the soil, among the trees, a vast quantity of nuts like those of the hazel.

Valuable Discovery. One of the most simple and useful discoveries in agriculture, is to mix layers of green or new-cut clover with layers of straw in ricks or stacks; thus the strength of the clover is absorbed by the straw, which, thus impregnated, both horses and cattle eat greedily, and the clover is dried and prevented from heating. This practice is particularly calculated for second crops of clover and rye-grass.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A Compendium of the Flora of the Northern and Middle States, containing Generic and Specific Descriptions of all the Plants, exclusive of Cryptogamia, hitherto found in the United States, North of the Potomac. By John Torrey, M. D.

Authentic Key to the Art of Short-Hand Writing, by which the Language of a Public Speaker may be recorded as fast as delivered, in a style at once beautiful and legible. By M. T. C. Gould.

American Natural History, Vol. I. Part 1; containing Twenty-two finely engraved Copperplates. By John D. Godman, M. D. Philadelphia. H. C. Carey & I. Lea.

DRAMA.

The Theatrical Contributions of "Jacques" to the United States Gazette; being an Account of the Performances at the New Theatre, Philadelphia, during the season of 1825–6. Philadelphia. Ash & Mason.

Oberon, or the Charmed Horn; a Romantic Fairy Tale. In Two Acts. New York. E. M. Murden. 18mo. pp. 58.

Paul Pry; a Comedy. In Three Acts. New York. E. M. Murden. 18mo. pp. 40.

Three Deep, or All on the Wing; a Farce. In Two Acts. By the Author of "Family Jars." New York. E. M. Murden. 18mo. pp. 44.

EDUCATION.

Kelly's First Spelling-Book, or Child's Instructer; designed for Sunday and Common Schools. Containing Lessons in Orthography, Reading, &c. By Hall J. Kelly, A. M. Boston. Lincoln & Edmands. 18mo. pp. 83.

Lights of Education, or Mr. Hope and His Family; a Narrative for Young Persons. By a Lady. Part II. Baltimore. E. J. Coale.

An Introduction to Algebra upon the Inductive Method of Instruction. By Warren Colburn. Stereotype Edition. Boston. Hilliard, Gray, & Co. 12mo. pp. 276.

Geography for Beginners, or the Instructer's Assistant in giving First Lessons from Maps; with an Atlas, adapted exclusively to the Work. By Emma Willard, Principal of the Troy Female Seminary.

A History of the United States of America, on a plan adapted to the Capacity of Youth, and designed to aid the Memory by systematic Arrangement and interesting Associations. Illustrated by Engravings. By the Rev. Charles A. Goodrich. A New Edition. Hartford. S. G. Goodrich. 18mo. pp. 316.

Outlines of Modern Geography, on a new plan, carefully adapted to Youth. With numerous Engravings of Cities, Manners, Customs, and Curiosities; accompanied by an Atlas. By the Rev. Charles A. Goodrich. Second Edition. Boston. S. G. Goodrich. 18mo. pp. 252.

The Juvenile Scholar's Arithmetical Assistant, or a New Ciphering-Book, comprising a Series of Sums and Questions in the first Rules. By C. W. Bazeley. Second Edition, improved.

Manual of Mutual Instruction; consisting of Mr. Fowle's Directions for Introducing in Common Schools the Improved System adopted in the Monitorial School, Boston. With an Appendix, containing some Considerations in Favor of the Monitorial Method, and a Sketch of its Progress, &c. By William Russell. Boston. Wait, Greene, & Co. 12mo. pp. 131.

The First Book, or Spelling Lessons for Primary Schools. Boston. Munroe & Francis. 18mo. pp. 120.

Conversations on Common Things; or, Guide to Knowledge. With Questions for the Use of Schools and Families. By a Teacher. New Edition. Boston. Munroe & Francis. 18mo. pp. 288.

HISTORY.

The History and Present State of the Town of Newburyport. By Caleb Cushing. Newburyport. F. W. Allen. 12mo. pp. 120.

Topographical and Historical Sketches of the Town of Lancaster, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; furnished for the Worcester Magazine and Historical Journal. By Joseph Willard. Worcester. Charles Griffin. 8vo. pp. 90.

This pamphlet on every page evinces in its author the true spirit of an antiquary. None but a man thoroughly imbued with the love of facts, could have collected such a mass of them as is here embodied. The laborious service, however, entitles the author to the thanks of the public; and the result must prove highly acceptable to those who are particularly interested in the ancient town, whose records have been so diligently searched, as well as to the future historian of this part of our country.

The act of incorporation of the town of Lancaster was prior to that of the county of Worcester. The author must necessarily, therefore, have consulted the records of Middlesex, to which Worcester once belonged. And, if we mistake not, it was prior even to the incorporation of Middlesex, which must have sent him to the records of Suffolk for some of his facts. Notwithstanding the difficulty of collecting information from such divers sources, and from records necessarily imperfect and almost illegible from their age, Mr. Willard has written out the civil and ecclesiastical history of his ancient town with great minuteness, and, we believe, with the most scrupulous regard to the accuracy of his dates. The history of the successive generations of several of the most ancient families of the town, will render the work highly interesting and valuable to the descendants of those families, now scattered over almost the whole of New England, and not merely New England, but the interior of New York, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois.

The statistics of the town are very full, and the whole is interspersed with interesting and amusing anecdotes, illustrative of individual characters and of ancient times. We wish others, as competent to the task as the authors of this pamphlet and of the History of Newburyport, lately published, could be induced to undertake similar accounts of all the towns in the State, whose particular histories have never been written. This, it seem to us, is the only way in which full and accurate materials can be collected for a general history of the State. And accurate histories of the States, are the best materials for a general history of the country.

Memoirs of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Vol. I. Part II. Philadelphia. H. C. Carey & I. Lea.

LAW.

Reports of Cases argued and determined in the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. By Octavius Pickering, Counsellor at Law. No. II. Vol. III. Boston. Hiliard, Gray, & Co.

Address delivered before the Philological Society of Middlebury College, on the 15th of August. By Jonathan E. Southwayd. Montpelier. E. P. Walton. 8vo. pp. 15.

An Oration pronounced at Middlebury, before the Associated Alumni of the College, on the evening of Commencement, August 16th, 1826. By Beriah Green. Castleton. Ovid Miner. 8vo. pp. 34.

POETRY.

Lyric Poems. By William B. Tappan. With a very beautiful Frontispiece. Philadelphia. Ash & Mason. 12mo.

The Beauties of Sir Walter Scott and Thomas Moore, Esq., selected from their Works; with Historical and Explanatory Notes. By a Gentleman of Philadelphia. Philadelphia.

The Songster's Museum; a New and Choice Collection of Popular Songs, selected from the best Authors. Hartford. Henry Benton. 18mo. pp. 72.

Horace in New York. A Satire. New York.

POLITICS.

Message from the President of the United States, transmitting copies of the several Instructions to the Ministers of the United States to the Government of France, and of the Correspondence with said Government having reference to the Spoliations committed by that power on the Commerce of the United States anterior to September 30, 1800, &c. in compliance with a resolution of the Senate. Washington. Gales & Seaton. 8vo. pp. 840.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

New Ideas on Population; with Remarks on the theories of Malthus and Godwin. Second Edition. To which is prefixed, a new Preface, containing a brief Examination of the opinions of MM. Say and Sismondi on the same subject. By Alexander H. Everett. Boston. Cummings, Hilliard, & Co. 8vo. pp. 125.

THEOLOGY.

Short Practical Essays on the Sabbath. By a Clergyvill. England. Norwich. Thomas Robinson. English Language, in which A Sermon preached in the Charly explained, and Orthoëpy of Every Syllable accurately pointed out, according to Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary. By Hezekiah Burhans.

Remarks on Greek Grammars, from the American Journal of Education. Boston. 8vo. pp. 27.

A View of South America and Mexico, comprising their History, the Political Condition, Geography, Agriculture, Commerce, &c. of the Republics of Mexico, Guatemala, Colombia, Peru, the United Provinces of South America and Chili. With a complete History of the Revolution in Each of the Independent States. By a Citizen of the United States. Two Volumes in One. New York. H. Huntington. 12mo. pp. 204 and 230.

Vindication of the Conduct and Character of Henry D. Sedgwick against certain Charges made by the Hon. Jonas Platt; together with some Statements and Inquiries, intended to elicit the Reasons of the Award in the case of the Greek Frigates. New York. J. Seymour. 8vo. pp. 24.

AMERICAN EDITIONS OF FOREIGN WORKS.

Practical Observations on Popular Education. By H. Brougham, Esq. M. P. F. R. S. From the Twentieth London Edition. Boston. Published at the Office of the "Massachusetts Journal." 8vo. pp. 36.

We are glad to perceive, that this rich and instructive pamphlet has been reprinted in Boston, in a form calculated for wide circulation. And we think it will augur ill for the character and discrimination of our reading public, if one edition is not eagerly sought for in this country, where almost all education may in the strictest sense be called popular, when twenty have been quickly disposed of in England. The spirit of the author is truly philanthrophic; and the work, as we should anticipate, is full of the most judicious and practical remarks upon the means of diffusing knowledge; most of which are as applicable to the condition of our community as to that of the country where they were suggested and first published.

The Acting American Theatre. No. VII. Containing the Tragedy of "Isabella, or the Fatal Marriage." Embellished with a Portrait of Mrs. Barnes, in the character of Isabella. Philadelphia.

Fabulas Literarias de D. Tomas de Yriarte. New York. Behr & Kahl. 18mo. pp. 176.

Narrative of Travels and Discoveries in Northern and Central Africa, in the years 1822, 1823, and 1824, by Major Denham, Captain Clapperton, and the late Dr. Oudney; extending across the Great Desert to the tenth degree of Northern Latitude, and from Kouka, in Bornou, to Sackatoo, the capital of the Felatah Empire. With an Appendix. By Major Dixon Denham and Captain Hugh Clapperton, the Survivors of the Expedition. Boston. Cummings, Hilliard, & Co. 8vo. pp. 431.

Tales Round a Winter Hearth. By Jane and Ann Maria Porter. 2 Vols. in 1. New York. J. & J. Harper. 12mo. pp. 296.

The Boyne Waters. A Tale. By the O'Hara Family. New York. J. & J. Harper. 12mo. pp. 285 and 288.

The Spectator; with Notes and a General Index. Complete in Two Volumes. New York. S. Marks. pp. 414 and 434.

Damon and Pythias. A Tragedy. In Five Acts. By R. Shiell, Esq.

Poems; by Bernard Barton. Boston. Munroe & Francis. 18mo. pp. 324.

The Character of Julius Cæsar; a Debate. By James Sheridan Knowles, Glasgow. Boston. Wait, Greene, & Co. 12mo. pp. 52.

The Dramatic Works of William Shakspeare. In 10 Vols. With the Corrections and Illustrations of Dr. Johnson, G. Steevens, and others. Revised by Isaac Reed, Esq. New York. Collins & Hannay. 12mo.

Aladdin. A Fairy Opera. In Two Acts. By George B. Soane, B. A. New York. E. M. Murden. 18mo. pp. 75.

Adventures of a Young Rifleman, during the late Wars of Spain and Portugal. Written by Himself. Edited by Göthe. Philadelphia. H. C. Carey & I. Lea. 12mo.

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Cambridge: Printed at the University Press, by Hilliard, Metcalf, & Co.

THE UNITED STATES

REVIEW AND LITERARY GAZETTE.

VOL. I. DECEMBER, 1826. No. 3.

REVIEW.

Physiologie du Gout, ou Méditations de Gastronomie Transcendante; Ouvrage Théorique, Historique et à l'Ordre de Jour, dédié aux Gastronomes Parisiens, par un Professeur, Membre de plusieurs Sociétés Litéraires et Savantes. 2 tomes. 8vo. Paris. A. Sautelet et Cie. 1826.

THE author of this work resembles in many particulars the celebrated Dr. Kitchiner. Like him, he has produced a discursive book, which, purporting to relate to the science of eating, does, nevertheless, relate to almost any thing; like the Doctor, too, he mingles so much sound philosophy with his Epicurism, and so much good sense with his simplicity, that we cannot always tell, whether we should laugh with him or at him. So long, however, as we are made to laugh, we should not be too critical about the *rationale* of so agreeable a result; and we must admit, that the author's object, if this was his object, is completely effected. To speak without further periphrasis, we have found the "Physiologie du Gout" an entertaining work, and have read through the two sizeable octavos, which bear this strange title, with a good deal of amusement.

These volumes, beside the amusing nature of their contents, derive a claim to our notice from the circumstance, that the writer of them spent some years in the United States, and that he takes more than one occasion to touch upon this country and its inhabitants. The work is attributed to M. Brillat de Savarin, an *avocat* of Paris, who resided in this country during the French Revolution, to the leaders of which, he seems not to have been very acceptable, being probably a man of too good *taste*, if we may

be pardoned a very indifferent pun, not to prefer court dinners to republican simplicity. He died, as we are informed, a few months ago.

The volumes are made up of a number of "Meditations," as the author is pleased to call them, of which connectedness is not the most shining quality; and of several chapters, which have no pretensions to connexion, as is indicated by their title, "Varieties." As it is improbable that they will fall into the hands of many of our readers, we shall make longer quotations from them than we should otherwise do, selecting those passages, which, for one reason or another, have interested or amused us, as most likely to affect them in the same manner. We must premise, however, that we shall render the extracts into English with great freedom, and that even with this latitude, it is scarcely to be expected, that they will always, or indeed often, be true in all points to the original, of which much of the characteristic quaintness and point must evaporate in the translation.

The book is prefaced by a dialogue between the author and a friend, who endeavours to induce him to publish. This friend, he intimates to have been Professor Richerand, who, after some discussion, endeavours to conduct him to a bookseller. The dialogue proceeds as follows.

"*Author.* Take care what you do, for I shall certainly introduce you; and who knows what I may say.

"*Friend.* What can you say? I am not to be frightened.

"*Author.* I will not say, that our common country is proud of having given you birth; that, at the age of twenty-four years, you had already published an elementary work, which has ever since been a classic; that a well-earned reputation commands the confidence of the public; that your very appearance gives hope to the sick; that your skill amazes, and your sensibility consoles them. All the world knows this. But I will reveal to all Paris (*drawing up*), to all France (*assuming an air of importance*), to the whole universe, the only defect, that I have discovered in you.

"*Friend* (*in a serious tone*). And what, if you please, may that be?

"*Author.* An habitual defect, which all my exertions have been insufficient to correct.

"*Friend* (*alarmed*). Speak out, then; you keep me in torture.

"*Author.* You eat too fast."

We quote from the "Meditations," the following specimens of minute philosophy. The first reminds us of a brother gourmand, Dr. Redgill, whose most emphatic mode of expressing his con-

tempt for a person, was to declare his belief, that he had not the taste of his mouth.

"We have seen above, that the sensation of taste is seated in the papillæ of the tongue. Now anatomy teaches us, that all tongues are not equally well provided with these, but that some have three times as many as others. Hence we may perceive the reason, why, of two guests, at the same table, one is most agreeably affected, whilst the other appears to eat merely from necessity. It is, that the tongue of the latter is imperfectly organized, and that the domain of taste has also its deaf and blind."

Again;

"Every sapid body is necessarily odoriferous; which brings it within the province of the smell, as well as that of the taste. We never eat any thing without smelling it, with more or less attention; and, in the case of strange aliments, the nose always performs the office of an advance guard, to cry out, *Who goes there?*"

In the next extract, we have both comedy and tragedy. It would have been set down for a specimen of the *graphic*, in the days when the word was in fashion.

"One who eats a peach, is, at first, agreeably impressed by the odor, which it gives out. He places it in his mouth, and perceives a sensation of freshness and acidity, which incites him to continue the process; but it is not till the moment of swallowing, or when the mouthful is passing the nasal *fossa*, that he becomes sensible of the fragrance, which completes the sensation that ought to be produced by a peach. Finally, it is not till after it is swallowed, that, forming a judgment on what has passed, he says to himself, 'It is delicious.'

"In like manner, while one is drinking, so long as the wine is in the mouth, he has an agreeable, but not a perfect sensation. It is only after he has ceased to swallow, that he can truly taste, discover, and appreciate the particular character of each species, and a short interval is necessary to enable the connoisseur to exclaim; 'The deuce! it is Chambertin!' or 'Oh heavens! it is Surène!'

"Hence it follows, that it is in accordance with sound principles and the results of extensive experience, that the true amateur sips his wine; for thus, during the pause which succeeds each swallow, he has exactly as much pleasure, as if he had drunk off the whole glass at once.

"The same is the case, but much more decidedly, whenever the taste is disagreeably affected.

"Regard that unfortunate person, whom the faculty have compelled to undertake an enormous glass of medicine, black enough to have belonged to the age of Louis XIV. The smell, that faith-

ful monitor, warns him of the repulsive odor of the treacherous potion; his eyes glare as at the approach of danger; disgust is on his lips, and his stomach begins to revolt. Exhorted and cheered by his friends, he musters courage, rinses his mouth with spirit, closes his nose, and drinks . . . . .

"While the detestable beverage merely fills the mouth and lines the organs, the sensation is confined, and the state of things is supportable; but at the last gulp, the after-taste is developed, the nauseating odors begin to have their effect, and every feature of the patient expresses a degree of horror and disgust, which nothing but the fear of death could overcome.

"If the drink, on the contrary, is only insipid, as, for example, a glass of water, we have neither taste nor after-tase, we perceive nothing, we think of nothing; we drink, and there is an end of it."

In the second "Meditation," we find the following fling at a pretended *savant*, whom we are glad to find the professor as little inclined to believe in as ourselves.

"Doctor Gall, upon the strength of I know not what examinations, pretends, that it is in brute animals, that the apparatus of taste is most completely developed, and of course more perfect than in man. This doctrine sounds ill, and smacks of heresy. Man, by divine appointment the monarch of all nature, for whose benefit the earth was covered and peopled, must necessarily be furnished with an organ which can enable him to appreciate every thing sapid among his subjects."

The whole train of reasoning on this subject would be too extensive for our limits. We shall take only the conclusion.

"In fine, what more can be expected of a faculty susceptible of such perfection, that the gourmands of Rome could distinguish by the taste the fish taken above the bridges from that which was caught below. Do we not see, in our day, those who are sensible of the superior relish of the leg, upon which the partridge has rested while sleeping; and are we not surrounded by connoisseurs, who can point out the latitude in which a wine has ripened, as certainly as a pupil of Biot or Arago can predict an eclipse. What can we learn from this? To render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, to proclaim man the great gourmand of the creation, and not to be surprised, if it shall be found, that the same thing happens occasionally to the good doctor, which happened to Homer before him."

So much for the professor's philosophy. We shall next exhibit a specimen of his narrative style.

"During my residence," says he, "at Hartford, in Connecticut, I had the good luck to kill a wild-turkey. This exploit deserves to

descend to posterity, and I shall relate it with the more satisfaction, as I was myself the hero.

"A respectable American farmer had invited me to hunt with him at his residence in the back settlements of the State. He promised partridges, grey squirrels, and wild-turkeys, and allowed me the liberty of bringing a friend or two, at my pleasure.

"Accordingly, on a fine day in October, 1794, Mr. King and myself set out on hired horses, with the expectation of arriving, towards evening, at Mr. Bulow's farm, which is situated five mortal leagues from Hartford.

"Mr. King was a sportsman of a singular kind. He was passionately fond of the exercise; but whenever he had killed a piece of game, he considered himself as a murderer, and made moral and elegiac reflections upon the lot of the defunct, which never prevented him from repeating the crime.

"Although the road was not very plain, we arrived without accident, and were received with that cordial and quiet hospitality, which shows itself in deeds; that is to say, in a few moments we were all looked after, caressed, and accommodated, men, dogs, and horses, according to our respective wants and claims.

"Nearly two hours were spent in examining the farm and its appendages. I could describe all that, if I chose; but I would much rather introduce the reader to four pretty slips of daughters, of whom Mr. Bulow was the father, and to whom our arrival was an important event.

"Their ages were from sixteen to twenty; they were radiant with health and bloom, and there was so much simplicity, ease, and careless gracefulness in their whole persons, that the most ordinar action displayed a thousand charms.

"Soon after our return from our walk, we assembled round a table, which was abundantly furnished. A superb piece of corned beef, a stewed goose, and a magnificent leg of mutton; vegetables of every description; and, at the two ends of the table, two enormous pitchers of excellent cider, with which I thought I should never be satisfied.

"When we had demonstrated to our host, that, in the matter of appetite, at least, we were true sportsmen, we came to the main object of our journey. He pointed out, as well as he could, the places at which we should be likely to find the game, the points to be marked, for our guidance on our return, and, above all, the farms at which we might find refreshment.

"During this conversation the ladies had prepared some excellent tea. We swallowed a few cups, and were then shown to a chamber with two beds, where exercise and good cheer procured us a delicious slumber.

"It was somewhat late the following day, when we commenced our hunt, and having passed the *clearing* of Mr. Bulow, I found

myself, for the first time, in a virgin forest, where the sound of the axe had never been heard.

"I wandered about with delight, observing the improvements and ravages of time, which creates and destroys; and amused myself with tracing the various periods in the existence of an oak, from the moment when it starts from the earth, with two leaves, to that when nothing remains of it, but the long dark vestige, on the ground, of its decaying heart.

"Mr. King reproved my absence, and we commenced our sport. The first fruits were a few of those beautiful little grey partridges, which are so plump and so tender. Next followed six or seven grey squirrels, which are highly prized in that country. At last, an auspicious star conducted us into the midst of a flock of turkeys. They rose, one after another, with a noisy, rapid flight, and loud cries. Mr. King fired upon the first, and ran to pick him up. The others were out of reach, except one sluggish one, that rose at about ten paces from me. I fired on him, as he flew across a glade, and he fell completely dead. None but a sportsman can conceive the delight, which I experienced at such a shot. I seized the superb fowl, and examined him in every direction, for nearly a quarter of an hour, when I heard Mr. King crying out for assistance; I ran to him, and found that he wished me to help him search for a turkey, which he pretended to have killed, but which had, nevertheless, disappeared. I put my dog upon the scent, but he led us to a thicket so close and thorny, that a snake could not have entered it. We were accordingly obliged to give up the search, which so ruffled my companion's temper that he did not get over it till our return.

"Our sport produced nothing more worth printing. On our return, we lost our way in the uncertain wood, and should have run some risk of passing the night in it, but for the silver voices of the Misses Bulow, and the base of their papa, who had the politeness to seek for and extricate us.

"The four sisters had fairly got under arms; their bright gowns, new sashes, pretty hats, and clean stockings plainly indicated that they had gone to some expense on our behalf, and for my part I determined to fall in love with one of the fair ones, who took my arm with as little ceremony as if she had been my better half.

"On our arrival at the farm, we found supper on the table; but before attacking it, we sat down for a few moments before a fine blazing fire, which had been kindled for us, though the season did not require this precaution. We found it, however, very comfortable, and our fatigue was dispelled, as if by enchantment.

"This practice was doubtless derived from the Indians, who always keep a fire in their huts; or perhaps it might come from

some tradition of Saint Francis de Sales, who said that fire was good twelve months in the year.

"We ate like famished persons; an ample bowl of punch assisted us to finish the evening, and a conversation, in which our host was still more frank than before, made a considerable inroad upon the night. We talked of the Revolutionary War, in which Mr. Bulow had served as an officer of rank; of M. de la Fayette, who is always great in the remembrance of the Americans, who name him only by his title (the Marquis); of the agriculture, which was then enriching the United States; and, lastly, of dear France, which I loved still more, for being banished from her.

"As the conversation paused, from time to time, Mr. Bulow would say to his eldest daughter, "Maria, give us a song." And she, without waiting to be urged, and with a charming bashfulness, sung the national song of *Yankee Doodle*, the lament of Mary of Scotland, and that of Major Andre, which are very popular in this country.

"We left them, the next morning, in spite of the most friendly urgency; for, even there, I had duties to perform. While the horses were preparing, Mr. Bulow took me aside, and addressed me in the following remarkable words:

"'You see, in me, my dear sir, a happy man, if there is one on earth; all that surrounds us, and that you have seen here, is of my own. These stockings were knit by my daughters; my shoes and clothes are furnished by my sheep; they supply me also, with the help of my garden and barn-yard, with simple and substantial food; and the best evidence of the excellence of our government, is, that there are thousands of farmers in Connecticut as contented as myself, and whose doors, like mine, have no locks to them.' * * *

"During the whole time, on our return, I had the air of being absorbed in profound reflection; it may be supposed that I was meditating upon the last words of Mr. Bulow; but I had other things to occupy my thoughts; I was thinking of the manner in which I should cook my turkey."

The thought contained in the next quotation, was to us entirely original.

"The finny tribe, taken as a whole, furnishes the philosopher with an inexhaustible subject of meditation and amazement. * * * For my own part, I regard them with a sort of respect, arising from the firm persuasion, that they are evidently an antediluvian set of creatures. For the great deluge, which drowned our great, uncles about the eighteenth century from the creation of the world-must have been to the fishes a season of joy, of triumph, and of festivity."

The following anecdotes will need no apology,

"The Canon Rollet, who died about fifty years ago, was a drinker of the old stamp. He fell sick, and the first sentence of the physician, was the interdiction of every kind of wine. On his next visit, however, the doctor found his patient in bed, and by the side of it a complete *corpus delicti;* to wit, a table covered with a fair white cloth, a crystal goblet, a bottle of a prepossessing appearance, and a napkin for the lips. At such a spectacle, he flew into a rage, and was leaving the room, when the unfortunate canon exclaimed, in a pitiful voice, 'Ah, doctor! you should remember, that when you ordered me not to drink, you said nothing about the pleasure of contemplating the bottle.'

"The doctor who attended M. de Montlusin, was still more cruel; for he not only forbade the use of wine, but prescribed water in large doses. Soon after the departure of the man of learning, Madame de Montlusin, eager to follow the prescription and promote the recovery of her husband, presented him with a large glass of the purest water. The sick man received it without opposition, and began to drink with resignation; but stopping, after the first swallow, he returned the cup to his lady. 'Take it, my dear,' said he, 'and keep it for another time; I have always heard that it is dangerous to tamper with medicine.'"

Perhaps some of the inhabitants of New York may remember the person, thus described by our author.

"But the most extraordinary instance of obesity, that I have met with, was a person in New York, whom many now in Paris may have seen in Broadway, sitting in an enormous easy chair, the legs of which might have supported a church. Edward was at least five feet ten inches high, French measure, and as he was swelled in every direction by fat, at least eight feet in circumference. His fingers resembled those of the Roman emperor, who wore his wife's necklace for a ring; his arms and legs were rounded out to the bigness of a middle-sized man; and his feet, like the elephant's, were concealed by the expansion of his legs; the weight of their fat had dragged down and stretched open his under eyelids; but he was rendered most hideous by three successive spheroids of chin, which hung down upon his cheek for more than a foot, so that they seemed to be the capital of a truncated column. In this state Edward passed his life, seated near the window of a lower apartment, which opened upon the street, and drinking from time to time, a glass of ale, from a capacious pitcher, which was always beside him.

"A figure so extraordinary could not fail to attract the notice of the passers by; but they seldom paused long, before Edward burst forth in a sepulchral tone, 'What are you staring at, like so

many wild cats. Go away, you lazy fellows. Begone, you good-for-nothing dogs.'

"Having often saluted him by his name, I once had some conversation with him; he assured me, that he suffered no uneasiness, was not unhappy, and, if death did not prevent, had no objection to waiting for the end of the world."

We were interested by the following opinion of our author, because it happened to agree with our own, on a subject of great importance. We have never had much sympathy with the family of croakers, who groan over the supposed degeneracy of the times, the encroachments of vice, and other similar agreeable subjects of meditation. We are, on the contrary, firmly persuaded, that the world is, on the whole, growing gradually wiser and better, and that a wide and philosophical observation will confirm the notion.

"I cannot close this chapter without noticing the new direction which has been given to the taste of the people.

"Thousands of persons now pass at an exhibition or a coffee-room the evening, which forty years ago, they would have spent at a tavern.

"Doubtless economy gains nothing by this new arrangement; but it is exceedingly advantageous in its effect upon manners. These are softened by public exhibitions; the public are instructed at the coffee-rooms by the periodical journals, and at all events escape the quarrelling, disease, and brutality, which are the inevitable consequences of the frequenting of taverns."

The "Meditations" of M. Savarin, as we observed above, are followed by certain miscellaneous chapters, which he is pleased to call "Varieties." The first of these which we select, is an account of a practical joke of a singular character. It is entitled, "The Asparagus."

"Monseigneur Courtois de Quincey, bishop of Belley, was one day informed, that an asparagus of gigantic size was just appearing in one of the beds of his kitchen garden. All the company proceeded immediately to the spot, in order to verify the fact; for even in an episcopal palace, one is delighted to have something to do.

"The account was found to be neither false nor exaggerated; the plant had pierced the earth, and was just appearing above the surface; its summit was round, glossy, and variegated, and gave promise of a stock large enough to fill the hand.

"A general exclamation saluted this horticultural phenomenon; it was agreed that the privilege of cutting the superb vegetable

belonged to his lordship alone; and a neighbouring cutler received an order speedily to manufacture a knife, which should become this important function.

"For several days the asparagus continued to increase in grace and beauty; its progress was slow, but regular, and the white portion, which indicated the termination of the esculent part of the plant, at length made its appearance.

"The season of harvest being thus marked out, preparation was made for it by a hearty dinner, and the hour of return from the daily promenade was fixed on for the operation.

"At the appointed time, his lordship advances, armed with his knife of office; he stoops with a gravity worthy of the occasion, and proceeds to separate the lordly vegetable from its stalk, while the episcopal court around manifest their eagerness to examine its fibres and texture.

"But oh! what surprise! what disappointment! what grief! the prelate arose with empty hands. The asparagus was of wood.

"The Canon Rosset was a capital turner, and painted to admiration."

The next, and last extract, is also from the "Varieties."

"I mounted, one morning, my good horse Delight, and cantered along among the smiling hills of the Jura. It was during the darkest days of the Revolution; and I was bound to Dôle, to the representative Prôt, for the purpose of obtaining a safe conduct, which was to save me from a prison, and perhaps from a scaffold.

"I found the representative strongly prejudiced against me; he regarded me with a sinister aspect, and I expected an immediate arrest. But I got off with the fright, and after some explanations, his countenance seemed to relax a little.

"I am not one of those, who are rendered severe by apprehension, and I believe that the man was not ill disposed; but his capacity was indifferent, and he knew not what to do with the tremendous power with which he was invested. He was like an infant armed with the club of Hercules.

"M. Amondru, whose name I record with delight, with some difficulty prevailed on him to join a supper party, at which it was settled that I should make my appearance. He came, however, and received me in a manner which was far from being satisfactory.

"My reception from Madame Prôt, to whom I advanced with my compliments, was rather more gracious. The circumstances, under which I presented myself, admitted at least the interest of curiosity.

"After the first common observations, she inquired if I was fond of music. O happiness unlooked for! It appeared to be her passion, and as I was myself an excellent musician, from that moment our hearts beat in unison.

"We chatted together till supper. She spoke of the most fashionable operas,—I knew them by heart; she named the most celebrated composers,—I had seen most of them. She was never weary of the topic, as it was long since she had met with a person, with whom she could dwell upon a subject, on which she spoke like an amateur, though, as I afterwards learned, she had been a singer by profession.

"After supper, she sent for her music; she sung, I sung, we both sung; never did I exert myself more, never did I receive more pleasure. M. Prôt had already spoken several times of retiring, to which she paid no attention; and we were sounding forth like two trumpets the duet in the *Fausse Magie*,

Vous souvient-il de cette fête?

when we heard the signal to depart.

"We were obliged to break off; but, just as we paused, Madame Prôt said to me; 'Citizen, those who cultivate the fine arts, like you, never betray their country. I know that you want something of my husband. You shall have it, I promise you.'

"At these consolatory words, I kissed her hand, with all my heart; and in effect received my safe conduct the next morning, signed and splendidly sealed.

"Thus was the object of my journey accomplished. I returned home with exultation, and thanks to harmony, that lovely daughter of heaven, my ascension was delayed for a good number of years."

Five Books of the History of C. Cornelius Tacitus, with his Treatise on the Manners of the Germans, and his Life of Agricola. From the last German Edition of the Works of Tacitus. With English Notes, original and compiled, by E. B. WILLISTON, Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages and Literature in the American Literary, Scientific, and Military Academy. Hartford. O. D. Cooke & Co. 1826. 12mo. pp. 315.

A SHORT notice of this work appeared in the "United States Literary Gazette" for July last, which we supposed would be satisfactory. Professor Williston, however, in a subsequent publication, has honored this notice with his particular attention, and from the nature of his observations, imposed on us the necessity, which we would have willingly avoided, of completing what we before only began. Our additional remarks, with a few slight

exceptions, will be confined to the book itself; for as to the Professor's objections, to which we have referred, most persons, perhaps, would think they had found a sufficient refutation of them, in reperusing the original notice, which has called forth his animadversions.

In our former notice of this work, we professed only to have looked hastily through the text of the "Germania" and "Agricola," with a slight glance at the notes; we have now actually read the whole,—not in the way of constant comparison with any other edition, but referring to others, as a word or comment struck the eye as probably wrong. In this way, undoubtedly many errors have escaped us; but enough, we believe, have been detected, to free us from all imputation of having dealt with this book unfairly.

Not to occupy too much of our space with a mere table of *errata*, we will now select twenty-three typographical errors from those we have marked in the first two books of the History only; all of which are indisputable, and most of them such as would greatly embarrass students in first reading this author. In these two books, then, may be found, *inventa* for *juventa; rupturi* for *rapturi; mansurum* for *mansuram; mulctanti* for *mulctati; paci* for *pace; cædent* for *cædem; turbitantibus* for *turbantibus; dola* for *dolo; postissimos* for *potissimos; tu* for *in; quamquam* for *quemquam; proditionum* for *proditionem; interfectore* for *interfectores; angebat* for *angebant; vetiti* for *vetitis; sortiunter* for *sortiuntur; nimiam* for *nimium; compertisse* for *competisse; intereat* for *intererat; interfeci* for *interfici; fraudatorum* for *fraudatorem; Judicæ* for *Judaicæ;* and *æquebat* for *æquabat.* It will be observed, that most of these words which are erroneously printed, are, as they stand, still Latin words; and, on this account, are just those errors that are most perplexing to a young student. If our estimate is right, nothing is gained to the character of the work for correctness by this additional examination. The average of mistakes is about the same as before; nor would it be materially varied by bringing the remaining books into the account. Our former opinion, therefore, of this Tacitus, that it would be a constant source of perplexity and vexation to those who used it, is, thus far, fully justified.

To meet this charge of egregious inaccuracy, which we endeavoured to support, and believe that we did support in our former notice, what has Professor Williston done? He has labored to prove, that certain preceding editions of this classic have typographical errors likewise; thus leaving our allegation precisely

where he found it. We had no concern with other editions, nor did we even allude to them. Our business was only,—to show that the edition we were noticing was too inaccurate for use; and this we did show. But as the Professor seems to think the character of other editions a point of importance; we will, for his satisfaction, state our belief, that there are editions of the same parts of this author, the text of which is nearly or quite as bad as his; and that there are others, which are decidedly better. But, here, he comes upon us with the declaration, that his edition of Tacitus is more correct in orthography and punctuation, than any edition of the same part of his works now in use in this country, and "challenges us to disprove his assertion." Now we are altogether peaceably inclined, are but rude in the art military, and somewhat startled even at the name of a challenge; yet as there appears, in this case, no danger to either life or limb, we will refer this professor to the Philadelphia edition of 1808. This was the first edition of the History of Tacitus, published in this country; was, immediately on its appearance, introduced into several colleges; has been extensively read, more extensively, it is believed, and certainly longer, than any other, in our literary institutions; and the remainder of it is still in use. We never thought this edition very accurate; yet if Professor Williston will furnish us with a list of as many errors in the first and second books, or in any other two books of this edition, as we have now pointed out in his, we will acknowledge, that this first Philadelphia edition is thus far as inaccurate as his own. If he should fail to do this, we shall consider his silence an acknowledgment, that we have "disproved his assertion." The errors in punctuation which we noticed before, were to meet the declaration of the editor, that he believed his edition "entirely free" from errors of this kind. How his pointing out errors in punctuation in other editions, shows his belief to be well founded, we are unable to see. We have found a striking uniformity in punctuation, between the remainder of the volume, and the part before reviewed.

We have now done with the text of this edition; and will offer a few remarks on Professor Williston's success in note-making. His pretensions here, are by no means humble. He says, his object has been "to place within the reach of the student a fund of information illustrative of, and necessary to, the perfect understanding of the author;" and he adds, "I can confidently assert, that there is not a note of any value in the former editions of this classic, which has been omitted in this; besides, that the notes which I have added, have increased the volume nearly one third."

As a specimen of what he has done in this way, we will examine his notes on a few of the first sections of the "Germania,"—premising only, that where the errors of a commentator bear any considerable proportion to all that he has said, he is justly distrusted by the student at every step, and his authority is nothing; a proposition partaking so much of the nature of an axiom, that it will not be disputed. We now proceed to the examination. In a note on the third section of the "Germania," we are told, "that Tacitus has shown, Annals, xi. s. 14., that the use of alphabetical letters passed from the Phœnicians into Greece, and from Greece into Italy and Gaul, particularly to Marseilles." What, however, Tacitus has "shown" in the place referred to, is, that there was a tradition [*fama est*] that Cadmus brought letters into Greece, and that from Greece a knowledge of them was carried into Italy. Of "Gaul" and "particularly of Marseilles," he says not a word. That the use of Greek letters among the Gauls, was introduced from the Greek colony at Marseilles, is probably true; but Tacitus has not said it.

On section tenth, we have the following note; "Cæsar says, B. I. s. 50., that, among the Gauls, the matrons of the family presided to decide by lots and divination. The case, undoubtedly, was the same in Germany." But whoever will look into Cæsar, will find, that, in the passage referred to, nothing is said of the Gauls; the matrons spoken of, are *German* matrons. It is somewhat amusing, that this same place in Cæsar is quoted only three pages before, and the meaning rightly given. The passage is this; "When Julius Cæsar inquired of the prisoners, why Ariovistus declined an engagement, he found, that it was the custom among the *Germans* for the women to decide by lots and divinations, whether it was proper to hazard a battle. Cæsar, B. I. s. 50."

Tacitus, in the twentieth section, says; "Heredes tamen successoresque sui cuique liberi: et nullum testamentum." A long note on this sentence, begins; "Thus we see, that by custom (the unwritten law of the Germans) the females were excluded from the succession to the lands of their deceased father." But Tacitus, neither in the words now quoted nor in any other part of this treatise, makes any obvious distinction between lands and other property, or between males and females in reference to inheritance. "Liberi" is used in this very section, and in the last sentence of the preceding section, so as undeniably to include both sexes; if it is not used so here, some reason should be given for it. Brotier's note, which was evidently before the writer of

this, is; "*Vere* quidem. At apud bellicosam gentem terra salica ad lanceam, seu ad filios, non verò ad fusum, seu ad filios, pertinebat;" etc. This is an obvious admission, that "liberi" includes females as well as males; and that the knowledge of the limitations of this rule of succession was derived from other sources. Whoever will read all that Brotier has said on this subject, can have no doubt as to his opinion. We will, however, add, that Tacitus was familiar with the language of the Roman forum; and that Ernesti considered a knowledge of the Roman law as necessary to the full illustration of many passages of this historian. "Liberi" is, no doubt, here used with technical precision. For the meaning of this word in the Institutes, vid. Lib. 3 tit. 1, passim. See the note of Vinnius ad Instituta, Lib. I. tit. 14, s. 5. See also Heineccius, who, in several places, comments on this very passage of Tacitus, and clearly understands the word "liberi" as including both sexes. The very accurate translator, Dr. Aikin, renders the passage, "A person's own *children*, however, are his heirs and successors; and no wills are made." Lamalle, whose translation, according to a late critic, is "optima fere omnium Gall. versio," has given the same interpretation: "Cependant ce sont *les enfans* qui héritent, et jamais ils ne font de testament." To the same purport is the French translation of La Bletterie and the Italian translation of Davanzati, and all others we have met with, except that of Murphy. Most of the commentators say nothing on "liberi," evidently apprehending no difficulty. Even the voluminous Pichon passes over it without a word; but, by retaining "liberi" in his interpretation, he shows, that he understood it in its customary sense.

But if "liberi" is to be here translated "sons," as it is by Murphy, we should be told why. We have been the more particular on this passage, that we might show, to the conviction of every reader, how lamentably this editor has failed in his object of furnishing information "necessary to a *perfect* understanding of his author," and what is the real amount of his assertion, that his notes contain every thing of "value" in the former editions of this classic; for it should be observed, that his language is wholly unlimited, and all editions are included in it.* But the truth obviously is, that, on the word "liberi," this note of Murphy is the only one which he ever examined; and this, on the face of it, is of an import altogether diverse from that of the text. There

* If he means American editions only, though his language will not bear this construction, the note of Brotier, quoted above, is in the Boston edition of 1817.

are other errors of less consequence, scattered along through the very small part of the volume we have now reviewed; one of which we will mention, as it will show more fully the utter carelessness with which these notes have been prepared. In a note on the ninth section, we find quoted, Hume's "*History of Natural Religion*," a work we do not recollect to have seen. Hume's "*Natural History of Religion*," is probably intended; a title of very different import. But this professor of Latin literature has no claim to originality in his blunders. All the mistakes we have now detailed, are faithfully copied from Murphy.

We might proceed, in this way, through the volume, holding up our editor as an historian and antiquary, quite out at elbows at second or third hand; but to bring our remarks to a close within tolerable limits, we will confine ourselves to a few passages, which will exhibit him more particularly as an interpreter of Tacitus, and serve as specimens of his knowledge of the Latin language.

In the seventy-fourth section of the second book of the History, the words "præeuntem sacramentum" are explained to mean "first to take the oath." The note of Barbou, "verba jurisjurandi solennia præfantem," gives the right interpretation; and this note Professor Williston had before him. In the fourth section of the fourth book, the historian remarks of a letter of Mucianus to the senate, after the death of Vitellius, "ipsa quoque insectatio in Vitellium sera et sine libertate." On these words we have the following note; "His invectives against Vitellius came too late, and were no proof of his ardor in the cause of liberty; for Vitellius was now dead." "Libertas," as may be seen in Forcellini, has often the sense of the Greek παῤῥησία and signifies "boldness" or "intrepidity;" and this, from the connexion of the passage, is obviously its meaning here. For, as Barbou says, "Quæ enim libertas in eo qui mortuum insectatur?" Professor Williston, however, in both these passages, has the authority of Murphy; but all other authority, and especially the text, is against him.

We will now give two examples of explanations of passages, which we believe to be entirely original in the present editor. In the fifty-seventh section of the first book, Tacitus, speaking of the contributions of a part of the Roman army in favor of Vitellius, says, they were made, "instinctu, et impetu, et avaritia." On these words, Barbou has this note; "*Instinctu*, nempe aliorum; *impetu* proprio; *avaritia*, spe et cupiditate plura, quàm donâssent, recipiendi." Professor Williston says, "Some did it *impetu*, i. e. at the instigation of others; some *instinctu*, from a natural impulse; and some *avaritia*, with the hope of receiving again more

than they had given." It will be seen, that this is an exact translation of Barbou, except that "instinctu" and "impetu" are made to change places. Why this is done, does not appear. Barbou, who has here given an abridgment of a note by Freinshemius, is undoubtedly right. That "instinctus" is used to express "the instigation of others," is evident from the seventieth section of this very book, in the phrase "instinctu decurionum," where there is no ellipsis. In the forty-ninth section of the third book, Tacitus details the measures of Antonius to acquire popularity and influence in the part of the army under his command; and adds, "quæ seditiosa, et corrumpendæ disciplinæ, mox in prædam vertebat." Professor Williston's note is; "From the pursuit of these measures, which were seditious in their tendency and calculated to destroy discipline, he turned his attention to plunder." But the meaning of Tacitus is not, that Antonius turned from the pursuit of these measures, but that he turned the measures themselves to the purposes of his own avarice. This is the import of the note of Barbou, which Professor Williston seems to have here attempted to translate, but without understanding it. Dotteville, in his French translation, has given the meaning very exactly. "Antoine *profitant* de ces dispositions séditieuses et propres à corrompre la discipline, s'adonne à piller," etc.

We might fill pages, but we forbear. Enough, we think, has been said, to convince even the editor himself, that these notes, as we remarked in our former notice, are "a very proper accompaniment for the text." They are called in the title-page, "original and compiled." The original notes, however, which make so conspicuous a figure in the title, dwindle, on inspection, to the two commented on above, and some half dozen others like them; though, as to the actual parentage of any of these, we would speak with due caution, as in a case of no common uncertainty. As to the principal commentators on Tacitus, we have found no evidence, that Professor Williston has read or even seen them. Before he comes to a second edition of his work, we would suggest the expediency of his travelling somewhat beyond the pages of Murphy and Lempriere; he will find a freer air, and a wider horizon. In the mean time, we engage to be as prompt in recommending to the public a second edition of this work, if properly executed, as we have been in condemning the first. Of this edition, we hope we shall not be called upon to say any thing more.

The Adventures of a Young Rifleman in the French and English Armies during the War in Spain and Portugal from 1806 *to to* 1816. *Written by Himself.* Philadelphia. H. C. Carey & I. Lea. 1826. 12mo. pp. 294.

THAT department of literature which is comprehended under the name of fictitious history, although of late origin, is not only one of the most prolific, but also one of the most various and mutable in its forms. We speak not now of the different schools of writing to which the authors belong, nor of the different degrees in which nature is copied or the imagination indulged in their productions, but merely of the manner in which the incidents are arranged. The first works of this kind were a sort of imaginary biography; they were tissues of extraordinary adventures, having little connexion with each other, except by means of the hero, who was made to appear in them all. Gradually the authors of these writings introduced an order and dependence into the events of the narrative, a plot running through the whole, and a catastrophe, to which each was made to contribute, and in which all the difficulties and embarrassments of the story were cleared up by some unexpected piece of good fortune, or sunk in some final and overwhelming calamity. In this manner a sort of epic or dramatic unity of action was perfected, strengthening the impression of each separate incident, by an interest borrowed from what had preceded it, and an expectation of consequences that were to follow. This has been generally looked upon as the most perfect form of fictitious narrative, and so far as writers have ventured to depart from it, they have been thought to lay themselves open to criticism. It will be admitted, however, we believe, that this regular concatenation of incidents does not give the same pleasure to all. There are persons, and we confess ourselves among the number, who, in reading a modern novel, have been greatly distressed by this eternal dovetailing of one event into another, through several volumes. We are not disposed to deny, that this artful arrangement creates and keeps up an interest in the mind of the reader, but we have sometimes felt that it was an unnatural and oppressive one. We have experienced a strong sense of weariness without being quite willing to desist from the task of perusal; a kind of peevishness with the writer for wilfully heaping perplexity upon perplexity, allowing no respite or breathing-time to his hero or his reader, but urging on both by a steady and irresistible current of events, all tending

to a single issue, as if they understood each other, and conspired together to produce it. We have been glad, at length, to lay down these elaborately constructed narratives, and to refresh ourselves with some old-fashioned novel like the "Fool of Quality," in which the events follow each other with much of the same loose connexion as in real life; the important and the trivial mingled together, and sometimes ending in themselves, without furthering the progress of the story or in any way influencing the catastrophe.

This artificial order and connexion of the incidents of a novel, has, it is true, advantages. It gives an interest to the minor circumstances of the narrative, by admitting such only as help forward the plot. It leaves a single and strong impression on the mind of the reader. By keeping the personages of the story engaged in adventures which bear a near relation to each other, it gives scope and opportunity for the delineation of character. It detains them, if we may so speak, in one position till we become familiar with them; it makes them sit till their portraits are drawn.

These advantages we are not disposed to undervalue; indeed we freely admit, that the most perfect specimens of fictitious history have been produced with their aid, and that, without this attention to the unity of the piece, the talents of some of the finest writers in this branch of literature could not have been exerted with their full effect. For not only does it give, as we have already observed, an ampler opportunity for their exercise; but the mind of the author, filled with the plan of his work, which is continually growing and perfecting itself under his hands, kindles while he writes, just as our own are warmed while we read, and becomes conscious of powers and capable of exertions which required this extraordinary excitement to call them forth.

After all, however perfect and excellent in their kind these works may be, it is almost certain, that the novels which entertain us most, or rather those to the perusal of which we return with the greatest pleasure, are written on a different plan. The hopes and apprehensions, the constant anxiety, the feverish expectation, raised in the mind by the reading of a work of fiction with a regular, connected plot, cannot be renewed on a second perusal. The several incidents, the descriptions, the sentiments, the disclosures of character then pass for what they are worth in themselves; and if the work has nothing but the artificial interest of the story to recommend it, it is read no more. On the other hand, a work of fiction which owes little or none of its power of

pleasing to the plot, if found entertaining on the first perusal, is equally so on the second, and is placed on our shelves as one of the few to whose pages we recur with delight. This is a distinction, however, to which the novel-writers of the present day act wisely in not aspiring. The multitude of these productions continually issuing from the press, shove on those which preceded them, with a few rare exceptions, to an oblivion from which there is no return. The author has reason to congratulate himself, whose work is once read by the majority of readers, and is permitted to furnish a topic of conversation for the week in which it is published.

The great work of Le Sage is a striking example of the truth of these remarks. Notwithstanding the offensive nature of some portions of "Gil Blas," we yet know of no work of fiction which possesses so inexhaustible a power of pleasing. The grace and ease with which the story is told, the variety of the adventures, the knowledge of mankind shown in the work, its playful wit, delicate satire, and distinct painting of external manners, win upon us more and more at every perusal. Yet it has no regular plot, and it is fortunate perhaps that it has none to divert our attention from these qualites on the first reading, or to oppress us on the second with the stale repetition of contrivances which can no longer produce their effect. This celebrated work is a series of adventures which bear no relation to each other, except that they all happen to the same individual, and all happen in Spain. The scene is successively laid in different provinces of that country; the hero is continually passing from one station of life to another, and at every change he is provided with an entirely new set of associates, unlike in manners and character to the old, of whom, for the most part, we hear no more. Almost any of the adventures might be retrenched without leaving a visible gap in the work; and the story might terminate nearly as well at the end of either of the books, as at the end of the last volume. Yet it would be difficult to point out a work of fiction which detains us more agreeably in the perusal, or to which we recur with greater expectation of being amused. "Robinson Crusoe," also, the inimitable "Robinson Crusoe," the delight of all countries, a book for readers of all classes and ages, a book which is put into almost as many hands as the Bible, owes nothing of its attraction to a regular arrangement of incidents terminating in a regular catastrophe. It is the mere diary of a shipwrecked sailor; a catalogue of the ingenious methods, by which he contrived to alleviate the hardships and guard against the dangers of his situa-

tion; and it ceases when he is finally taken from his solitary island. Some modern novels, also, written in violation of this unity of action, which has been thought of so much importance, seem to have gained by it more than they have sacrificed. The "Memoirs of Anastasius," for instance, which is acknowledged to be a work of great power, is written in the biographical manner.

We recollect an instance or two in which the novel has been disguised under the shape of a book of travels, and made to derive its interest from the novelty of the manners ascribed to the people among whom the hero was thrown, and from the accidents of voyages and travels. Of this kind is Campbell's "Over-land Journey to India," which appeared some twenty years since, and which many persons have read with great pleasure,—for it is very ingeniously fabricated,—as a genuine book of travels. The "Travels of Damberger," also, though admitted to be a forgery, are not an uninteresting one. We wonder, it is true, how the supposed traveller could have observed so little; but we follow him in his captivity and his wanderings through the desert, from one pastoral tribe to another, with no small share of sympathy.

Lately some English writers have fallen upon the plan of putting the hero of a novel into a war, and letting him, as the learned Scriblerus expresses himself, work his way through. They seem to have imagined, that such of the events of a campaign as might be supposed to pass under the immediate observation of an individual, with a due mixture of his own personal dangers, escapes, and other adventures, would form a sufficient basis for an interesting work of fiction, without any other plot. The author of "Recollections of the Peninsula" was the first who led the way in a work framed upon this plan, and the success of his experiment showed that he was not mistaken. Several others soon followed it, among which we think the one before us as amusing as any. This is probably by no means the last of its kind. As long as the demand for these works continues, they will not be wanting; a newly discovered country, in which gold is to be found, is soon filled with adventurers. While we are writing this, we learn, that the "Adventures of a French Serjeant" is just republished in this country. We shall now probably see all the events of the late European war, served up, one after another, in a similar form, until we are surfeited with battles, sieges, marches, burnings, and robberies, and begin to be almost willing to read a pastoral.

The work before us relates the personal adventures of a common soldier, a German, who is supposed to have enlisted in

the armies of the emperor of France, in the year 1806, when his native country was the seat of the war. From Germany he passes through France into Spain, where he arrives in 1808, and serves in the succeeding campaigns, until taken prisoner by the English in 1811, at Almeida, a Portuguese town, while attempting, with the rest of the garrison, to cut his way through the forces by which it was blockaded. After some hard treatment from his captors, finding the life of a prisoner rather uncomfortable, he wisely concludes to change his party, and enters into the English service. From Spain he is taken successively to England, to Malta, to Sicily, a second time to Spain, and back again to Sicily, then to Naples, and finally again to England. Here he obtains his discharge, in 1816, after having given neither the emperor of France nor the king of Great Britain reason to complain of his behaviour, since he had divided the ten years of his military life impartially and exactly between them. Our readers will see that the writer has allowed himself ample ground for the collection of materials, in the number of important occurrences, which took place during the period and in the countries we have mentioned.

We have called this a work of fiction. It is so, without doubt, in a great measure, although we are quite ready to believe, that the view which it gives of the life and habits of a common soldier is as just as it is curious; and that most of the adventures it records have either been witnessed by the author himself, or related to him by somebody to whom they had happened. It is probably true, that the writer has visited some of the countries he describes; that he has seen somewhat of the life of a camp, and observed carefully the manners of the soldiery, and listened attentively to the recital of their adventures. There is indeed an air of verisimilitude about the work, which is almost sufficient, on the first perusal, to leave no suspicion of its authenticity. The acts of the hero and the accidents of the day are related with very great minuteness and simplicity, without the least apparent attempt at embellishment. Mingled with the military part of the narrative and personal fortunes of the supposed writer, are a great many amusing particulars relating to the countries he has seen, and the manners of their inhabitants. It seems very certain to us, however, that no person in the condition of life in which the author is supposed to be placed, could have written such a book. In describing countries and places, and in speaking of the events of the war, he could not have so entirely avoided all mistakes of ignorance. Least of all could he have made such a selection

of those incidents of his military life as alone were interesting, excluded what was tedious or offensive, and disposed of the circumstances according to their relative importance. But, although it is thus in its general construction a work of fiction, it probably does not on this account contain the less proportion of truth, and gives a better idea of what a common soldier really is, and the sort of life he leads, than if it had really been written by one.

We do not know that the specimens we shall give of the work will justify the good opinion we have expressed of it. It is not a work of great pretension, nor absolutely of great talent; but is only just what it professes to be, the plain narrative of an individual, in a humble condition of life. There are no highly wrought passages; there is as little of endeavour after fine writing as there is of vulgar exaggeration; and the quiet homely air of the narrative is not such as to impress the reader very strongly on reading a few detached passages. The following picture of military hardship is however striking.

"We next marched to Cuença; but this town was also deserted by the enemy, who had retreated into the mountains.

"We remained here six days; after which we quitted the main road to pursue the enemy's forces into the mountains, and, if possible, to disperse them. We had brought with us from Madrid a very considerable convoy of warlike necessaries of all kinds; but as in the country we were about to traverse, there were no roads passable for carriages, we were here obliged to leave them behind us, together with the military hospital, and only took with us, upon mules, what was absolutely necessary, the provisions being divided among the soldiers. Among all those whom we left behind us in Cuença, not one was ever again seen; for shortly after our departure, the place was surprised by a corps of Guerillas; and as the protecting force was too weak to make any effectual resistance, nearly the whole were inhumanly murdered, and but very few were kept as prisoners.

"The march into the mountains, which we were now undertaking, was a most difficult one. We were very heavily loaded, the heat was almost intolerable, and the roads scarcely passable, so that we were not able to advance more than from six to eight miles a day. We were frequently obliged to carry the guns from one rock to another; the cavalry often under the necessity of walking for miles together, and leading their horses along the narrow paths. The nights were intensely cold, so that at night we were nearly frozen, while in the day we could scarcely bear the heat.

"In this manner the army advanced several days, without any particular occurrence. After a toilsome march, we one evening reached a few houses, which were immediately taken possession of by the staff. The troops encamped, but there was here such a scarcity of water, that many a soldier could not procure a drop during the whole night; and provisions were out of the question; the valley was, notwithstanding the privations we suffered, remarkably beautiful, surrounded on all sides as if, with a wall, by the mountains, and covered with fine trees. The blazing watch-fires on the heights presented a magnificent spectacle; the full moon shone particularly clear, and nothing broke the silence of the night but the voices of the sentinels. This lasted until the *réveillée* announced the approach of day, and gave notice for our departure. But before the column was put in motion, the knapsacks of every regiment were opened; the men were only allowed to retain what was absolutely necessary, and the remainder was thrown away, in order to be able to march with more expedition.

"Water, which we expected to find plentiful in this mountainous region, often failed us; inhabitants were no where to be met with; the men were in the field against us, and the women, through fear, had fled. As by this means, we found ourselves sole masters of the villages, things were frequently not left in the state they should have been; a soldier is a bad economist, he often wastes to-day what he feels the want of to-morrow.

"For several days we wandered in this manner in the mountains, without getting a sight of the enemy; forsaken encampments, torn clothing, &c. betrayed the places where they had lately been: but we never succeeded in reaching them, and began to suspect that the Spaniards uever meant to make a stand; when quite unexpectedly we fell in with a corps of upwards of five thousand men. Without discipline, but full of courage, they attacked us, and succeeded in causing some little disorder; soon, however, order was restored, and the enemy received such a well-directed fire, as deprived them of all inclination for a second attack. They quitted the field in confusion, and many prisoners were made; but, upon their promise to return home and live peaceably, they were set at liberty. As readily as these prisoners made this promise, as little did they intend to perform it, and only waited our departure, to return again to their comrades. From this time there were daily and hourly skirmishes; the light-armed Spaniards, who understood the art of mountain warfare much better than we had expected, annoyed us incessantly on all sides; but they never made a stand against us in masses, as they well knew our superiority in the field. The prisoners whom they took from us were put to death in torments; we often found these unfortunate beings mangled in a shocking manner. We met with some of our comrades, whose

hands and feet they had not chopped off, but had actually separated them at the joints with their knives; others had their tongues cut out; others had been hung up to the trees by the feet, and roasted to death; and others mutilated in a manner too horrible to describe.

"These spectacles inflamed the rage of our soldiers; they thought themselves justified, and even bound to retaliate: and in this manner ferocity increased on both sides, although, perhaps, forbearance on our parts, would have tended to humanize our opponents. The Spaniards were certainly, in the first instance, oppressed by the French, and thus considered themselves justified in their cruelties; an opinion arising entirely from the revengeful nature of the Spaniards, for at first, the French had not conducted themselves worse than in Germany, and yet such scenes were never heard of there.

"At last, at a short distance from Valencia, we came to a general engagement. The position of the Spaniards was extremely advantageous, as we had several well defended passes to force before we reached their line, the flanks of which rested upon the mountains, and the plain in their front was intersected by ditches, rising ground, and obstacles of various kinds. The enemy was far superior in numbers to us, having more than twenty thousand, while we had scarcely fourteen thousand men, among which were a number of sick and a corps of cavalry, which, owing to the nature of the ground was unable to act; besides which, we were obliged to leave a detachment in reserve to protect the baggage.

"A single attack sufficed to put us in possession of the defiles; the guns were taken, and the occupiers driven before us. I must allow, however, that we lost a number of men, and had a great many wounded. These unfortunates were most to be pitied, for they all perished either through mortification, occasioned by the great heat and want of proper attendance, or a still more horrible fate awaited them at the hands of our cruel enemies; for as we had no means of conveyance, we were obliged to leave them behind us." pp. 79—83.

At Valencia the soldiers indemnified themselves for these privations and this compulsory abstinence.

"We now marched direct upon Valencia; and from this time no house was spared, the property of the owners remained no where unmolested—even the churches were plundered, although a strict order to the contrary was issued, and several soldiers, taken in the fact, were shot. The utmost severity proved of no avail; the thirst after money overcame all fear of punishment among the French soldiery. Numbers separated themselves from the corps, and ravaged the vicinity upon their own account; stole mules, and

loaded them with the plunder; others, who could find no mules, returned bending under the weight of the burdens they carried upon their backs. Of course all soldiers did not act in this way, though many did, and these usually kept themselves between the rear guard and the main body, where they could plunder safely and undisturbed; for at this time there was no leisure to arrest them; some, who suffered themselves to be caught, were punished, but these were not many. The officers themselves took advantage of any good opportunity, without thinking it any disgrace; the surgeons, in particular, were not to be surpassed in this trade: instead of attending to the sick and wounded, they were intent only upon filling their own pockets. Upon entering the houses, the first operation was always to break open the wine-cellars: holes were shot in the casks; but after each man had taken what he wanted, they were never stopped again. If one sort was not approved of, two, three, and very often all the casks in the cellar were tried. In a cellar belonging to a convent, containing at least fifty hogsheads, I once saw some soldiers belonging to the thirty-fourth regiment fire into every cask, and the wine ran out so abundantly, that some drunken *gendarmes* were actually swimming in it. This mischief was not always done wantonly, but frequently occasioned by carelessness and want of thought. The immoderate use of strong wine, and meat without any bread, gave rise to dangerous disorders, which carried off numbers of the men." pp. 83—85.

One reflection is continually occurring to our minds while reading this volume. We allude to the influence of a military life upon the morals of the common soldiers. The hero of the work before us is represented as being good-natured, well-disposed, and somewhat better behaved than his comrades; but really we cannot say much in favor of his morality. He does not hesitate to tell a falsehood upon occasion; he steals when he has an opportunity; drinks all the wine he can purchase with his wages or can get by robbing cellars in Spain and Sicily; spends all his earnings for beer in England; and in the actions in which he is engaged, falls to plundering as soon as the business of cutting throats is over. He takes care, however, not to violate the rules of discipline established in the army when there is a pretty strong probability of being detected; but when his ingenuity fails to screen his offence, he submits to his punishment quietly and as a matter of course. A school like this, and the force of such examples, must produce an admirable state of morals, and a disbanded army must turn upon society a class of worthies wonderfully fitted to promote good order and sobriety. Fearless from the very nature of their profession, accustomed to inflict pain and

death, and thus hardened against sympathy, careless of the rights of others, and habituated to enjoy the present without regard to the future; these men, when set loose from the restraints of military discipline, are too well qualified for the most disgusting debauchery, and the most desperate wickedness. The following trick, in which the supposed author was a principal actor, is quite harmless in comparison with some others related of his comrades.

"Once, when we were lying in cantonment in Medina del Rio Seco, our company alone reconnoitred the neighbourhood, owing to some traces of Guerillas having been seen; among other places, we visited Villa Alba, a town which I have already mentioned, and where we were tolerably well known. The country is here very fertile, grows a good deal of corn, but not much wine. It is surrounded by a wall, which, in former times, may have served as a defence, but it is now quite in ruins and of no use. The whole of the troops were lodged in the town-hall, in order to be together in case of any surprise. Sentinels were posted, and it fell to my lot to be detached to one of the gates. My guard consisted of four men, among them some of our most noted wine-drinkers, particularly one named Thiele, a native of Paderborn, who would risk every thing for the sake of wine. We were sitting very still round the blazing watch-fire, until at last Thiele broke the silence, uttering some rattling oaths before he began his discourse; 'What is the use of our sitting here thirsty and cold?' said he (we had as yet received no wine, because the alcalde of the place had not sent in any, under the pretence that there was none at hand, and that he was obliged to send for some from a neighbouring village). 'Come, let us go and make a few visits, the cellars are not there for nothing; these rascally peasants have no doubt wine in abundance.' I did not much like it, although I wished for a glass myself; at last thirst overcame duty, and I consented.

"Thiele ran in all haste to the cellars, and endeavoured to open one of the doors, but found this would be a matter of difficulty, and occasion some noise, which he did not think advisable; he then tried several others, but found them all alike.

"He came back quite discontented, and related what had occurred, and we now consulted what was to be done. 'I 'll tell you what!' said Thiele, who had always a remedy at hand; 'by means of our belts, one of us shall be let down into the cellar, and then what Providence and the cellar affords, shall be drawn up.' No one, however, would make up his mind to go down the shaft in this manner, until at last Thiele began; 'You cowards, you would all willingly drink, but will run no risk for it; if no one else has courage enough, I have. Come along.' Thiele now set off with

two others, I and the sentry remained behind; but I did not feel myself very comfortable while they were absent, fearing some accident—either the officer on duty might be going his rounds, and visit our post, or we might be attacked. However, neither of these things happened, and in about half an hour the three fellows came back with a pelecho, or skin of wine. These are made use of almost all over Spain, and are made of goat-skins, with the hair turned inside; they also brought with them some bread and salted meat.

"We were now merry and cheerful, and enjoyed ourselves. As we were sitting comfortably over the fire, and helping ourselves pretty freely to the wine, Thiele began thus; 'Only think, my lads, what happened to me! When they were letting me down the hole into the cellar, and I had nearly reached the bottom, one of the buckles broke, and I came quicker to the bottom than I wished. When I had recovered myself a little, I took out my flint and steel and struck a light, to see what the cellar would afford; looked about, first of all, for my schako, which had reached the ground sooner than I did; I soon found this, under an empty cask, but the pompon was wanting; and in spite of all my endeavours, I was not able to find it. My comrades were anxious to know what booty I had met with, and kept calling impatiently at the hole, until at last I answered their questions with this sack, which they drew up, and you see here.'

"The circumstance appeared to me rather serious. Supposing, for instance, the owner, on the following day, should find the pompon, he could easily make a complaint to the captain; who, although he was a very worthy man, never suffered mercy to precede his sense of duty, if he caught any one in the fact. We consulted about it, and it was resolved to let some more of our comrades into the secret, upon whom we could rely that they would not betray us, in case the thing should turn out as we feared. Before day-break every thing suspicious was put aside, and the wine was hid in an empty stable under some straw. At last the guard was relieved, and we returned to our quarters in the town-hall. We went to work directly; our comrades were willing to assist us; and half a dozen pompons were hidden away without any notice being taken. In the afternoon (it was the first day of Christmas) the captain came to the company, and asked, in a careless manner; 'Have any of you lost a pompon?' No one gave any answer. 'It is very odd,' said he; 'a peasant brought me one yesterday, which he said he found upon the road we passed. We were all still silent. 'Serjeant-Major,' said he, 'let the men be drawn out, and ascertain which rascal this pompon belongs to; when you have found him, put him immediately under arrest.' The company turned out, but, upon inspection, there was not one

but half a dozen wanting. Questions were now asked. One had his broken off; another had lost his; another had his shot off; one had lost his in this, another in that manner. Thiele was also questioned, but replied very innocently; 'Oh, I don't know how long it is since mine has been gone!' The captain did not seem to believe him; however he was obliged to be silent.

"It was Christmas-day, and we had been promised a double allowance of wine; but he now said that we should, as a punishment, have none at all. The whole company murmured at this; and it was unanimously agreed, that the captain had no right to deprive the men of what had been allowed them by the emperor and the government; upon this the order was rescinded, and we obtained our rations. We remained here a few days longer, and visited the stable every evening, until the sack was emptied, almost without our being aware of it.

"On the fourth day we went on again. During the march, the captain, who had no dislike to wine, called to his servant to bring him some. The man brought it, telling him, at the same time, that his whole store consisted in that single glass. The captain regretted this, and blamed the servant for his want of attention. Upon this, Thiele, who was very near, presented himself before the captain, and offered him a glass of his wine.

"'Let us see, my lad, is it good?'

"'Taste it, and convince yourself, captain.'

After he had drank, he asked him where he had got the wine.

"'At Villa Alba,' was the answer.

"'I was not able to get such a good glass of wine there. Did you buy it?'

"'Yes,' said Thiele, 'and I was very near paying a high price for it.'

"'Well, give me another glass; I will recompense you for it.'

"'A bargain,' said Thiele; 'you can do this immediately, if you will.'

"'How so?' said the captain.

"'Oh, give me my pompon back again; that will be a sufficient recompense.'

"'Rascal!' said the captain; 'I thought, at the time, that you, and no one else, was the wine-stealer. Here it is,' added he, taking it out of his holsters; 'but had I known this in Villa Alba, you should have paid for it by fifteen days' arrest upon bread and water.'

"'I took good care of that,' said Thiele." pp. 124—128.

From the following passage, we should judge that patent thrashing-machines and patent winnowing-machines are not quite so common in Spain as in this country. What the Spanish con-

trivances for these purposes want in ingenuity, they probably make up in antiquity, and these methods may have been delivered down from those who inhabited the country before the conquest of Spain by the Romans.

"In the corn districts of Spain, there being so little timber that the farmers are not able to build barns, there is near every village a fixed spot for erecting stacks. As soon as the harvest is over, the thrashing begins, which is performed in a very simple, but very expeditious manner. Every peasant has, in the general thrashing-place, a round space appropriated to himself. Around this the corn which is to be thrashed is placed; to a stake fixed in the centre, an ox or a mule is fastened by a rope, long enough to allow the animal to perform a tolerable circle. The beast, whose eyes are covered, draws after him a kind of harrow, about four feet long, and two wide, under which a number of flint stones are fixed. Without being driven, the animal goes round and round the circle, and the harrow rubs out the corn. In order to make the harrow still more heavy, one or more men or women usually seat themselves upon it; and, without troubling themselves at all about the animal, sleep, smoke, or amuse themselves in various ways. When the beast is tired, he stops, and another is put in his place. The corn being in this manner rubbed out of the ears, they wait till the wind rises, when, by throwing it up in the air, the wind carries away the chaff, and separates it from the corn, which, being heavier, falls immediately to the ground. As long as this work lasts, the whole family is generally, day and night, on the spot. The straw is then put into nets made of *esparto*, and the corn put into baskets, and carried home; in three or four weeks the whole business is usually concluded. One would suppose, that by this means the corn would be a good deal mingled with sand; but I never found this to be the case." pp. 119, 120.

Edinburgh Review. No. LXXXVI. Article I. *Thoughts on Banking.* 1826.

THE recent commercial calamities in Great Britain have awakened the attention of political economists, who have made various, and generally unsuccessful attempts to investigate the causes which led to such unfortunate consequences. Different and plausible reasons have been alternately assigned and refuted, until at length public opinion has settled in the conviction, that a spirit of undue speculation was the true source of all the late

disasters. The most prominent evil arising from overtrading, and one indeed without which it could not exist, is the too extended issues of the banks and private bankers; too much money was thrown into circulation, the channel overflowed, and the notes were returned on the bankers faster than they could redeem them. The consequence was the failure of an unexampled number of houses, and a degree of distress, the history of which our readers are already acquainted with. That we also are subject to similar revulsions, under the present order of things, cannot be denied. The spirit of speculation may show itself, nay it has already shown itself in one or two of the principal cities in the United States; and the only efficient curb, namely, a limit to excessive bank issues, being wanting, the most serious consequences have ensued. The public have, in several instances, lost large sums by the failure of banks, and a degree of suspicion attaches itself to most of the bank paper now in circulation; indeed it may be safely assumed, that nothing but the necessity of some circulating medium induces the public to receive bank notes at all. In the city of New York, in particular, violent derangements in the currency have lately taken place; the failure of several neighbouring institutions, whose notes were in extensive circulation there, has caused the greatest distress; and a general desire seems to exist, that some radical change should be adopted, by which security may be afforded from these evils. A measure to this effect, we now propose to lay before our readers; its general outlines are to be found in the number of the "Edinburgh Review" mentioned at the head of this article; the same ideas had been, however, long before suggested to us by one of the ablest financiers in this country, and we now take the liberty of applying them to our present purpose.

It would be difficult to trace, with any certainty, the degrees of of confidence which has been reposed in bank paper; nor is it necessary; it is enough to know, that at present an excess of confidence has thrown too much power into the hands of the directors,* which has been, accordingly, in many cases, grossly abused. What the "Edinburgh Review" says of the governors of the Bank of England, may without offence be predicated of the gentlemen who are, or may be, directors of our own institutions, namely, that they will consult their own interest in preference to that of the public, when they are in opposition. This is a

*The word, *directors*, is used throughout this article in reference to those who have the management of the concerns of the bank, whether technically called directors or not.

principle of human nature; and, however disagreeable to our feelings, its influence ought always to be expected, where such opposition may exist; and such checks should be placed upon it as to prevent its effects, as far as may be. It will shortly be seen how far the interest of the director differs from that of the public.

In most parts of the United States, and at all events in those to which these remarks are meant to apply, banks are incorporated, and go into operation in the following manner. The act of the legislature specifies, that "A, B, and C, the future directors, having applied for a charter for a bank, with a capital of one million," &c. (more or less, as the case may be), "therefore it is granted," &c. Now it not unfrequently happens, that, at the very commencement of their proceedings on the payment of the first instalment, some fraud takes place. We have now before us legal evidence, that a certain bank, the charter of which required the instalments to be paid in specie, complied with the letter of the law, but lent the money instantly back to the subscriber, and received his note in exchange for it. Let us suppose, however, that the capital is *bonâ fide* paid in, and the bank commences its operations, the directors have now a chance of appropriating nearly the whole capital to themselves; we do not mean, by this, that they actually commit a fraud in so doing, but that they may *borrow* this capital for years together, and yet the bank *may apparently* perform its functions well. But, unfortunately, there is a chance that *it may not*. The mere possibility of such a misapplication, therefore, should be provided against, as we shall show presently may be easily done. We will here descend a little into the details of the business of banking, for the purpose of making ourselves better understood. When a person, who holds the promissory note of another in good credit, but due at a future day, desires to procure cash for it, he offers it to the bank to be discounted; that is, he pays the interest for the time the note has to run, and receives the paper of the bank, payable at sight, in exchange. If the bank is in good credit, their notes answer the same purpose as specie, and he pays the money out as he has occasion to use it; it thus becomes absorbed in the circulation, and remains a longer or shorter time, as may happen, before the bank is called on to redeem it. Should the promissory note have fallen due, and payment have been made first, that will form a fund to redeem the bank paper; but if it is presented previously, and the bank is not otherwise prepared, the promissory note may, on ordinary occasions, be sold in the market, and the bank paper redeemed

with the proceeds; practically banks have generally a sufficient amount, in deposites of money by individuals for safe keeping, to meet these exigencies. It may be here observed, that this is the only regular mode of issuing notes. If a bank resorts to any other, it is acting out of its legitimate sphere. It is evident, then, that there exist two distinct funds for the redemption of the paper of the bank. The one is the securities held by the bank in the form of promissory notes, which must necessarily exceed, by the amount of interest, the sum total of bank paper for which they were exchanged; and the other, the capital of the bank. Since, therefore, there exists a fund independently of the capital, which, in practice, is the one out of which the notes are actually redeemed and the business of the bank carried forward, it is clear, that the directors may appropriate to themselves a large portion of the capital without detection, and, perhaps, without any mischievous consequences, so long as the other affairs of the institution continue prosperous. But whenever a panic, like that in England, shall spread itself over the country,—and we have no security from it for a single day,—then the difficulties commence; the commercial paper held by the bank, however good, cannot be sold, on such occasions, even at a sacrifice; the deposites are all withdrawn, and nothing remains for the redemption of their paper but the capital of the bank, and that is in the hands of those who, however wealthy, are not able to withdraw it *instantly* from the enterprises in which it is invested; for we cannot suppose that they borrowed the money to keep it lying by them idle. The bank, therefore, possessing no available funds, must stop payment. We have said, when a general panic occurs, such must be the result; but, unfortunately, experience teaches us, that banks may, and do, fail without any panic or any extraordinary demands being made upon them. The legislatures of New York, New Jersey, and perhaps of other states, have occasionally required banks to invest their capital, or a large portion of it, in some enterprise. Capital, however, sunk in dry docks, canals, railways, &c. is evidently in the same predicament as that lent to individuals,—it is not available at the time when wanted, and a bank which has nothing to offer the note-holder but a portion of these investments, will be in no better situation than the banks above described.

We have now pointed out the evil, and next proceed to recommend the remedy; and we have the satisfaction of believing, that a proper exercise of it will effect a certain and radical cure.

1. The legislature will appoint a proper number of commissioners, say three or five, responsible men, whose duty it shall be to perform certain acts, which will be stated below.

2. Let every bank,* company, and banker, issuing notes, such as are now usually understood by the term, *bank-notes*, be required to deposite in the hands of the above named commissioners, to be held by them and in their name, as trustees, such stock, as shall be designated by law, to the full amount of the notes to be issued; for which the commissioners shall issue paper with an appropriate stamp, on which alone the notes shall be printed. New stamps may also be exchanged for old ones, at the request of the bank.

3. Let this stock be by law freed from all charges, except the redemption of the stamps aforesaid.

4. The stamps might be subjected to a small seignorage or duty, sufficient to cover the charges incident to their issue.

5. The stock put into the commissioners' hands ought to be the best possible, such as United States, State, and perhaps Erie Canal stock.

6. The interest accruing on this stock should be paid at stated periods by the commissioners, into the bank, and form part of the dividends to the stockholders.

7. Proper means should be devised to prevent the transfer of blank stamps.

8. When a banker proposes to close his business, he should be obliged to make his intention public, for a period and in a manner to be specified by law, that his notes may be returned for redemption; after which the commissioners should be directed to return the surplus stock, if any, to the owner, leaving him always personally responsible for the payment of any notes that may be thereafter presented.

9. Proper laws might be passed to prevent the circulation of any other species of paper.

10. On proper proof of a banker's refusing to redeem his notes at sight, a commission of bankruptcy should instantly be granted, the stock sold, and a person appoin ed to redeem his paper with the proceeds, at his own counter.

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* How far the vested rights of the present incorporated banks will interfere with this proposition, we leave for counsel to settle. If they cannot be obliged to come into the measure by force, let private banking be permitted on these terms, and the old banks would find themselves compelled, *ex necessitate*, to yield, or have the circulation of their paper put an end to. After all, it will perhaps be advisable to adopt the plan by degrees; a sudden demand for stock to the whole amount of the currency, would raise it to a most oppressive price, and in fact prevent the purchase. All that is necessary would be, not to renew the existing charters after they expire.

A few explanatory remarks upon each of these provisions will not be deemed irrelevant.

1. As the duty of the commissioners involves a high degree of responsibility, and as their department is the only one which can involve a breach of trust, it is highly desirable that such men should be appointed and their duties so graduated, as to place them beyond the possibility of suspicion.

2. The propriety of making the commissioners sole, or perhaps joint trustees of the stock, is too obvious to insist upon. The stamp will designate the amount of the note to be printed upon it. As the notes wear out and are returned to the bank, there is no objection to their being exchanged by the commissioners for new ones to the same amount.

3. This deposite ought certainly to be sacredly appropriated to the end designed, and no insolvency nor fraud of the banker ought to make it liable for any other debt than that of the note-holders.

4. A small tax, properly graduated to notes of different denominations, would pay the commissioners' fees and other incidental expenses.

5. As the safety of the note-holders, that is, the public, depends upon the goodness of the stock, it is a material point that such be selected as gives assurance of perfect security. The policy of the United States in imposing enormous taxes on imports, has placed a fund in the hands of the general government, of which perhaps no better use could be made than to pay off the national debt, otherwise United States stock would form an excellent and secure fund for the above purpose; it is presumed, that, at the present time, a sufficient quantity could not be procured; it will be for the wisdom of the legislature to point out such other stocks, perhaps those of neighbouring states, as may be considered as offering the highest degree of security. When stock, like that of the United States six per cent., is permanently above par, the question is left open for consideration, whether the commissioners might not receive it at its average price, and allow stamps for the same, requiring, on any fall in price, an immediate additional deposite.

6. Five per cent. per annum appears to be at present the current rate of interest on the best securities. This, in addition to the profits on the regular business of the banks, would form a fund to pay the stockholder of the present incorporated institutions, and would, in all probability, enable the banks to pay larger dividends than at present.

7. The necessity of this provision will be made obvious by the following case. A deposites one hundred shares of stock, and draws stamps to the amount of ten thousand dollars, the value of the deposite. A then employs B to make a deposite and draught to the same amount; and A fills them up in his own name. B closes business, and, after the stipulated time expires, withdraws his stock from the commissioners' hands, no notes appearing to be redeemed. A fails, and his deposite manifestly is able to redeem but half his paper in circulation. To prevent this and similar frauds, in addition to the government stamp, the paper should designate to whom it is issued, before it leaves the hands of the commissioners.

8. Paper affording such security, will in all probability be extensively circulated; the notice ought, therefore, to be co-extensive, and full time allowed for it to be returned. It would, however, seldom happen, that a banker could be called on to redeem *all* the notes he has issued; various casualties will have destroyed a portion of them, and he could not, of course, return them to the commissioners. Under these circumstances, the stock must remain forever in their hands, unless, after a fair interval of time from the closing of the business, they be allowed to return it to the original owner, who might be required to give bonds for the redemption of any of his paper, which might be thereafter presented for payment.

9. We apprehend, *à priori*, that laws restraining the circulation of unstamped paper would be superfluous; the public would not willingly take doubtful paper when good might be had. It does not appear, however, that there are any objections to a law prohibiting the issue of such paper.

10. The proceedings stated in number 10, ought to take place *instanter;* the note-holder ought never to be delayed a moment longer than is necessary. Three days, it is presumed, would be amply sufficient for the whole.

It will be proper to notice here one or two further advantages, which may have, perhaps, already presented themselves to the mind of the intelligent reader. In the first place, the necessity of granting charters, and consuming the time of the legislature in useless discussions as to their propriety, will be wholly avoided; for every benefit that can be expected from charters, is here guarantied. None but men of great wealth will undertake a business, which can only be profitable as it is extensive, both in respect to the time and amount, two conditions sufficient to deter all speculators and jobbers. In the next place this measure is

calculated in various ways to prevent over-issues; in addition to the obligation to redeem their paper, at sight, with gold or silver, which has not been found singly to be an entire protection, the necessity of depositing more stock, and purchasing more stamps, will have a most salutary effect. Banks heretofore could issue their paper, and if returned, no loss was sustained; but, in the measure proposed, the case assumes a different aspect; men are extremely sharp-sighted when their own interest is concerned, and it is certain that they would make a very accurate calculation of the effectiveness of the demand before they incurred further expense. Any excess of paper would be followed by a depreciation of the value of the currency. This turns the nominal exchange against us, and an exportation of specie immediately follows. Every attempt, therefore, at over-issues causes a drain of the precious metals; an evil the banks will not voluntarily incur.

We have now gone over the most material points involved in the proposed measure for placing the circulating medium on a secure basis. We have enumerated such of the advantages as appear likely to result from its adoption, and we have made provision for every difficulty which has occurred to us. Still it is possible that we may have overlooked some cardinal objections; if so, as our object is only the good of the public, we shall certainly be glad to see them pointed out. One of the most natural, and, at first sight, perhaps the most plausible, will be, that this measure interferes with the freedom of trade. None can be more unyielding advocates for the unrestricted exercise of industry than ourselves; but we conceive, that the government is fully justified in regulating the circulating medium, when it consists of coin, by fixing a stamp signifying its quality and denomination. Why then should it not, when paper is substituted for coin, affix a similar stamp? It is true, that, in case of coin, government does not affix a value to the piece stamped; but neither does it in the proposed case of paper. In the one case it pledges itself that the coin is a of certain weight and fineness; in the other, that valid security is given for its redemption. The two cases are exactly parallel. Whatever objections can be urged against interference in the one case, are applicable to the other.

Reports on Canals, Railways, Roads, and other Subjects, made to the "Pennsylvania Society for the Promotion of Internal Improvement." By WILLIAM STRICKLAND, Architect and Engineer, while engaged in the Service of the Society. With plates. Philadelphia. H. C. Carey & I. Lea. 1826. fol. pp. 52.

THE work before us is the result of the mission of the author to England, in the service of a society formed by a small number of public-spirited persons in the city of Philadelphia. Mr. Strickland,—who is well known to the public by several magnificent public edifices, of which he has been the architect, and particularly by the "Bank of the United States,"—was peculiarly qualified, by his previous attainments, to derive advantage from his European tour. It is in this department of the useful, as in the fine arts, true, that, although nature furnishes all men alike with eyes, the faculty of using them to advantage is only to be acquired by diligent study and assiduous cultivation; and thus, what the uninformed would pass over as useless or unimportant, forcibly attracts the attention of the initiated. Hence we find his views to have been immediately directed to objects the most important in their bearing upon the prosperity of this country. It was wise in the Society to choose England as the country to which his mission was directed. Of its public works much less is known through the medium of books than of those of France; of which indeed little remains to be learned by a local examination, in consequence of the masterly works on civil engineering that have issued from the press of that nation, which has liberally opened the riches of its science and arts to the use of the whole world. In England, on the contrary, such works are very rare, and if we except the reports of Smeaton, and the official documents presented to parliament or printed by order of its committees, no information of any great importance can be acquired but by a personal visit. The public works of England, too, are preeminent for the care and skill with which they are constructed; and if, in novel cases, they offer less of science than those of France, yet they are, in most instances, finer specimens of practical skill. It is an observation often repeated, and in some degree founded upon fact, that advantageous applications of science to the arts originate most frequently in France, while the practical benefit is generally first derived from them by England.

The canals of England do not date back to a period much earlier than the middle of the last century; at this time, the inland navigation of the Low Countries and of Italy had reached its acme, and that of France attained a high degree of perfection; but such has been the progress of this branch of engineering in England, that she now ranks before all other countries in the number, the extent, and the importance of her canals. It is to one enterprising individual, and one gifted genius, that she is indebted for these numerous and important channels of communication, which, like veins and arteries, circulate wealth through almost every district. The example set by the Duke of Bridgewater, and the models furnished by Brindley, have been the incitement and the pattern of all subsequent enterprises. Yet the latter, for a long time, was considered as a visionary projector, and the friends of the former applied for a commission of lunacy to prevent him from dissipating his property, in what they called wild and extravagant schemes.

Whether it was in consequence of the previous experience of France, when numerous errors were rectified by the skill of the great Vauban, or from the genius and resources of Brindley, his canals were more perfect than any previous ones, and, with those since constructed by Rennie and Telford, form by far the most valuable objects of study that exist, to persons who pursue this branch of the art. To us they are particularly interesting on this account, as much, very much, remains to be done, before our canals even of the highest fame can approach to a comparison, in point of scientific research or practical skill, with those of Europe. The great canal of New York is unluckily received as a model for all the numerous enterprises of a similar nature, in actual execution, or projected, throughout the Union. Now, while we must admire the genius that saw the advantages it would afford to the State, and that pressed the undertaking in defiance of popular clamor and the risk of political defeat, yet no person competent to judge can view it, without at once perceiving how much remains to be done before it can be considered as finished, or so permanent as to need no more than ordinary repairs. The principal engineers employed in its construction are not to be blamed for this; it is owing to the circumstances under which they were compelled to act. It was, in the first instance, extremely important, that an experiment should be made to satisfy the public in relation to the general practicability, and the correctness of the estimates. The haste which this purpose demanded, left no room for a careful exertion of mechanical skill. Moreover, works in masonry were

to be encountered of a nature entirely unknown in the country, and in the rapid extension of the canal it became necessary to intrust the detail to persons unqualified for their task; and, finally, all these difficulties were enhanced and multiplied by a revulsion of political feeling, which pressed with excessive impatience for the completion of a work it had hitherto opposed. If, however, no blame can be attached to the better class of the engineers employed, and if we must even allow them a very high degree of merit, when we consider the circumstances in which they were placed, we must on the other hand be permitted to state our impression, that the fact of having served upon the New York canals, in a subordinate situation, ought not to be considered as the essential recommendation of an engineer, as in many parts of the country it is. So far from this, we believe we may safely say, that when no other prerequisites of education are found, when the individual could not from his position become acquainted with the reasons that compelled to the adoption of temporary and imperfect expedients, nor could be intrusted with the fact of their inadequacy, experience gained upon the New York Canal is rather a detriment than an advantage. We would urge this with the more force, as persons of this character hold up that canal as the model of all that is perfect; and instead of attempting to surpass it, by the aid of knowledge collected from other sources, are content to copy all its parts, without discrimination between those which are, and those which are not worthy of imitation. The Society which employed Mr. Strickland, seems to have been aware of this, and it is evident from several passages in his work, that he also felt it; but he has, with very proper feelings, refrained from expressing his opinion. We have no such motives for silence, and may therefore freely state, that, so far as we have viewed the New York Canal, it is without any system of counter-ditches, drains, and culverts to interrupt the muddy wash of the higher grounds; that no precautions are taken in respect to the purity of the water that is admitted; that, from these two causes combined, it is annually necessary to permit the whole of the water of the canal to be discharged, in order to clear out its bed; that the waste of water by leakage, at the locks and through the banks, is unprecedented, and could only have been supplied by a combination of the most favorable circumstances; and that many of the locks and other structures in masonry, have been less durable than if they had been built even of wood.

There is one subject connected with the canals of England, on which we could have wished that Mr. Strickland had given

us information. We refer to the use of the inclined plane, in cases where locks are not applicable. We are informed, that, on the Lancaster and Liverpool Canal, there is one adapted to the passage of boats of sixty tons' burthen. If this be really successful, it would have been of immense importance to his constituents, to be informed of it; for the line directly traversing Pennsylvania is certainly impracticable for a canal that does not make some such expedient the basis of its design. This subject is now of so much the more importance, as we understand from good authority, that the inclined plane erected upon the Morris Canal, in New Jersey, is a palpable failure; although that fact is cautiously concealed, by those who are interested in not allowing it to be known, that the incapacity, with which the canal concerns of that company have been conducted, is not less gross than the mismanagement of its fiscal interests, which has become the matter of a public prosecution.*

In connexion with the canals of England our author speaks of their wet docks; but, although these, particularly that recently built at Liverpool, are superior to any in the world, if we except the beautiful structures erected by the skill of General Bomard at Antwerp, we feel no interest in speaking of them, as they are inapplicable to any part of our country. It is not so with dry docks, of which not only our national, but our mercantile marine, daily feels the want. The place of these, however, there is now good reason to believe, may be supplied, even in the case of the largest vessels, by the marine railway that has been successfully introduced in several of our ports.

England is especially the country of railways, so much so, that, upon the Continent, they are styled *chemins Anglais*. It is only lately, that they have risen to their proper place in public estimation. All, then, that is valuable on this head, must be learned there; and our country is indebted to Mr. Strickland for much valuable information on the subject, which, if not absolutely novel, is still so difficult to be attained as to render the part of his work, that treats of them, of great value.

The roads of England are unquestionably the best in the world, if we except, perhaps, those of Sweden. To one just escaped

* It is but justice to the first commissioners appointed by the State of New Jersey, and the engineer who originally planned the canal and explored its route, to state, that this inclined plane is one whose principle was regulated by them, and that the one which was proposed by the engineer, approved, first by them, and subsequently by Governor Clinton, Judge Wright, and the United States Board of Engineers, is that which recently gained the silver medal of the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, and which is entirely distinct both in principle and detail.

from the ruts of a Pennsylvania turnpike, or the execrable *pavés* of France, no transition can be more delightful, than to the smooth and equable surface of an English turnpike. Mr. Strickland has, with great judgment, pointed out the peculiarity in construction to which their merits are proximately to be attributed. The ultimate cause of their superior excellence, is, however, to be sought in the wise system of laws by which they are regulated. And as, while we have retained much of the antiquated and irrational part of their jurisprudence, this admirable part of their statutes appears to have escaped the research of our legislators, we shall venture to swell this article by briefly noticing it, so far as regards turnpikes.

The turnpike roads of England, instead of being, as with us, intrusted to the cupidity of private speculation, are all the property of the public. The roads on which the travelling increased to to such a degree as to require a greater amount of repairs than could be performed by the road-labor, were from time to time erected into turnpikes, by which the most equitable of all taxes was collected, namely, one for which a full equivalent is given in the increased facilities of conveyance. The management of the revenues and other concerns of the turnpike is vested in a body of trustees, unlimited in number, and frequently including every landholder of respectability upon the line of the road, who have in consequence the most direct interest in its careful preservation. In some cases the number of trustees has amounted to one hundred and twenty. From so numerous a body, it of course becomes necessary to select those, who are to be more especially responsible for the management; and they have in their employ a surveyor, with the necessary number of assistants. These trustees have the power to borrow money for the construction of the road, upon a pledge of its tolls; and it is always to be obtained from among the parties interested, even where no very good prospect exists of its paying the legal interest. The usual road-labor is not withdrawn, but merely diminished in amount, and those who contribute in this way pass toll-free within the limits to which their labor is applied. When, however, the tolls are sufficient to pay the interest of the debt, and perform the necessary repairs, the labor is transferred to the neighbouring open roads. The assessed labor for all the turnpikes of any parish can never exceed three days, while, on open roads, it may be as much as six. No trustee can act in a case where his individual interest comes into discussion; and thus, questions, where right of property is involved, although decided by those, who, from their position as landholders, naturally feel

for the rights of their compeers, are determined by judges who are in other respects impartial. It hence happens, that, while a barrier is presented to arbitrary and unjust encroachments upon private rights, the real interests of the public never suffer. If we contrast the effects of this system with those of the pernicious one substituted for it in this country, we cannot but be struck with the obvious difference. Roads where the toll is scanty, are always kept in the worst order that can be tolerated, as the servants of the privileged company look of course to its interests in the first place; when it is no longer sufficient to pay an interest over and above the repairs, the road is abandoned; and when it yields a large income, the toll is never reduced below its original rate, but operates as a perpetual and heavy tax, for which no equivalent is given.

The breakwaters constructed in many of the estuaries of the British empire, are also considered by Mr. Strickland, and principally with a view to the circumstances of the mouth of the Delaware. His report and argument on this subject are instructive and conclusive. The last of the reports in this volume relates to the manufacture of iron. He has condensed in this much important matter; but from the very nature of the subject, it is less instructive than his other papers. In this branch of the arts, more perhaps depends upon the tact acquired by practice than in any other. The chemistry of the art is obscure, and as yet ill digested; thus little of value can be drawn from books, or the reasonings of scientific men, who have not the proper data on which to found their arguments. We would, however, state, that our information differs from Mr. Strickland's on the subject of rolled iron. It is no doubt true, that iron which would fly under the blow of a forge-hammer will bear the process of rolling, and thus, that much of that article imported into this country from England is of a very bad quality; but this is owing to the bad quality of the ore, to the want of a pure carbonaceous fuel, and to the carelessness with which the process is conducted, in manufacturing for a distant market, whence no complaints can ever reach the ear of the maker. We are in possession of opinions from the highest authority, that, with equal qualities of ore and fuel, and equal care in the manipulation, rolled iron will be superior to that manufactured entirely under the hammer.

The plates form by far the greater, and to all classes, particularly practical engineers, the more valuable part of this volume. They are of large size, and so carefully and accurately drawn, as to serve for working drafts. Through them, the American

engineer will obtain the most ready access to the principles and practice of his European brethren.

We cannot close this review without expressing more fully the pleasure we have derived from the perusal of this work, and the opinion, that it is well calculated to add to the reputation of the author, which already stands so high; for, whether we consider him as a practical man, as an intelligent engineer, or as a clear and instructive writer, he suffers little by a comparison with Dupin, who, on a similar mission from France, had preoccupied the same ground.

MISCELLANY.

AN INDIAN TRADITION.

THE MAN MADE OF ASHES—A SHAWANOS TALE.

A GREAT while ago, the Shawanos nation took up the war-talk against the Walkullas, who lived on their own lands, on the border of the Great Lake, and near the burning water.* A part of the nation were not well pleased with the war. The head-chief and the counsellors said, the Walkullas were very brave and strong, and the priests said, their god was bigger and older than ours. The old and experienced warriors said, the counsellors were wise, and had talked well; but the Mad Buffalo and all the young warriors would not listen to the words they spoke. They said, our fathers had beaten their fathers in many wars, and the Shawanos were as brave now as ever they were, and the Walkullas weaker than they were once. They said, the old and the timid might stay at home, and take care of the women and children, and sleep, while the young warriors went to war, and drank much blood. And when two moons were gone, they would come back, and bring prisoners, and a great many scalps, and have a great feast, and eat the Walkullas roasted in the fire. All the young men took up the war-talk; but the elder and wiser listened to the counsellors and the priests, and remained at home to see the leaf fall, and the grass wither, and to gather in the nuts and follow the deer.

* A boiling spring near the mouth of the river Walkulla.

Two moons passed, then a third, then came the night with nothing but stars; still no warriors. As the land of the Walkullas lay but a woman's journey of six suns from where our nation lived, our people began to fear that our young men had been overcome in battle, and were all slain. The head-chief and the counsellors, and all the warriors who remained behind, came together in the great wigwam, and called the priests to tell them where their sons were. Chenos, who was the wisest of them all (as well he might be, for he was older than the oak-tree whose top was dead), answered, that they were killed by their enemies, the Walkullas, and by warriors who lived beyond the Great Salt Lake, fought with thunder and lightning, and came to our enemies on the back of a great bird. When he said this, the women cried very loud, and the men sprung up and seized their bows and arrows to go to make war upon the Walkullas, and the strange warriors who came on the bird and had helped to slay their sons; but Chenos bade them sit down. "There is one yet living," said he. "He will soon be here. The sound is in my ears of his footsteps as he crosses the hollow hills. He has killed many of the enemy; he has glutted his vengeance; he has drunk blood in plenteous draughts. Long he fought with the men of his own race, and many fell before him; but he fled from the men who came to the battle armed with the red lightning, and hurling unseen death. Even now I see him coming. The shallow streams he has forded, the deep rivers he has swum. He is tired and hungry, and his quiver has no arrows, but he brings a prisoner in his arms. Lay the deer's flesh on the coals, for he comes. Taunt him not, for he is valiant, and has fought like a hungry tiger."

As the wise Chenos spoke these words to the grey-headed counsellors, the head-warrior rushed into the midst of them. There he stood, tall and straight as a young pine, but he spoke no word, looking with a full eye on the head-chief and the counsellors. There was blood upon his body, dried on by the sun, and the arm next his heart was bound around with the skin of the deer. His eye looked hollow, and his body gaunt, as though he had fasted long. His quiver had no arrows, but he had seven scalps hanging at his back. Six of them had black hair, but that which grew upon the seventh was yellow as the fallen leaf.

"Where are our sons?" asked the head-chief of the warrior.

"Ask the wolf and the panther," he answered.

"Brother, tell us where are our sons," exclaimed the head-chief, louder than before. "Our women ask us for their sons; they want their sons. Where are they?"

"Where are the snows of the last year?" said the head-warrior. "Are they not melted by the sun? Have they not gone down the swelling river into the Great Lake? They have, and even so have your sons descended the stream of time into the lake of death. The great star sees them as they lie by the water of the Walkulla, but they see him not. The panther and the wolf and and the wild-cat howl at their feet, and the eagle screams, but they hear him not. And the beasts and the birds feed upon the sons of the Shawanos, but they feel them not, for they are all dead."

When the head-warrior had told these things to our people, they set up a loud howl. The women cried, and the men got up and took down their spears, and bows and arrows, and filled their skins with parched corn, and prepared to dry meat for their journey, intending to go to war against the Walkullas and their allies, the slayers of their sons. But the head-warrior rose again, and said;

"Fathers and warriors, hear me, and believe my words, for I will tell you the truth. Who ever heard the Mad Buffalo lie, and who ever saw him afraid of his enemies? Never since the time that he chewed the bitter root * and put on the new moccasins, has he lied, or fled from his foes. Fathers, the Walkullas are weaker than we; their arms are not so strong, their hearts are not so big as ours. As well might the timid deer make war upon a hungry wolf as the Walkullas upon the Shawanos. We could slay them; the Mad Buffalo alone could have taken the scalps of half their nation. But a strange tribe has come among them, men whose skin is as white as the folds of the cloud, and whose hair shines like the great star of day. They do not fight as we fight, with bows and arrows, and with war-axes; but with spears which thunder and lighten, and send unseen death. The Shawanos fall before it as the grapes and acorns fall when the forest is shaken by the wind in the month before the snows. Look at the arm nearest my heart. It was struck by a great bolt from the stranger's thunder. But he fell by the hand of the Mad Buffalo, who fears nothing but shame, and his scalp lies at the feet of the head-chief.

"Fathers, this was our battle. We came upon the Walkullas, I and my brothers, when they were unprepared. They were just going to hold the dance of the green-corn. The whole nation had come to the dance, there were none left behind, save the sick and the very old. But none were painted, they were all for peace, and were as women. We crept close to them, and hid

* An herb which the Indians chew like tobacco; but we are ignorant of its name.

in thick hazles which grew upon the edge of their camp; for the Shawanos are the cunning adder, not the foolish rattlesnake. We saw them preparing to offer a sacrifice to the Great Spirit. We saw them clean the deer, and hang his head, and his horns, and his entrails upon the great white pole with a forked top, which stood over the roof of the Council Wigwam. They did not know that the Master of Life had sent the Shawanos to pour blood on the sacrifice. We saw them take the new corn, and rub it upon their hands, and breasts, and faces. Then the head-chief, having first thanked the Great Spirit for his great goodness to the Walkullas, got up and gave his brethren a long talk. He said to them what I am now going to repeat. He told them, the Great Spirit loved them, and had made them victorious over all their enemies (there he lied, for our fathers killed very many of their warriors). That he had sent a great many fat bears, and deer, and mooses to their hunting-grounds, and had given them fish whose heads were very small, and bodies very big. That he had made their corn grow tall and sweet, and had ordered his sun to ripen it in the beginning of the harvest-moon, that they might make a great feast for the strangers, who had come from a far country on the wings of a great bird, to warm themselves at the Walkullas' fire. He told them, that they must love the Great Spirit, take great care of the old men, tell no lies, and never break the faith of the calumet. That they must not harm the strangers, for they were their brothers, but must live in peace with them, and give them lands, and wives from among their women. If they should do these things, the Great Spirit, he said, would make their corn grow taller than ever, and direct them to hunting-grounds where the mooses should be as thick as the stars.

"Fathers and warriors, we heard these words, but we knew not what to do. We feared not the Walkullas; the Great Spirit, we saw, had given them into our hands; but who were the strange tribe? Were they armed as we were, and was their god as ours? Warriors, you all know the Young Eagle, the son of the Old Eagle who is here with us, but his wings are feeble, and he flies no more to the feast of blood. Well, the Young Eagle feared nothing but shame. He said, 'I see the fire of the strangers, and I will go and see who they are.' He went. The Old Eagle looks at me, as if he would say, why went not the head-warrior himself. I will tell you. The Mad Buffalo is a head taller than the tallest man in the nation. Can the moose crawl into the fox's hole? Can the swan hide himself under a hazel leaf? The Young Eagle was little save in his soul. He

was not full grown save in his heart. He could go and not be seen or heard. He was the adder, which creeps in the grass, and none think him near till he strikes; not the rattlesnake, which makes a great noise to let you know he is coming.

"He came back, and told us that which made us weep. He told us, there were some strange men a little way from the camp of the Walkullas, whose faces were white, and who did not wear skins. He told us, their wigwams were white as the snow which falls on the Backbone of the Great Spirit,* were flat at the top, and moved with the wind like the reeds on the bank of a river; that they did not talk like the Walkullas, but spoke a strange tongue, the like of which he had never heard before. Many of our warriors would have turned back to their own lands; the Flying Squirrel said it was not cowardice to do so. But the Mad Buffalo never turns on his heel till he has tasted of the blood of his foes. And the Young Eagle said, he had eaten the bitter root, and put on the new moccasins, and had been made a man, and his father and the old warriors would cry shame on him, if he took no scalp. Both he and the Mad Buffalo said, they would go and attack the Walkullas and their allies alone. But the young warriors said, they would also go to the battle, and fight with a great heart, as their fathers had done. And then the Shawanos rushed upon their foes.

"The Walkullas fell like rain before us. It was a fire among the rushes. We went upon them when they were unprepared, when they were as children, and for a while the Great Spirit gave them into our hands. But a power rose against us which we could not withstand. The strange men came upon us, armed with thunder and lightning. Why delays my tongue to tell its story? Fathers, your sons have fallen like the leaves of the tree. Warriors, the young sprouts which shot up from the roots of the withered oaks, have perished. The young men of our nation lie food for the eagle and the wild-cat, by the arm of the Great Lake.

"Fathers, the bolt from the stranger's thunder entered my flesh, but I did not fly. These six scalps I tore from the Walkullas, but this from one who had not the Indian's hair. Have I done well?"

The head-chief and the counsellors answered, he had done well; but Chenos answered, "No. You went into the Walkullas' camp," said he, "when the tribe were feasting to the Great Spirit, and you disturbed the sacrifice, and wickedly mixed human blood with it. Therefore this evil has come upon us, for the Great Spirit is very angry."

* The Indian name for the Alleghany mountains.

The head-chief and the counsellors asked Chenos, what must be done to appease the Master of Breath.

Chenos answered; "The Mad Buffalo, with the morning, will offer to him that which he holds dearest."

The Mad Buffalo looked fiercely on the priest, and said, "The Mad Buffalo fears the Great Spirit; but he will offer none of his kin, neither his father, nor his mother, nor the children of his father; but he will kill a deer, and, with the morning, it shall be burned to the Great Spirit."

Chenos said to him; "You have told the council how the battle was fought, and who fell; you have showed the spent quiver and the seven scalps, one of which has shining hair, but you have not spoken of your prisoner. The Great Spirit keeps nothing hid from his priests, and Chenos is one. He has told him you have a prisoner, one with tender feet and a little heart."

"Let any one say the Mad Buffalo ever lied," said the head-warrior. "He never spoke but truth. He has a prisoner, taken from the strange camp; it is a woman. And as soon as I have built my house, and gathered in my crop, and hunted and brought home my meat, she shall live with me, and become the mother of my children."

"Where is she?" asked the head-chief.

"She sits on the bank of the river, at the bend where we dug up the bones of the great beast, beneath the tree which the Great Spirit struck with his lightning. I placed her there, because the spot is sacred, and none dare disturb her. The Mad Buffalo will go and fetch her to the council. She is fearful as the young deer, and weeps like a child for its mother. I go to bring her to the fire."

Soon he returned, and brought with him a woman, who hid her face in a cloth whiter than the clouds. The head-chief bade her, by signs, to throw the covering from her face, and stand forth before the council. She did so; but she shook like a reed, and tears ran down her cheek, though the head-warrior kept at her side, and bade her with his eyes fear nothing. The Indians sat as though their tongues were frozen, they were so much taken with the strange woman. Well might they be. Why? Was she beautiful? Go forth to the forest when white flowers clothe it; look at the tall maize when it waves with the wind, and ask if they are beautiful. Her skin was white as the snow of the far mountains, save upon her cheek, where it was red, and not such red as the Indian paints when he goes to war, but such as the Master of Life gives to the flower which blooms among thorns. Her eyes shone like the star which guides the

Indian hunter through wild woods to his home. Her hair curled over her head like wild vines around a tree, and hung upon her brow in clusters like bunches of grapes. Her step was like that of a deer when he is scared a little. The Great Spirit never made any thing so beautiful, not even the sun, nor the stars, nor the clouds.

The Mad Buffalo said to the council; "This is my prisoner. I fought hard for her. Three stood at her side; where are they now? I bore her away in my arms, for fear had overcome her; and when night came, I wrapped skins around her, and laid the leafy branches of trees over her to keep off the cold, and kindled a fire, and watched by her till the sun rose; and gave all my food to her, lest she should be hungry; for I love her. Who will say that she shall not live with the Mad Buffalo, and be the mother of his children?"

Then the Old Eagle got up, but he could not walk strong, for he was the oldest man of his tribe. He went to the woman, and laid his hands on her head, and wept. The other warriors, who had lost their sons or kindred in the war with the Walkullas, did the same, shouting and weeping very loud. The women also wept, but they did not come near the prisoner.

"Where is the Young Eagle?" asked the Old Eagle, of the Mad Buffalo. The other warriors, in like manner, asked for their kindred, who had been killed.

"Fathers, they are dead," said the head-warrior; "the Mad Buffalo has said they are dead, and he never lies."

"We must have revenge," they all cried. Then they began to sing a very mournful song, still weeping. The Mad Buffalo offered them the pipe of peace, but they would not take it.

SONG.

Where are our sons
Who went to drink the blood of their foes?
Who went forth to war and slaughter,
Armed with tough bows and sharp arrows;
Who carried long spears, and were nimble of foot
As the swift buck, and feared nothing but shame;
Who crossed deep rivers, and swam lakes,
And went to war against the Walkullas.

Ask the eagle, he can tell you;
He says, "My beak is red as the red leaf,
And the blood of the slain of your land has dyed it."
Ask the tiger if he is hungry?
"No," he shall say; "I have been at a feast."
What has he in his mouth?
Look! it is the arm of the Shawanos warrior!

Why do the old men weep?
And our women, and our daughters, and our little ones?
Is it for the warriors who went forth to battle?
Is it for them who went forth in glory,
And fell like the leaves of a tree in autumn?
Is it for them?

What doth the Indian love? Revenge.
What doth he fight for? Revenge.
What doth he pray for? Revenge.
It is sweet as the meat of a young bear;
For this he goes hungry, roaming the desert,
Living on berries, or chewing the rough bark
Of the oak, and drinking the slimy pool.

Revenged we must be.
Behold the victim!
Beautiful she is as the stars,
Or the trees with white flowers.*
Let us give her to the Great Spirit;
Let us make a fire, and offer her for our sons,
That we may go to war against the Walkullas,
And revenge us for our sons.

When the strange woman saw them weeping and singing so mournfully, she crept close to the head-warrior, and stood under his arm. Tears rolled down her cheeks, and she often looked up to the house of the Great Spirit, and talked, but none could understand her save Chenos, who said she was praying to her god. All the time the Old Eagle, and the other warriors who had lost their sons, were begging very hard that she should be sacrificed to the Master of Breath. But Chenos stood up, and said;

"Brothers and warriors! Our sons did very wrong when they broke in upon the sacred dance the Walkullas made to their god, upon the coming in of the new corn, and he lent his thunder to the strange warriors, and they killed ours easily. Let us not draw down his anger further upon us by doing, we know not what. It may be, if we offer this woman upon his fire, he will himself come with his thunder, and strike us as he did the sacred tree, and we shall all die. Let the beautiful woman remain this night in the wigwam of the council, covered with skins, and let none disturb her. To-morrow we will offer a sacrifice of deer's flesh to the Great Spirit, and if he will give her to the raging fire, and the torments of the avengers, he will say so in his song. If he do not speak then, it shall be done to her as the Old Eagle and his brothers have said."

* The magnolia.

The head-warrior said; "Chenos has spoken well; wisdom is is in his words. Make for the strange woman a soft bed of skins, and treat her kindly, for it may be she is the daughter of the Great Spirit."

Then the Indians all returned to their wigwams, and went to sleep, save the Mad Buffalo, who fearing for the life of his prisoner, laid himself down at the door of the wigwam, and watched.

When morning came, the head-warrior went to the forest, and killed a deer, fat and proper for an offering. He brought it to Chenos, who prepared it for a sacrifice. This was the song they sang while the deer's flesh lay on the fire.

SONG.

We have built the fire,
The deer we have killed,
The skin and the horns are parted from the flesh,
The flesh is laid on the burning coals;
The sweetness thereof goes up in the smoke,
Wilt thou come, Master of Life, and claim thine own?

Wilt thou come, Great Spirit of our fathers,
And say if we may harbor revenge, and not anger thee?
Shall we plant the stake, and bind the fair one?
The beautiful maid with her hair like bunches of grapes,
And her eyes like the blue sky,
And her skin white as the blossoms of the forest tree,
And her voice as the music of a little stream;
Shall she be torn with sharp thorns,
And burned in fiery flames?

"Let us listen," said Chenos, stopping the warriors in their dance. "Let us see if the Great Spirit hears us."

They listened, but could not hear him singing. Chenos asked him why he would not speak, but he did not answer. Then they sung again.

Shall the flame we have kindled expire?
Shall the sacrifice embers go out?
Shall the maiden go free from the fire?
Shall the voice of revenge wake no shout?
We ask that our feet may be strong
In the way thou wouldst have us to go;
Let thy voice then be heard in a song,
That thy will, and our task we may know.

"Hush," said Chenos; "I hear him speaking." They stopped, and Chenos went close to the fire, and talked with his master, but nobody saw with whom he talked. "What does the Great Spirit say?" asked the head-chief.

Chenos answered; "He says, the young woman must not be offered to him; he wills her to live, and become the mother of many children."

Many of the chiefs and warriors were pleased, that the beautiful woman was to live; but those who had lost their brothers and sons in the war, were not appeased. They said, "We will have blood. We will have revenge for our sons. We will go to the priest of the Evil Spirit, and ask him if his master will not give us revenge."

Not far from where our nation had their council-fire, there was a tall hill, covered with stunted trees, and moss, and ragged rocks. There was a great hole in it, how great none of the Indians could say, save Sketupah, the priest of the Evil Spirit, for no one but he had ever entered it. He lived in this cave, and there did worship to his master. It was a strange place, and much feared by the Indians. If a man spoke but a word at the mouth of it, somebody from within mocked him in a strange hoarse voice, which sounded like the first of the thunders.

Sketupah was a strange old man, whom the oldest living man of the nation never saw but as he now was. He would have been very tall if he had been straight, but he was more crooked than a warped bow. His hair looked like a bunch of snakes, and his eyes like two coals of fire. His mouth reached from one ear to the other, and his legs were long, and no bigger than my arm. Oh, he was a fearful old man, and the Indians feared him scarce less than his master.

The Old Eagle went to the mouth of the cave, and cried with a loud voice, "Sketupah."

"Sketupah," answered the hoarse voice of the Evil Spirit from the hollow cave. Soon Sketupah came, and asked the Old Eagle what he wanted.

"Revenge for our sons, who have been killed by the Walkullas and their allies, who live beyond the Great Lake, and came on the back of a great bird. Revenge we want, revenge we must have."

"Revenge we want, revenge we must have," said the hoarse voice in the cave.

"Will your master hear us?" asked the Old Eagle of the priest.

"The Evil Spirit must have a sacrifice, he must smell blood," said the ugly old man. "Then we shall know if he will give you revenge. Go to the woods, and take a wolf, a rattlesake, and a tortoise, and bring them to me at the mouth of the cave, when the great star of day is coming out of the Suwaney."

The Old Eagle, and the other chiefs and warriors who wanted revenge, did as Sketupah bade them. They went to the woods,

and took a wolf, and a tortoise, and a rattlesnake, and brought them, the snake hissing, the wolf growling, and the tortoise snapping his teeth, to the priest. He bade them build a fire of the pine, and the tree which bears poisonous flowers, and the hemlock, and the grape-vine which bears no fruit. They did as he bade them, and made the fire flame high. Then Sketupah prepared the sacrifice. First, he skinned the wolf, then he killed the snake, then he shelled the tortoise. He bound the wolf's skin upon himself with the snake, and the shell of the tortoise upon his head with the entrails of the wolf. Then he laid the carcasses of the wolf, and the tortoise, and the snake upon the fire, and danced around it, while he sang a song to his master.

SONG.

We have slain the beasts,
The hissing snake with poisonous teeth,
The wolf, whose fangs are red with Indian blood,
And the creeping tortoise, the dweller in deep fens.
We have slain them,
Lo! they are laid on the hissing coals;
Wilt thou come, Spirit of Evil, and claim thine own?

The sons of the Shawanos lie low,
Far from the burial place of their fathers;
Red wounds are on their breasts,
Cold and stiff their limbs;
Their eyes see not the ways of men,
Nor the rising or setting of the great star;
They sleep on the vale of death.

They fell, and no revenge,
No torments of foes appease them in the land of spirits,
No shoutings of their brother warriors
Gladden their shades.
The camp of their nation is still,
They are forgotten by their women;
The bright black eyes of their young maidens
Have no tears in them;
They are forgotten by all.

Shall they have no revenge?
Shall we not plant the stake, and bind the fair one?
The beautiful maid with her hair like bunches of grapes,
And her eyes like the blue sky,
And her skin white as the blossoms of the forest tree,
And her voice as the music of a little stream;
Shall she not be torn with sharp thorns,
And burned in fiery flames?

They ceased singing, and listened, but the Evil Spirit answered them not. Just as they were going to begin another song, they saw something rolling very fast up the hill towards the spot where they stood. It was high as a man's head, and very round. When it came up to them it began to unwind itself, very slowly, until at last a strange-looking little man crept out of the ball, which was made of his own hair. He was no higher than my shoulders. One of his feet made a strange track, the like of which the Indians had never seen before. His face was black as charred wood, and his eyes green as grass. But his hair was the strangest thing, for it was of the color of moss, and so long, that, as the wind blew it out, it seemed to be the tail of a fiery star. There he stood, grinning, and laughing very loud.

"What do you want of me?" he asked of Sketupah.

"The Old Eagle and many of the chiefs and warriors who have have lost their brothers and sons, want revenge," answered the priest. "They want to sacrifice the beautiful woman whom the Mad Buffalo has brought from the camp of the Walkullas."

"They shall have their wish," said the Evil Spirit. "She shall be sacrificed. Go and fetch her to the hill."

The Old Eagle and the chiefs and warriors went to fetch the woman. They found her sitting in her wigwam, and the head-warrior watching at the door. He would have fought for her, but Chenos would not let him; for he said, "My master will see that she does not suffer. Before the star of day rises, the nation shall see whose God is the strongest, Sketupah's or mine."

Then they built the fire, fixed the stake, and bound the beautiful woman to it. All the while the Mad Buffalo stood still; for he looked for the priest of the Great Spirit to snatch her away from the Evil one. But when he saw her bound to the stake, and the flames beginning to arise, he shouted his war-cry, and rushed upon the wicked priest. It was in vain; a blow from the Evil Spirit laid him low. He fell, and never breathed more. The ugly little man then commanded them to seize Chenos.

Chenos shouted, "Come, Master of Life, for the hands of the Evil one are upon me."

Soon as he had said this, very far over the tall hill, which Indians call the Backbone of the Great Spirit, the people saw two great lights, brighter and larger than stars. One was just as high as the other. At first, they were close together, but at last they were wide apart. They moved fast towards the land of the Shawanos. Soon our people saw they were two eyes, and in a little while a great man, whose head nearly reached the sky, came after them.

When the ugly little man with the long hair, saw the great man coming, he began to swell, and continued swelling until he was as tall and big as the man with the two eyes. When the Great Spirit came near, and saw how his enemy had swollen and grown, and was smoking in the calumet of war, he stopped short, and, looking very cross at the Evil Spirit, he said;

"You lied."

"I did not," answered the little man.

"You did. You promised to stay among the nations towards the rising sun, and not trouble my Indian people any more."

"Ay, ay," grunted the little man; "but this woman came from my country, she is white, she is mine. I came after her."

"You came to burn her. But she is not yours now, I gave her to the Shawanos man whom you have killed."

"I must have her," said the little man, saucily.

"First take that," said the Great Spirit, aiming a blow at the little man, which struck him in the eye, and made him bellow like a herd of buffalos. As he turned to run, the great man gave him a kick, which sent him rolling down the hill of evil sacrifice. "That is for telling me a lie, and being saucy," said he. "Now go back to the nations of the East, and see you trouble my brave Indians no more."

The Evil Spirit made no answer, but shrunk down to the size he was of when he first came to the people. Then he began to roll himself up into his own hair, which he soon did, and then rolled away as he came, only faster. When he was gone, the Great Spirit also shrunk till he was no larger than a Shawanos, and began talking to our people in a soft and sweet voice.

"Men of the Shawanos nation, I love you, and have always loved you. I bade you conquer your enemies, and I gave your foes into your hands. I sent great herds of fat deer, and many bears and mooses to your hunting-grounds, and bade my sun so shine upon your fields, that your corn grew up like trees. Who lived so well, who fought so bravely as the Shawanos? Whose women bore so many sons as yours? Is not the Suwaney a lovely river? Are not the young sprouts of the oak which grow upon its banks, the best in all the land for bows? The grass grows high, the water is cold and sweet, is it not a pleasant land? It is, and the Shawanos have been a favored and a happy people.

"Why did you disturb the sacrifice which the Walkullas were offering me at the feast of green corn? Why did you fall upon them when they had laid down their weapons and wiped off their paints, to dance in my name? You slew the priest who offered me the offering. I was angry, and gave your warriors into their

hands, only I let the head-warrior escape to tell you the fate of your young men.

"Men of the Shawanos nation! The strange people who came over the Salt Lake on the great bird, are your brothers. They are white, you are red; their hair is of the color of the setting sun, such as the beautiful woman has, and yours is as black as charred wood; yet you are brothers. I made you all, and I made you all alike. The Shawanos are red, because fear never enters their hearts to draw the blood from their cheeks; the heart of the white man is the heart of a bird; it is chilled with fear, therefore he is pale. I brought the Shawanos from the land of white men. Then he was white; but living among bears, and snakes, and tigers, and bloody-minded warriors, has made him strong of heart, and he has lost his paleness.

"My good Shawanos! The Walkullas and their allies from over the Great Lake killed many of your warriors, they have thinned your nation; but I will give you other and stronger men. You have now but three tribes, soon there shall be four, and the last tribe shall be great and powerful beyond all other Indians.

"Shawanos! Hear my words, do as I bid you, and you shall see my power and my goodness. Offer no further violence to the white woman, but treat her very kindly. If you do not do so, then shall my anger be upon your nation.

"Go now, and rake the ashes of your sacrifice fire into a heap, putting all the coals together, and gathering up the brands. When the great star rises, open the ashes, put in the body of the Mad Buffalo, lay on a great heap of wood, and kindle a fire in it. Let all the nation be called together, for all must help lay the wood upon the fire. But they must put on no pine, nor the tree which bears white flowers, nor the grape-vine which yields no fruit, nor the shrub whose dew blisters the flesh. The fire must be kept burning two whole moons; it must not go out, it must burn night and day. On the first day of the third moon, put no wood upon the fire, but let it die. On the morning of the second day, the Shawanos must all come to the heap of ashes, every man, woman, and child must come, and the aged who cannot walk, must be helped hither. Then Chenos and the head-chief must bring the beautiful woman and place her nearest the ashes. Be not scared at what you see, and do what Chenos shall tell you; this is the will of the Great Spirit."

When he had finished these words, he was gone, none could tell how, or where. The Shawanos did as he bade them. They put the beautiful woman into the house of the great council.

They went, and raked up the coals of fire and brands, and covered them with ashes. When the morning came, they laid the body of the head-warrior on the ashes, built a great fire over it, and kept it burning two whole moons. But they were careful to burn no pine, nor the tree which bears poisonous flowers, nor the vine which yields no grapes, nor the shrub whose dew blisters the flesh. On the first day of the third moon, they let the fire go out, and, with the next sun, all the Shawanos, men, women, and children, even the aged whose knees trembled so much that they could not walk, came together at the embers. The priests and the head-chief brought the beautiful woman from the wigwam, and placed her beside the ashes. The Mequachake tribe, who were the priests of the nation, stood nearest; then the Kiskapocoke tribe, who were the greatest warriors. By and by there was a terrible puffing and blowing in the ashes, which flew towards the rising sun, and the great star, and the Mississippi, and the land of the Walkullas. At last, the priests and the warriors, who could see, began to clap their hands, and dance, crying out, *Piqua*, which, in the Shawanos language, means *a man coming out of the ashes*, or *a man made of ashes*. They told no lie. There he stood, a man tall and straight, looking like a Shawanos man, but he was handsomer than any of our warriors. The first thing he did, was to utter the war-whoop, and cry for paint, a club, a bow and arrow, and a hatchet. They were given him. But, looking around, he saw the white woman. He laid down all his weapons of war, walked up to her, and looked in her eyes. Then he came to the head-chief, and said, "I must have that woman to be my wife."

"What are you?" asked the head-chief.

"A man made of ashes," he answered.

"Who made you?"

"The Great Spirit. And now let me go, that I may take my bow and arrows, and kill my deer, and come back, and take the beautiful woman to be my wife."

The chiefs said to Chenos; "Shall he have her? Does the Great Spirit give her to him."

Chenos said; "Yes, for the woman loves him. The Great Spirit has willed that he shall have her, and from them shall arise a tribe, to be called, Piqua."

Brothers! I am a Piqua, descended from the man made of ashes. If I have told you a lie, blame not me, for I tell it but as I have heard it. Brothers, I have done.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE AFRICAN CHIEF.

CHAINED in the market-place he stood,
A man of giant frame,
Amid the gathering multitude
That shrunk to hear his name,—
All stern of look and strong of limb,
His dark eye on the ground:—
And silently they gazed on him,
As on a lion bound.

Vainly, but well, that chief had fought,
He was a captive now,
Yet pride, that fortune humbles not,
Was written on his brow.
The scars his dark broad bosom wore
Showed warrior true and brave;
A prince among his tribe before,
He could not be a slave.

Then to his conqueror he spake—
"My brother is a king;
Undo this necklace from my neck,
And take this bracelet ring,
And send me where my brother reigns,
And I will fill thy hands
With store of ivory from the plains,
And gold dust from the sands."

"Not for thy ivory nor thy gold
Will I unbind thy chain;
That bloody hand shall never hold
The battle spear again.
A price thy nation never gave
Shall yet be paid for thee;
For thou shalt be the christian's slave,
In lands beyond the sea."

Then wept the warrior chief, and bade
To shred his locks away;
And, one by one, each heavy braid
Before the victor lay.
Thick were the platted locks, and long,
And deftly hidden there
Shone many a wedge of gold among
The dark and crisped hair.

"Look, feast thy greedy eye with gold
Long kept for sorest need;
Take it—thou askest sums untold—
And say that I am freed.
Take it,—my wife, the long, long day
Weeps by the cocoa tree,
And my young children leave their play,
And ask in vain for me."

"I take thy gold,—but I have made
Thy fetters fast and strong,
And ween that by the cocoa shade
Thy wife will wait thee long."
Strong was the agony that shook
The captive's frame to hear,
And the proud meaning of his look
Was changed to mortal fear.

His heart was broken—crazed his brain,—
At once his eye grew wild,
He struggled fiercely with his chain,
Whispered, and wept, and smiled;
Yet wore not long those fatal bands,
And once, at shut of day,
They drew him forth upon the sands,
The foul hyena's prey.

B.

AN AGED MOURNER.

I saw one, in the Western wilderness,
Weeping beside a rough and moss-clad stone;
His cheeks were pale, and spoke the keen distress
Of sorrows which his early years had known.
But he had seen bright days which now had flown,
And nights of tranquil calmness, when the star
Of midnight beamed not on himself alone,
When here, from "social guile" and fraud afar,
He lived supremely blest, with nought his bliss to mar.

"Here sleeps my wife," he said; "I raised this stone,
I placed this sod of summer on her breast;
The cypress makes a sad funereal moan
In the cool breeze above her humble rest.
Her days were many on the earth, and blest
In the wild forest only,—and with me.
Stern parents and false friends our youth oppressed,
And strove to wake the pangs of jealousy
In vain; she proved her love,—I mine, as you now see.

We dwelt in this lone forest sixty years;
Yon cell our mansion; watched by Heaven the while,
The tempests of the desert brought no fears,
Hurling into the lake the rocky pile,
Hoarest of peaks that catch the morning's smile.
We set the beech plant on our bridal day,
And saw it shade our river-fretted isle;
Together we beheld the tree decay,
Tremble beneath the blast, and blow in dust away.

We saw the stream another channel gain,
And nettles grow where chiefs had feasted high:
Yet did our hearts their early love retain,
We still the dearer seemed as death drew nigh;
Morn saw no tear, the evening heard no sigh,
Winter with all its storms seemed soft and mild
And cherishing as a warm Southern sky;
And we were happier in this lonely wild
Than he who owns the dome whereon starved vassals toiled.

She died at eighty years, two score and ten
Mine by a wedded love's endearing ties;
The sinless spirit of this peaceful glen,
Changed to celestial, years before its rise
From earth, and pre-admitted to the skies.
A brief month since, she sate at yonder door,
Affection beaming from her faded eyes;
Thou seest yon heap of earth,—my weak arms bore
Her corse, and laid it there,—thou wilt not ask me more.

J.

AUTUMN.

Oh! there 's a beauty in the dying year!
'T is sweet, at quiet eventide, to gaze
Upon the fading hills, when the dim haze
Hangs like a pall above old Autumn's bier.

These ancient woods! how beautiful in death!
For, see, the vivid green hath left the leaf,
And brighter hues are there; yet they are brief,—
Their pomp will vanish at the cold wind's breath.

There is a breeze amid the leaves! it swells,
Far in the solemn wood-paths, like the peals
Of music o'er the waters. Hark! it steals,
Sweet, as the distant sound of evening bells.

It is the voice of Autumn!—the low dirge
Sung mournfully within his ruined halls.
It stirs the fallen leaves, and sadly falls
On the hushed air, like whispers from the surge.

The summer-birds have sought a sunnier shore;—
They lingered till the cold, cold wind went in
And withered their green homes,—their merry din
Is mingling with the rivulet's song no more.

Rich flowers have perished on the silent earth!
Blossoms of valley and of wood, that gave
A fragrance to the wind, have found a grave
Upon the scentless turf that gave them birth.

Pale, faded year! thy dying hour hath come!
Oh! there are crowds, that with a joyous brow
Welcomed thy birth, whose mirthful voices now
Are hushed in the long silence of the tomb!

I. M.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Four Ages of Life; a Gift for Every Age. Translated from the French of the Count de Segur, Member of the French Academy, &c. New York. G. & C. Carvill. 1826. 12mo. pp. 214.

THE appearance of a purely ethical treatise has come to be a rare thing in modern literature; nor do works of this kind make any considerable part of the reading of the present day. Scholars, it is true, look into Plato and Seneca, and the works of Addison and Johnson are on our shelves, and sometimes in our hands. But the demand for books which teach the practice of virtue and the regulation of the passions, without reference to peculiarities of religious belief, must be very small indeed, since the good old fashion of making and publishing them has so completely passed away. The author of a tale or a novel, it is true, occasionally throws out a moral precept, and the poet sometimes embellishes his visions with a moral reflection; but the laity have almost altogether ceased to give any direct and connected instructions of this kind. The divines have taken possession of the subject, and have interwoven it by turns with all the various systems of theology, of which they are the defenders. We have been, therefore, somewhat surprised at meeting with a modern specimen of the old fashioned, but wholesome literature, which occupied our fathers before men became political economists; before the physical sciences had attracted that general attention which they now enjoy; before every reader had his review or magazine, and every day produced its novel.

The Count de Segur, it seems, has occupied his declining age with the reading of Cicero, Seneca, and Plutarch among the ancients; and of Erasmus, Montaigne, La Bruyère, Madame de Lambert, and other moral writers among the moderns. The work before us appears to be a collection of maxims from their writings, connected and illustrated by a kind of running commentary of the author's own reflections. It is a mixture of common truisms, with pointed axioms, and sensible views of things, such as are taken by rational men in all countries. It has been translated into respectable English by a foreigner residing in New York, who certainly deserves credit for writing our language so well. We must except from this commendation, the poetical quotations, which are shockingly rendered, and of which only a prose translation should have been given. The work is divided into four sections; that entitled "Youth," we like the least; and that entitled "Old Age," pleases us the most. It is written with a suppressed feeling of pensiveness, such as a philosopher might be pardoned for indulging, when he sees himself sinking gradually into the shadows which are soon to extinguish the light of existence. The following passage is from this part of the work.

"Some resemblances observed between the commencement and the termination of life, between childhood and old age, have given to the latter the name of second childhood; but alas! how different from the first! it has its feebleness, but where are its charms! The one is the dawn of morning; its mist which gives to all objects a vague and confused appearance, becomes clearer, disperses, and the sky every moment becomes lighter and brighter. The other, on the contrary, is the twilight of evening; every minute the dark shades are perceived to spread over all nature; covering it with gloom and appearing to destroy it. The former is the harbinger of light, the latter the herald of darkness: the one opens the gates of life, the other flings wide those of death.

"Let us suppose both these states of childhood equally protected and alike surrounded by affection and care, the one sees by his side hope, the other fear. The relatives and friends who sustain the feeble child, are like architects occupied in building an elegant and noble edifice; those who attend upon the aged man, are as laborers, who endeavour to prop up an old building which is on the eve of tumbling down.

"The child looks for you, calls to you, and otherwise attracts your notice, while his tenderness and growing affection draw every heart towards him. The unimpassioned old man, on the contrary, retires and keeps aloof, exclusively occupied with the pains attendant upon his existence; he hardly perceives or hears those from

whom he is to be separated; and every passing moment diminishes his judgment, and lessens the circle of his ideas.

"In our infancy the hearts of all persons are in our power; in our youth we devote ourselves to others; and in old age we concentrate all our feelings within ourselves.

"It is the frivolous and vicious old man who most resembles an infant; but he is a disagreeable child; he stammers in his prattle, his pleasantry is dotage, his smile resembles a grin; and, unable to have a renewal of the levities of his youth, he ruminates upon, and tediously recounts his juvenile adventures." pp. 180—183.

This is somewhat melancholy, to be sure, but there is a better side to the picture.

"A good old age, far from inspiring terror or exciting disgust, so completely attracts our love and commands our respect, that men, under the influence of a religious imagination, have taken it as a model for representing the Eternal Father." p. 204.

The volume is handsomely and correctly printed, and we are glad to welcome such a symptom of improvement in the New York press.

A Treatise on the Right of Property in Tide Waters, and in the Soil and Shores thereof. By JOSEPH K. ANGELL. To which is added, an Appendix, containing the principal Adjudged Cases. Boston. 1826. 8vo. pp. 179 and 246.

MR. ANGELL is already known to the public, as the author of of a respectable treatise on the common law in relation to Water-courses. While occupied in preparing that work, his attention was drawn incidentally, as he states, to the subject of the volume before us; and he has now presented to the profession and to the public, a very valuable book, containing, in a small compass, and in very intelligible order, most of the law, that before lay scattered over a surface too wide for ready and convenient approach and examination.

Lord Hale's treatise, "De Jure Maris et Brachiorum ejusdem," published by Mr. Hargrave in 1787, is the only work, of which we have any knowledge, that contains a systematical view of the right of property in tide waters and shores. So far as the English law is the subject of inquiry, there is, perhaps, little need of recourse to any other author. But so many alterations and modifications of the common law, on this subject, have been made by statute and by usage in this country, and the law is so variant in different States of the Union, that a treatise, of the kind which

Mr. Angell has produced, has for many years been regarded as a desirable acquisition. The Solicitor General of Massachusetts once proposed to publish an edition of Lord Hale's treatise, with annotations illustrative of the American law; and it was to the great regret of the profession, that the project was abandoned. Heartily as we should have welcomed the publication of any professional work by so able and discriminating a lawyer as Mr. Davis, we still may be allowed to say, that Mr. Angell's book has greatly reconciled us to a privation, which we should otherwise have endured much less submissively.

Mr. Angell has divided his work into nine chapters. 1. The Roman and English laws, in relation to the right of property in the sea and the arms of the sea. 2. Of the introduction and application of the doctrine of the common law concerning the right of property in the sea, &c. in this country. 3. The public right of fishery in the several States, how affected by the royal charters. 4. What is meant by an arm of the sea, and by the shore; and the rule for determining high-water mark considered. 5. Of marine increases, and the right to sea-weed. 6. Rights acquirable in salt and tide waters, and in the soil and shores thereof, by prescription and custom, and by grant. 7. Of the alterations and modifications of the common-law doctrine, as it respects the right to the sea, &c. which have been effected by statute and by usage in this country. 8. The right of those who own the land adjoining the shore to make embankments, such as wharves, &c. 9. Of wrecked property thrown on the shore.

In the Appendix, are contained most of the adjudged cases in the English and American reports, and an examination of the title of the United States to the land, called *The Batture*, by Edward Livingston, Esq.

In the third chapter, Mr. Angell arranges the charters granted to the different colonies, as follows. *First*. The charters which contained a reservation of the right of fishery to all the king's subjects, without exception. *Secondly*. The charters which contained a reservation of this right, in favor only of particular subjects. *Thirdly*. The charters which contained no reservation. According to these differences, he shows the different state of the laws, as it at present exists, in different parts of the United States. This is an instructive chapter, and we suspect will not be without its novelty to many well instructed professional men.

It is said by Mr. Angell, in the fifth chapter, that no writer has discussed the question, whether sea-weed thrown upon the shore, belongs, by the common law, to the owner of the land. And a

passage is cited from Lord Hale, which indicates his opinion, that the public is, *primâ facie*, entitled to it. But Mr. Angell gives very satisfactory reasons for a contrary doctrine, and cites also a decision of the Supreme Court of New York (*Emans* v. *Turnbull & al.*, 2 Johns. 313) where it was held, that the property of sea-weed vests in the owner of the adjoining land. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts made a similar decision, in 1821, in a case (which, most unfortunately, is not reported) between *The Proprietors of the flat grounds in Cohasset Little Harbour* and *Tower*. That was a very strong case in favor of the right of the owner of the land, inasmuch as the legislature had undertaken to confer upon the plaintiffs the right of taking all the sea-manure from the defendant's beach.*

The most elaborate part of the work before us, is the eighth chapter, in which the author undertakes (successfully, we think) to maintain, by reason and authority, the right of those who own land adjoining the shore, to make embankments, wharves, &c. on the ground below high-water mark, which belongs to the public, provided the public are not thereby injured. We believe he has cited all the authorities which bear strongly on this point, except the famous cases of *The Attorney General* v. *The Mayor &c. of Plymouth & al.* and *The Attorney General to the Prince of Wales* v. *Sir John St. Aubyn & al.* in Wightwick's Reports. The case of *Respublica* v. *Caldwell*, 1 Dallas, 150, is treated by Mr. Angell as wholly at variance with all other decisions on the subject.

We cannot analyze this work, in so succinct a notice as we are obliged to take of it, and therefore conclude by recommending it to the attention of professional readers, and of all who are interested in property on tide waters. The subject is an important one, and it is here well discussed. The materials have been collected with great industry, from various sources, and are arranged, if not in the most logical order, in a manner which leaves no confusion in the mind. The compiler has rendered a valuable service to his profession and to the country, and we hope he will not be found among those, of whom it was inquired, in the days of Cicero, "Quid tam exiguum quàm munus eorum?"

* See Statutes of Massachusetts, 1819, chap. lix. sect. 3.

An Epitome of Geography, with an Atlas. By J. E. WORCESTER. Boston. Hilliard, Gray, & Co. 1826. 18mo. pp. 165.

MR. WORCESTER is already well known to the public as the author of several most accurate and useful geographical works. The little book before us is distinguished for the same qualities, and forms a valuable introduction to larger treatises. It is, what it purports to be, an Epitome. "The object of the author," says the Preface, "in preparing this Epitome, has been to furnish a manual adapted to the use of pupils of an early age, who may afterwards study his larger work (the 'Elements of Geography') and also to a numerous class of young persons of both sexes, whose means of education are too limited to admit of their studying thoroughly, while at school, a more extended treatise." The book, of course, is not intended to contain novelties, or to go into the details and minute ramifications of the science of which it treats. It is a new selection of the most important facts, in ancient, as well as modern geography, rejecting all that would be uninteresting to young learners, or above their capacity, and fitted to familiarize them with the great divisions and most striking features of our globe. The matter naturally divides itself into short portions, convenient for lessons, and many of the cuts, with which it is interspersed, will serve to assist the conceptions of the learner. At the foot of every page is a list of questions relating to its contents, and intended to aid the master, and fix the attention of the pupil. There are undoubtedly disadvantages attending the habit of studying with reference to a prescribed list of questions; but these may be easily obviated, if the master will occasionally vary the mode of interrogation, and introduce questions of his own; while the advantage of a body of interrogatories before the pupil's eyes, is undeniable, in concentrating his attention, and giving him a firmer grasp on the knowledge which he acquires. The information contained in the book is conformed to the present state of knowledge; and Mr. Worcester's character would be to us a pledge for its correctness, if we were not, as we are, warranted to assert it, from a careful examination.

The Epitome is accompanied by a neat Atlas, prepared with care, and rendered convenient for young students, by the omission of all names not contained in the treatise, to which it is strictly adapted. To the Atlas are appended tables, containing the population of the principal cities and countries, with a variety of other statistical information, and also linear views of the comparative heights of the principal mountains and lengths of the principal

rivers in the world. "By this method," says the Preface, "the book has been made considerably smaller in size than it would otherwise have been; and the information is given in a form which will greatly facilitate the acquisition, not only of exact knowledge, but also of interesting comparative views of the matters presented." On the whole, the work appears to us to be executed with a creditable neatness and adaptation to the uses for which it is intended, and to be clearly better than any other compend of a similar kind with which we are acquainted.

The Memorial; a Christmas and New Year's Offering. Edited by F. S. H. Boston. True & Greene. 18mo. pp. 268.

This book is similar in character to the "Atlantic Souvenir," being a collection of short pieces of prose and poetry, intended to furnish a present for Christmas and New Year. We are glad to witness the appearance of such works. They furnish opportunity for a trial of their strength, to the young candidates for literary honors; and they tend to cherish a literary taste, by attracting a class of readers, who would not venture to grapple with more heavy-moulded volumes. There is no great danger of an excess of intellectual luxury among us. On the contrary, it is gratifying to behold the amusements of our people assuming an intellectual character, and prettily prepared volumes, like the one before us, substituted in the room of toys and trinkets, for Christmas and New Year's gifts. The writers in "The Memorial" have many of them already contributed to the gratification of the public, through the medium of various literary journals, and the volume before us will ensure a continuance of the favor which they have already received. There is, of course, much inequality in the merit of the various pieces; and, occasionally, we notice grammatical inaccuracies, altogether inexcusable, and only to be accounted for by the too short time allowed for the preparation of the work. The collection, however, is, on the whole, respectable; and the favorable impression produced by the neatness of its typography, and of the plates accompanying it, will not be diminished by the perusal of its contents. Much of the poetry is above mediocrity, and several pieces very good. We might mention, "A Voice is Heard," with the signature of "P.," which, we suppose, is due to Percival. "Hagar in the Wilderness," by "Roy," and "The Muse's Hour," by "Cornelia," we are also much pleased with, although they contain some weak

lines, and would be improved by a careful revision. Several other pieces of much merit might be selected. Of the prose, we think the "Fate of Alana" and "Scenes in America," the best. The "Single Combat" is told with considerable humor, but we prefer a former piece by the same author, the "Confessions of a Country Schoolmaster." On the whole, the work appears to us well suited for the object for which it is intended, and deserving of the favor of the public. We extract "A Voice is Heard," as a specimen of the best of the poetry.

"A voice is heard in the winds and waves,
In the sound of the ever rolling sea;
It is whispered amid the gloom of graves;
It speaks from the hill-top loud and free:
It is murmuring in every breath of air;
And it pauses not when the leaves are still;
Where the waters are falling, it prattles there,
And it whistles along the heathery hill.

Up on the brown and briery steep,
When the bramble stirs with the nestling bird—
Down in the green and glassy deep,
When the coral rustles, that voice is heard:
Far it is borne, on the summer breeze,
O'er sunny billow and flowery plain—
Then it steals to the glancing trees,
And is lost in their shadowy gloom again.

Hark! its wandering echoes wake—
They are now in the heart of the rifted rock;
Now they lie on the slumbering lake;
Now are at play with the bounding flock:
Not a withering leaf by the wind is stirred,
Not a murmur moves through the bending corn,
But far that summoning voice is heard,
Like the loud clear note of the winding horn.

O! 't is a voice that comes from Heaven,
Borne, like a spirit, in light along—
Now like the rush of a tempest driven—
Murmuring now in the charm of song:
Hear ye the voice?—then come away,
Far from the haunts of ruder men—
Come where the leaves and fountains play—
You may love and be happy then.

P.

Vivian Grey. New York. Collins & Hannay and others. 1826. 12mo. pp. 224.

THIS is a piquant and amusing novel, though its merits are not of a very high order. Vivian Grey is a young man of precocious talent, who has early acquired a deep knowledge of human nature, together with a thirst for political distinction, and has determined to rise to eminence, by availing himself of the weaknesses of the great. He displays at school great strength of purpose and knowledge of character, and, on quitting, or rather being expelled from it, shuts himself up, at the age of seventeen, and devotes twelve hours a day to the study of the ancient classics. This course of life, one would imagine better fitted to form a pedant, than a favorite of fashion and a political intriguer. But Vivian comes out, at the age of twenty, a prodigy of brilliant accomplishments, and in nothing so much accomplished as in the knowledge of human weaknesses, and in the power of turning them to his own advantage. He insinuates himself into the friendship of a nobleman of high rank and weak mind, and, under the shadow of his name, endeavours to become the effective leader of a political faction. All obstacles yield to the touch of the young magician, and he is proceeding triumphantly towards the completion of his plan, when its success is suddenly blasted by the intrigues of a woman, in ability a counterpart to himself, whom he has unfortunately offended. He shoots his most important political coadjutor in a duel, and retires to the continent in an agony of remorse and disappointed ambition.

The foundation of the story is extravagant. The powers, purposes, and influence of a matured and experienced man, are attributed to a boy of twenty. Still the hero plays his part with so much spirit, that our interest is kept up, notwithstanding the improbabilities which glare upon us in every page. The work is rather a series of sketches than a regularly built story. The hero has no mistress but politics, and no adventures but political ones. He is constantly before us, displaying various abilities in a variety of scenes. The other prominent characters are fools or knaves, and all are more or less forced and unnatural. Their aggregate makes a showy picture, which dazzles, but does not satisfy. The style of writing is dashing and careless, occasionally rising into lively extravagance, and at times sinking into mawkish sentimentality. The morality of the book is loose. The work is in fact little more than a picture of the vices and follies of the great, with one active spirit in the midst of them, making those vices and follies the stepping-stones to his ambition. Of course there

is no moral to the story, any further than it is a true picture of life. The picture is disgusting, and the moral disheartening. The pages of this novel are plentifully sprinkled with portraits of living characters, some of which are sufficiently obvious, and the most, probably recognised with ease in England, though we need to have the names written under the pictures. These portraits, together with its lively sketches of fashionable society, and lively chat about objects of present interest, have given the book a temporary celebrity; but it has no foundation for a lasting reputation.

The Juvenile Miscellany. For the Instruction and Amusement of Youth. No. I. September. No. II. November. 1826. Boston. J. Putnam. 18mo. pp. 116.

THIS is a new periodical publication, projected for the amusement and instruction of children, and to be published every two months. The design is certainly praiseworthy, and the work will deserve all encouragement, if the editor can adapt her miscellany to the capacities of young children. This is a very difficult task, and will require uncommon acuteness and care on the part of the editor. We think it augurs well for the design, that she,—for we understand that the editor is a lady,—seems to be aware of the difficulty of her undertaking. "I have, in some measure," she says, in her address to her young readers, "forgotten what pleased me when I was a child, and it is difficult for me to imagine how I should think or feel, if I were as young as you are. You, my dear young friends, shall be my critics; what you find neither affords you amusement, or does you good, I shall think badly written." We would counsel the editor to abide by the principle she has here laid down, of trying the merit of her work by the judgment of children. Their judgment is not to be got, however, by asking their opinions, and telling them what to say in reply; but by leaving the book for them to take up or lay down as they choose. And if they peruse it with eagerness and attention, and can give a good account of what they have read, the judgment has been fairly expressed, and the success has been complete.

INTELLIGENCE.

Italian Literature. Beattie's "Minstrel" has been translated into Italian, by Mr. Mathias, and published at Naples. Mr. Mathias is well known in Italy as the translator of the "Caractacus" and "Sappho" of Mason, the "Lycidas" of Milton, the "Naiads" of Akenside, &c. M. Cheloni, of Leghorn, has lately published a specimen of a new mode of facilitating the study of languages; the result of the labor of five and twenty years. This mode consists in the formation of a kind of analytical dictionary, by means of which, languages are reduced to a small number of fundamental words, classed according to the nature of the subjects they express, and to the use which is made of them in speech; to which dictionary of the most common words, others having relation to them are gradually added. Thus order and connexion are imparted to the multitude of words, which at present render our dictionaries a kind of chaos, which the efforts of the most tenacious memory, and the most obstinate study fail to comprehend.

The Canon Jorio of Naples, an honorary member of the Academy of Fine Arts, and already favorably known to the literary world, by his archæological works, and to the foreigners who visit Naples, by his polite attention, has recently published a very interesting analysis of the labors of many past years, on the manuscripts found at Herculaneum, and of the means, more or less successful, adopted to unroll them. One of the most remarkable of the discoveries which have been recently made, is that of a manuscript by Philodemus, attributing to Theophrastus the treatise on Polity, which has to this day been ascribed to Aristotle. The *papyri* which have been translated, and which are ready to be published, contain; 1st. Two treatises on Rhetoric, by Philodemus; 2dly. A work on Morals, by the same author; 3dly. Two books by Epicurus on Nature, and a work by Chrysippus on Providence. The interpreters are at present busy with three treatises, by Carniseus, Polystratus, and Epicurus; and a fourth by an unknown author.

Boccaccio. Several travellers have mentioned, that a lady of the name of Lenzoni, having bought the house at Certaldo formerly inhabited by Boccaccio, caused it to be repaired with the greatest care, in order that it should serve as a monument of him, both to his countrymen and to the foreigners who might visit it to pay a tribute to the memory of that great writer. At the foot of the room in which this ingenious story-teller usually dwelt, Madame Lenzoni has caused his picture to be painted, of the size of life, and in an attitude of meditation. The room is also decorated with other pictures, and with two cabinets, containing all Boccaccio's works. In examining, some years ago, his tomb in the church of Certaldo, thirteen manuscripts on parchment were discovered, which unfortunately were scattered, and have not been collected again to the present day. It is probable, also, that this is not the only loss which letters have experienced in this place. It is confidently asserted, that an old woman, at work in the room which we have just described, saw a piece of the wainscot detach itself from the rest, and a packet, composed of several manuscripts, fall from the breach, and that she

hastened to burn them; incited, no doubt, by a mistaken notion of piety, and apprehensive that they might contain some irreligious matter. One cannot reflect without regret, that these manuscripts were probably some work of Boccaccio, hitherto unknown, but now for ever perished.

Paris. The city of Paris pays annually to the state eighty-one million francs, nearly four million four hundred thousand dollars; a sum equal to half the revenue of the whole kingdom of the Netherlands. Of this sum, twenty-eight millions are paid in direct, and nineteen millions in indirect taxes; sixteen millions are received for crown property, acts of registration, and stamps; six millions are derived from the lottery; five millions from the gaming-houses; and four millions from the post-office. Each individual, taking the population at seven hundred and thirteen thousand souls, pays one hundred and fourteen francs; and without the gaming-houses, one hundred and six francs.

Paris, under the principal relations of finance and political economy, is a tenth of the whole of France.

According to the estimate of deaths during the years 1819 to 1821, in which the distinction of age and sex was established, it is remarked, that mortality among males up to the age of twenty-five years, is greater than among females, and that from this age up to fifty, there die more women than men. It is reckoned, that more women than men arrive at an advanced age.

In the year 1821, three hundred and forty-eight suicides were effected or attempted; in two hundred and forty-four of these cases, death ensued. Of this number, two hundred and thirty-six were men.

Thirty-three suicides have been effected by severe voluntary falls; thirty-eight by strangulation; twenty-five by cutting instruments, &c.; sixty by means of fire-arms; twenty-three by poison; forty-two asphyxies by charcoal vapour; and one hundred and twenty-seven by drowning.

French Academy of Medicine. A committee of the Parisian Academy of Medicine, has made a report on M. Lesueur's paper relative to his new mode of administering medicines. Cutaneous absorption is considered by M. Lesueur, as, in many cases, the best method of introducing medical substances into the animal economy; but he thinks, that, instead of simple friction on the unbroken skin, the epidermis ought to be first removed by a blister; a precaution which renders the absorption certain. Fourteen detailed experiments, made before the committee, induce them to consider M. Lesueur's process capable of becoming eminently useful. Among other effects, they saw the acetate of morphine produce, in cases of chronic catarrh, cures, which the introduction of the same substance by the mouth, would never have effected. One evident cause of the difference, which results from M. Lesueur's mode of administering medicines, is, that, by adopting it, they escape the changes to which certain substances are exposed by remaining in the stomach. A new committee, composed of five members, has been appointed by the Academy, for the purpose of repeating these interesting and important experiments.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A Map of the Heavens, delineating the Heavenly Bodies on a Plain Sphere, with accuracy, and so arranged as to show their Relative Positions at any given time, and accompanied by a book of Explanations. Utica, N. Y.

Meteorological Register for the Years 1822, 1823, 1824, and 1825, from Observations made by the Surgeons of the Army at the Military Posts of the United States. Prepared under the direction of Joseph Lovell, M. D. Surgeon General of the United States Army. Washington. Edward De Krafft. 8vo. pp. 63.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of Ministers and other deceased Members of the Society of Friends, State of New York.

DRAMA.

Malvina; A National Ballad Opera. In Three Acts. Founded on the popular and interesting Story of "Oscar and Malvina." By George M'Farren. New York. E. M. Murden. 18mo. pp. 72.

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The Classical Reader; a selection of Lessons in Prose and Verse, from the most esteemed English and American Writers, intended for the Use of Higher Classes in public and private Seminaries. By the Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood and G. B. Emerson, of Boston. Boston. Lincoln & Edmands. 12mo. pp. 420.

An Epitome of Geography, with an Atlas. By J. E. Worcester. Boston. Hilliard, Gray & Co. 18mo. pp. 165.

A Key, containing Answers to the Examples in the Sequel to Intellectual Arithmetic. By Warren Colburn, A. M. Stereotyped at the Boston Type and Stereotype Foundery. Boston. Hilliard, Gray, & Co. 12mo. pp. 70.

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Essays upon Popular Education; containing a Particular Examination of the Schools of Massachusetts, and an Outline of an Institution for the Education of Teachers. By James G. Carter. Boston. Bowles & Dearborn. 8vo. pp. 60.

The Class-Book of American Literature; consisting principally of Selections in the Departments of History, Biography, Prose, Fiction, Poetry, &c. from the Best Writers of our own Country. Designed to be used as a Reading-Book in American Schools. By John Frost. Boston. J. H. A. Frost. 12mo. pp. 288.

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The Mother's Catechism; containing Common Things necessary to be known at an Early Age. A New Edition, carefully revised and enlarged. Charleston, S. C.

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Cambridge: Printed at the University Press, by Hilliard, Metcalf, & Co.

THE UNITED STATES

REVIEW AND LITERARY GAZETTE.

VOL. I. JANUARY, 1827. No. 4.

REVIEW.

Yorktown; an Historical Romance. In Two Volumes. Boston. Wells & Lilly. 8vo.

THE mere name of this book will lead our readers to a sufficient knowledge of the time and place of the story.

On the banks of the James, we are introduced to two officers in the American service, St. Olmar and Edward Leslie. Edward has a sister Helen, who resides with her guardian and uncle, Walstein, a German by birth, and a royalist of his own free will, and no friend to Edward. While the two friends are talking together, Helen, who is in a boat with her uncle, spies her brother, and, in her eagerness to speak to him, reaches forward, loses her balance, and souse she goes into the water. The uncle takes no concern in the matter, resolving to remain dry and comfortable. But Edward, without waiting "to throw off his external garments" (which, we would inform the unlearned, means no more than what are commonly called "outer garments") plunges in. What with exertions to save his sister, a strong eddy, and well soaked regimentals, he in the end finds himself stretched on the bank, his sister, insensible, by his side, and St. Olmar wringing her hair. Had those days been like ours, when ladies wear but little more hair than they pay for, St. Olmar would have been saved his trouble, ay, and the heartach too; for, in that case, though our heroine had gone down loaded with raven or sunny locks, there would presently have come poking above water, a head nearly as smooth as a seal's. But it was not so to be. The Major was fairly caught

in the tangles of this Neæra's hair; and, as she had been over head and ears in water, so fell he over head and ears in love.

There is an English colonel, Clifford by name, a man of wealth and family, to whom Walstein would fain marry his niece, whom the colonel would fain marry; but Helen will neither drown herself nor be run away with for the colonel, and his suit fails. If the truth must be told, St. Olmar had not only saved Helen's life, but was fortunate enough to be wounded, and taken prisoner with Edward; Helen sees him while asleep in her brother's apartment; and what with the interesting languor of his pale face, and what with his finely turned head, her head is turned too; and a light touch "at his brow, to feel if it were still moist and warm," goes straight to her heart. Not an hour on his knees would have done half so much for St. Olmar. This was in the year 1781. According to Theodore Hook, for a man in the nineteenth century to be found on his knees, would be as fatal to his reputation, as it would in any age be ruinous to the character of a horse to be seen in that posture. St. Olmar gets well of his wound; visits Helen; the uncle is absent; Helen is alarmed at the thoughts of a forced marriage with Clifford; St. Olmar, all against his own intentions, declares his love, advises Helen to marry him that very day, and, as he had been exchanged, to set off with him for camp. This was doing up things a little more hastily than did "my uncle-father and aunt-mother;" but Helen is a girl of spirit, and makes up her mind to it. While the ceremony is going on, Maude Mansel, a strange, wild woman (of whom more hereafter) rushes in, and declares St. Olmar and Helen, as Patrick would say, to be brothers. St. Olmar leaves the room; Helen faints, as she should do, and is carried off by Maude. St. Olmar, inconsolable at his sudden disappointment, goes to bed and to sleep. Maude, it seems, had a son Rupert, whom she was determined should marry Helen, who, from all accounts, was in great peril of being married to all the men in the colony, whether she would or not. Finally, Yorktown is taken; the British depart; Rupert dies of his wounds; his strange mother follows him; St. Olmar turns out to be the cousin of Helen; discovers his father in an old friend and protector, a Frenchman of wealth and high rank, and is married; and Walstein, who is obliged to fly the country on account of his crimes, notwithstanding his dislike of a wetting, is lost at sea.

If in making this slight analysis, we should appear to our author, whom we understand to be a lady, to have set lightly by her story, we do assure her, it "is no such matter." She must

allow something to the pleasure, that a reviewer in common with others, takes in showing off his own cleverness whilst he is talking of bigger folks, and the necessity he is under of finding entertainment for his readers.

A great defect in this work, and what our readers may think rather an alarming one, is the want of a larger number of interesting characters. This however is, in some measure, supplied by the frequent appearance of Maude. Helen, it is true, is a girl of spirit. She has good sense, would have her own way, and is neither Amazonian nor cold blue. As to the colonels, majors, and captains, they are very well after their manner, and, no doubt, did good service for king or republic; but there are multitudes of such colonels, majors, and captains. We are not speaking of our militia;—no, we know too well where reverence is due. It was hardly fair upon Colonel Walstein, to make him so dull a fellow and so great a scoundrel at the same time. The acts related of him, would do credit to his Satanic majesty himself; but when we are expecting to see his majesty, or one very much like him, we are presented with something like a barber's block in a club-wig. Our author is not particularly to blame for this. If a tory was indeed what our works of fiction would make him out to be, he was the dullest and most formal creature that ever "writ himself gentleman." Edward's language is more like a gallant of Charles the Second's court to his mistress, than like that of a brother to a sister. He talks to her of those "small white hands, the enchanting grace with which those fairy feet," &c., and ends with lines from a chaste little poem on a wedding by Suckling,—a warning against quoting quotations. Again, he calls her "dear, yet cruel girl." Now every body knows, that such hard language as this last, has been solely the property of lovers from the time that Isaac spoke thus unto Rebekah, at even-tide, because of her tarrying. St. Olmar, instead of being cold with horror at the thought, that he was just about marrying one whom he is prevented making his wife, by being told she is his sister, takes it as the severest of disappointments, and does not well know how to bear it. These are mistakes in the passions, and in the language of the passions, which we should have hardly supposed it possible for any one to fall into. Neither should master St. Olmar talk so much of his love for Helen to the brother. None but a vulgar man could do it; and to a brother, such a subject is painful. There is no affection more unearthly than that of a brother for a sister; and in his thoughts of her, he shrinks from the very name of a passion, which, however pure, must yet breathe of this world.

It is true the world is coarse enough; but we believe not often so coarse in these relations as most novelists would make it. We hope not—we don't know.

A word upon our author's style. Our "dames tonge" is fallen on evil days,—days of orations, newspapers, and speeches. Those who would write well, must read back. In a well drawn description of Maude, we are told, "Her eyes might have appertained to a more youthful face." Helen says to Edward, "We rejoiced, because it cemented the natural link of affection, and made us one in heart, and soul, and sentiment; but we should have thought this simple circumstance of our birth a subject of still greater congratulation, could we have foreseen the purpose, to which it might once be applied." In short, they were twins. "What do you read, my lord?" "Words, words, words!"

Nothing in the world is more tedious, than a long-winded, long-worded talker in a work of fiction, except it be such a talker in real life. We feel this most in the impassioned scenes of Maude; for if "brevity is the soul of wit," so is it of passion. The simplest words and closely packed, for dialogue. We have not spoken thus of our author's style, in comparison with the generality of American novels; no, in this relation, we should have no complaint to make, notwithstanding her too frequent faults.

Though Maude can hardly be called an original character, yet we do not recollect any one of whom she is a close copy. She is certainly a powerful character. Her dress, her large bony form, strong features, and fierce eye; her fervent eloquence, notwithstanding its defects, are all well distinguished, yet kept in proper agreement. Her deep love for her child, born in dishonor, and for whose sake she seems to crave the sufferings that come from the want of the comforts of life,—this, contrasted with her resolution to sacrifice the peace of a good girl for the sake of making him happy; her lofty spirit, stern courage, and upbearing energy of soul, set off by corroding remorse, and sorrow of heart, and wild and superstitious melancholy; and these again by her deadly hate of Walstein, her seducer; and, to this, her thirst for revenge,—as they show our author's power in drawing characters above the common run of mortals, discover also her knowledge of the workings of the heart, and tell us, too, in what fearful neighbourhood lie the evil and good passions of our souls.

Our author's descriptions of scenery are generally too vague. We must, however, except that around Maude's house, as well as the rough, shed-like building in the woods, seen by a blazing fire; nor let us forget the interview of Maude with her son, in which she tells him her dream. We have not room for more.

The first volume will not compare with the second in interest. In the latter, a new spirit seems put into the author,—a favorable symptom. The death scene of the son is truly solemn, but is weakened by its too great length. This is a general fault of the work. If a second edition is to appear, let the scenes be cut down, the long words be taken out, and simpler ones put in their place; let attempts at pleasantry be entirely given over as desperate, and the whole brought compactly together, and our author herself will be surprised at the additional strength and interest that it will give to her story.

If our author thinks we have trifled out of place, we do assure her we have meant nothing unkindly. She certainly has the defects on which we have remarked; and we have preferred speaking of them in a playful way, to being solemn and awful. This work is greatly in advance of her "Saratoga." We leave her, hoping that she will weigh seriously what we may have thrown out too lightly; assuring her, that she has power and talents enough to stand against her own faults and our foolery.

The Hunter, and other Poems. By MICAH P. FLINT. Boston. Cummings, Hilliard, & Co. 1826. 12mo. pp. 147.

THIS volume is the production of a very young man; "the result of lonely meditations" in the Western forest, snatched "in the intervals of preparation for the bar;" a "native effort," which the American public are expected therefore to look upon with a sort of parental complacency; while the critics are earnestly besought to exercise all their known benignity towards the first aspirations of an infant muse. But our young friend has, after all, ventured upon a great and solemn matter, namely, to write and put forth a book; the design whereof, as of all other books that ever were written, we suppose is either the edification or the amusement of the reader. He who has done this, has thrown down his gauntlet to the world; and we hold it altogether unreasonable in him to expect, either that the nation at large shall read what they may not like, out of pure patriotism, or that the critic should forego his office, and neglect to execute the great commission, by which he is required, in the name of the republic of letters, to sink, burn, and destroy all bad books whatsoever, without respect to the age, sex, or condition of their authors. The public, even the American public, will, in spite of tears and prayers, administer

justice upon its offspring, when caught in a literary offence, with somewhat of Roman severity; and it may well be doubted, whether any thing is gained from those dread inquisitors, the reviewers, by suing beforehand for mercy or forgiveness.

However, let not a sentence of total condemnation, in the present instance, be too hastily inferred. We would not be understood to maintain, as absolute and inflexible, the rule, that poetry knows no mean; and that, not being excellent, it is therefore, of course, intolerable. True enough it is, that from the sublime to the ridiculous, the descent is somewhat sudden and precipitous; but, sublimity apart, between the good and bad of mortal things, whether intellectual or physical, and whether poetic or prosaic, there seems to us to be a very regular gradation. And it is well for our author that such is the case. We are willing to bestow all possible consideration on his tender years and other calamities; but we cannot, in conscience, set him up among the divinities, on the top of Fame's pinnacle, merely because he is a very promising boy; and it would grieve us beyond measure, could we find no other alternative, than to thrust him with the indiscriminate rabble into the bottomless pit at its base. So far from this, we are very much disposed to place our young friend somewhere about the middle of the stairway; where, we assure him, he will find a great deal of very good company, it being a station commonly assigned to highly respectable authors of both sexes, who never committed themselves by doing any thing very sublime or very ridiculous.

The principal of these poems are the "Hunter" and "Sorotaphion," a very hard name, signifying, as our author says, "inurnation," also a hard name, and supposed to signify the art of "inurning," or being "inurned;" for the use of which, Shakspeare's "ponderous and marble jaws" are a voucher. This he esteems a very capital subject for poetry, and seems to wonder that no living author had devoted himself to it before. But, to begin at the beginning, and *secundum artem*, the "Hunter" is a narrative poem, in three cantos, written mostly in octosyllabic, or, more properly speaking, four-footed rhyme, and containing near two thousand verses. The subject-matter of the same is an autobiography, communicated by an old hunter to a young one. Having lost his mother in infancy, he migrated with his father to the West; he there meets a beautiful young *émigrée;* love and marriage-promises are the consequence. Meanwhile, the neighbouring Indians make a sudden inroad on the young settlement, and all his kindred are massacred; not finding the body of his

betrothed among the slain, he raises a small party and pursues the Indians, surprises them sleeping at their camp, and, without an alarm, succeeds in stealing off the fair captive; on awaking and discovering their loss, the Indians pursue and overtake in their turn; the Hunter and his friends are driven into an ambush, and there murderously attacked by unseen enemies; the Hunter sees his destined bride slaughtered before his eyes, and, on recovering from a state of insensibility, he finds himself the only living individual of his party, surrounded by the dead bodies of his friends, and bound, so as to be deprived of motion, to that of his betrothed. After lingering thus several days, the wolf prowling about him by night, and the carrion-bird by day, he is finally relieved by a party of woodsmen. With their aid, he pursues the Indians, and wreaks upon them a terrible revenge; after which, he retires to a secluded spot, deep in the wilderness, where he had led, for a long course of years, a hermit's life rather than a hunter's, having no communication with civilized man, until visited by the youth to whom he tells his tale, and by whom he is finally buried.

This outline is evidently susceptible of being filled up to great effect. The American wilderness affords ample materials for the sublime and beautiful of poetic descriptions. The romantic race which peoples its vallies and its forests, are peculiar and admirable engines of the grand and the terrible; and the civilized agents of the piece are described in situations that admit of the deepest pathos, and might call into action both the softer and the fiercer emotions of the heart. Our author, therefore, has chosen a field in which a warm and vigorous imagination would have luxuriated alternately in the bold and the graceful, the tender and the terrible of poetic conceptions. He deserves the praise of a well laid fiction. But it requires far less of genius to frame the plot, than to conduct it; and the same story, the same incidents, with which a master-spirit of romance might inflame the imagination and wring the heart of his reader, would be but "stale, flat, and unprofitable" in the mouth of a proser; just as the very same block of marble, which now breathes the grace and spirit of the poetic god, might indeed, under the chisel of an ordinary artist, have taken the human shape, but, lacking life and divinity, would have remained a block of marble still. We are far from meaning to apply this in its full force to our author. We have already intimated, that we consider him in a respectable station among the young American poetasters of the day. What we mean to assert, is, that he has not made that of his materials, which indicates a very high order of poetical imagination. If his tragic scenes

do not excite laughter, neither do they move us to tears. They have certainly nothing of the "King Cambyses' vein;" on the contrary, they are written, in general, with good taste and good sense, in good verse and good English; all which are undoubtedly good things, but very far from making, of themselves, good poetry. The truth is, our author's poetry is well enough for a gentleman, but hardly well enough for a poet; and we cannot in conscience say, that we think it amounts to a triumphant justification of authorship. The greatest defect of the composition, as an epic or narrative poem, is, that the action, or rather the description of the action, wants life; whereas the description of visible nature, on the other hand, sometimes breathes a spirit of genuine poetry. We can afford to give the reader a passage or two in proof. Take, for example, the following;

"It was a summer's cloudless morn,
The sun himself, but newly born,
Just o'er the mountain's summit hung,
And, from a brow serenely bright,
Along the open forest flung
A radiant flood of morning light,
Which, through its thousand alleys playing,
Drest the green turf in orient pearl;
The clouds were seen, in mid air *laying*,
Wreathed in many a snowy curl;
Around was heard the vocal throng,
And far amid the vaulted sky
The lark's sweet song, floating along,
Like some unearthly melody." p. 23.

There is a cheerfulness in the tone of these verses, and a melody in their ryhthm, which reminds one a little of the "L'Allegro" of Milton; far more, indeed, than does the "Il Contento" of our author, which he seems to fear might be taken for an imitation.

Here is another pretty specimen, in character somewhat similar to the preceding.

"The tempest, which had just gone by,
Still hung along the Eastern sky,
And threatened, as it rolled away.
The birds from every dripping spray,
Were pouring forth their joyous mirth.
The torrent with its waters brown,
From rock to rock came rushing down;
While, from among the smoking hills,
The voices of a thousand rills
Were heard, exulting at its birth.

A breeze came whispering through the wood,
And, from its thousand tresses, shook
The big round drops, that trembling, stood,
Like pearls, in every leafy nook.
When, on a turf of richest green,
Which spread around his cabin door,
O'er-arched with boughs, that joined to screen
The dwelling of the lonely man,
That Hermit sat; and thus, once more,
The story of his life began." pp. 35, 36.

The following may be selected as a remarkably beautiful expression of a trite sentiment.

"How swift the joyous hours take wing,
When their bright pinions only bring
The rainbow tints of hope and pleasure,
Rosy health and dreams of mirth.
But oh! the creeping snail is fleet,
Compared with time, when his dark feet
In pain steal round the dial measure;
For sickness clogs the swift-winged hours,
And sorrow's tears, like falling showers,
Weigh down their dripping plumes to earth." pp. 68.

The reader, we think, will be well enough pleased with these to pardon one more quotation, in which an image of horror is presented with some effect. It is the scene of the second sunrise after the Hunter was left by the Indians, bound alive to the corpse of his mistress.

"At length, with cool and fragrant breath,
The rosy morn came tripping by;
And smiled away the film of death
A moment from my languid eye.
I saw the carrion-birds once more
Around me met, in dark divan,
To hold their feast of triumph o'er
Those tainted wrecks of lordly man.
Some rode aloft on outspread wing,
And wheeled in many an airy ring;
While others plucked their dainty food
From those poor unresisting cheeks;
Or, mounting on some dry branch, stood,
And, satiate, wiped their gory beaks.
Their sooty pinions seemed to wave,
Like Death's dark banner, o'er the grave." p. 69.

The whole of this period of the tale has considerable interest and poetic power; but what might it not have been in the hands of a poet?

The "Sorotaphion" is a poem in blank verse, somewhat after the manner of Cowper or Young. When we say this, we refer, of course, rather to the species of poetry, than to the style of intellectual composition, or to the structure of the verse; for in these qualities, few authors are more dissimilar than those abovenamed. Besides, our present subject of anatomy is not chargeable with the vice of imitation to a servile degree. His general object, in the poem now under review, seems to be, to satisfy his reader, that the ancient practice of burning, instead of burying the dead, and "inurning" their ashes, instead of suffering them to be mingled with the common earth, is far more congenial to the feelings of bereaved affection, and not adverse to the principles of our religion. In discussing the topic, he takes occasion to review, with something of a poetic eye, the usages which have prevailed in different ages and nations, in regard to the funereal rites and memorials of the dead. The pyramids and catacombs of Egypt, the ancient mounds of the American forest, the limestone caverns of Tennessee, and the ordinary Christian burial-ground, as well as the Roman urn and the funeral pile of the Hindoo, give rise to a long train of sombre reflections, in which there is a good deal of thought and some poetry.

As a favorable sample of the style, we present a short extract found near the opening of the poem.

> "Stern King of Terrors! Thou hast plied thy scythe
> For years and ages. Summer fields before
> Thy path stand fresh with grass and flowers. All flesh
> Is grass. Thou stridest grimly on, well pleased,
> Pale, but untired; heeding not the sands,
> Still running from thy glass. At morn,
> At noon, at eve, and while the twinkling stars
> Run on their silent courses, mowing still.
> Fatigue, or pause, or rest thou knowest not.
> Nor heedest groans, nor tears, nor shrinking spasm;
> Frames, crippled and time-worn by fourscore years;
> The bridegroom, to the nuptial bed in joy
> Hieing in haste; the purple-cinctured king,
> The wailing infant in its mother's arms,
> Prostrate behind thee, wither in thy path." pp. 83, 84.

There are eight or ten other short pieces in the book, which hardly merit particular remark. They are all of a serious cast, except the "After Dinner Eclogue," in which the superior merits of gold and brass are alternately sung for a wager, by two young men, over a bottle of wine. We do not think our author eminently successful in delicate or humorous satire.

Upon the whole, this book is a very remarkable production, considering that it comes from the banks of the Red River. We are bold enough to pronounce it the very best poetic specimen we have seen from that quarter. Our author gives us to understand, that he does not propose to himself so poor a trade, as authorship must be on the borders of the Arkansas, for a permanent profession; and, since his work bears testimony to a sensible, well regulated, and cultivated mind, we dare say, we shall hear of him to greater advantage one of these days, in some of the many honorable posts, into which the law is so much more apt than the muse to install her votaries. If such should be the case, he may rest assured, that many a sagacious lawyer, learned judge, and wise statesman, has been the youthful inventor of worse rhymes than himself. And let him not think, that we are niggardly of our praise; for the truth is, we esteem it a great matter, for a young man on the banks of the Red River, to write a book of poetry which he will not hereafter have occasion to be very much ashamed of; and we seriously take this to be such a book, although we cannot believe, that it will entitle the writer to a great deal of poetic renown.

A Discourse, delivered on the twenty-fourth of October, 1826, *before the Society for the Commemoration of the Landing of William Penn.* By T. I. WHARTON, Esq. Published by request of the Society. Philadelphia. 8vo. pp. 44.

A GREAT number of public discourses have lately issued from the American press, full of eulogiums on our own country. We have been told again and again, in almost every form of expression that could be made to fit the thought, what a great, strong, and wise nation we are grown, and how much greater, stronger, and wiser we shall yet become. We have no disposition to be skeptical about a doctrine so agreeable in itself, and urged with so much zeal, and occasionally with so much eloquence. We desire to record our assent to this comfortable creed, and to declare our firm belief that we are great, strong, and wise, and our confident expectation of the period, when we shall be able to utter this boast with even better grace than at present. Nor have we any objection to our orators' holding forth on this topic, so long as it affords any thing new, either in the way of fact, argument, or illustration. It is, indeed, a most tempting one to the popular declaimer; there is

something that so powerfully stirs the imagination in the rapid growth of our country, and in the large prospect of the future which it opens to us, that it is naturally enough seized upon as a topic capable of being employed with powerful effect in a public discourse. Next to complacency in ourselves, one of the most agreeable of sensations is complacency in the nation to which we belong. Both these feelings are naturally desirous to give themselves utterance in speech; but the decorums of society impose certain restraints on the former, while the latter is permitted to expatiate without limit. It is the misfortune, however, of this attractive and fruitful topic, that, like most others, it is liable to be at last exhausted by continued discussion; and we have our fears that it is so already. It has already been handled by men of every degree of talent and of cultivation; and the picture of our national glory has been embellished by the coloring of a variety of imaginations, from the most impatient and creative down to the most inactive and frigid. What has been done in this way is, in many instances, exceedingly well done, and, for ourselves, we are quite satisfied with it. At present, the subject stands like the famous quarrel of Sir Lucius O'Trigger,—very well as it is,—and we are afraid would only be spoiled by further discussion. Every thing that can now be said upon it, has been anticipated by some more fortunate orator, and every vision of national prosperity must be made up of the rags and remnants of some former pageant. The day of original speculation on this subject has gone by for the present; and if the subject were laid by also, it might perhaps, ere long, be again presented with something like the lustre of novelty. In a few years our national affairs will have assumed another aspect, and new matter will have been produced both for reflection and for declamation.

In the mean time, a numerous class of topics, of a less inviting nature than those we have mentioned, but not wholly undeserving of attention, have been entirely overlooked. Great and strong as we are, there are yet many things in which we are little and weak; and with all our wisdom, there are some matters in which we are not wise. Our population has its virtues, but it has also its vices; in some things we have shown ourselves enlightened, but in others we have mistaken, and perhaps still mistake our true interests. The future has its promises, but it has also its perils. The great machine of civil government seems constructed to go on smoothly and prosperously; but the passions of individuals are on the watch to pervert its movements to their own gratification, and the interests of particular bodies of men are endeavouring to entangle its springs.

with a web of impolitic regulations, woven for herself by Europe in the days of her ignorance and inexperience. We compare ourselves with the nations of the old world, and we feel a proper pride in the comparison. But are there no virtues which we might learn from them? Are there none of the decorums and proprieties of life, which make so much of its happiness, better practised there than with us? Instead of copying what is praiseworthy in their example, are we not daily making progress in their vices? We boast of the spirit of enterprise that prevails among our citizens; but does it never lead them to overstep their integrity, and, among the risks which they run for the sake of making fortunes, are they never prompted to hazard their reputation? We look back with pride to our fathers, and justly; but are not some of their good qualities preserved in our memory rather than in our practice? We rejoice in our national security; but are there no dangers over which we sleep? Is there not one in the very bosom of the nation,—one of which it is hardly lawful to speak, lest our voices should dissolve the spell that keeps it chained? Are the liberties of which we boast, never abused; the laws which are our pride, never perverted; the plenty with which we are blessed, never made the occasion of excess; the public opinion, by which our government is upheld and moved, always rightly instructed and rightly directed? Let the popular orator, who aspires after originality or who aims to be useful, sometimes touch upon these topics. Instead of always lauding our virtues and congratulating us upon our good fortune, let him sometimes tell us of our moral and political faults, our moral and political dangers. His admonitions might not perhaps be very flattering to our vanity, but if wisely administered, they would neither be unprofitable nor offensive. We have perhaps as a nation, grown somewhat too impatient of censure. The rebukes we have received in the English journals, have not been such as to make us in love with reproof, nor such as to do us much good. They have been administered in too arrogant or too malignant a spirit. They have been either uttered in a tone of affected contempt, or they have been in themselves the groundless calumnies of an enemy. This has undoubtedly been the principal cause of those liberal panegyrics we have bestowed on ourselves. We discovered that we could defend ourselves at least as eloquently as we had been attacked; and we sung our own praises the more stoutly, because we had been denied our real and peculiar merits.

We do not indeed wish to see a just pride in our country discouraged. It would be matter of infinite sorrow, were our

people to lose that sanguine character so well suited to their condition. It would be lamentable indeed, were that happy spirit of confidence in the future, and complacency in our own destiny, turned into discontent and melancholy foreboding. It is the natural character of new existence and early vigor, and belongs as much to youthful and prosperous nations as to youthful and healthy human beings. We love these generous anticipations, these cheerful views of our condition, and we would not willingly let them die, for we feel that with them would also die many of the characteristic virtues of our nation. But we should be sorry to see this disposition cherished to our own hurt. We should be sorry to see a man made vain because he is good, or a nation withheld from amendment because many things are already well. The voice of kindness is not always the voice of praise. Generous spirits, it is true, require the stimulus of approbation, but they need also something more. A higher degree of perfection should be shown them, a more faultless preeminence to which they should be incited to aspire. A nation extending itself like ours, with an almost preternatural rapidity, needs other lessons than astonishment at its growth and declamations on its greatness. If there be any justness in the parallel drawn between the youth of nations and that of individuals, we are now in the situation of one whose intellect is rapidly unfolding, and whose passions are putting forth their unregulated strength, and we therefore need constant watchfulness and admonition.

We can hardly hope, however, that, on the cheerful occasion of those anniversaries which draw our citizens together, to listen to the eloquence of their chosen orator, that he will be hardy enough to entertain his hearers with harangues on their own deficiencies. We could wish, however, that he would at least distinguish between such topics as are worn out and such as have been little discussed; that he would occasionally mingle a little wholesome counsel with the compliments which are expected of him; and that, while he maintains our general superiority to all the other nations of the earth, he would not entirely forget the particulars in which we are confessedly their inferiors.

We must own, that we took up this pamphlet with some misgivings. Judging from the title, we expected to find it full of eulogy and anticipation, and being already nearly surfeited with good things of the kind, we did not expect to be greatly edified by its perusal. We have been happy to find, however, that the author has gone somewhat out of the common track of such compositions. The Discourse is strictly an historical one, sensible,

intelligent, generally well-written, and entirely without pretension. The author has undertaken to consider the character and acts of the first settlers of Pennsylvania, and to determine the rank which they ought to hold among the founders of the several states of the Union. As is natural enough in one addressing the descendants of William Penn, on the anniversary of his landing, he gives them the preference over all the others. Their example is indeed worthy of reverence, and not of reverence only, but of study and imitation. They not only laid the foundations of a great city and and a flourishing State, but they set on foot some great plans of the utmost interest to the cause of humanity, which are still in progress. We cannot, however, entirely admit the force of every consideration, which Mr. Wharton urges in favor of assigning his own State the preeminence in the early history of our country.

The great simplicity of manners belonging to the founders of Philadelphia, were no doubt remarkable even for a North American colony, and an age so little luxurious as that in which they lived. Mr. Wharton thus describes it.

"When Juvenal spoke of the

'Uno contentam carcere Romam,'

he as little dreamed of the generation that was to come after him, whose entire prison was to be contained in a small hired room in a house of very moderate dimensions, as he did of the existence of the hemisphere in which that simple race was to flourish. *Patrick Robinson* is not a very poetical name; but it will doubtless find its way into the verses of some future satirist, who shall come to contrast the wealth, and the crimes, and the prisons of our modern Rome, with the purity of that period, when the said Patrick rented to the province of Pennsylvania an apartment in his dwellinghouse for its bridewell, its prison, and its penitentiary. The successive stages of civilization, to apply the theory of a well known anecdote, may be found in the hired room; in the wooden house which stood on the site of the present Jersey market, opposite to Lætitia court, and which formed the second prison; and in the more extensive buildings at the corner of Third and Market streets, the next in the series, which continued, I believe, to be the city prison until the erection of the present penitentiary. Passing from the receptacles of crime to the administration of justice, a lively interest might doubtless be created by anecdotes of that happy simplicity, which dispensed with the forms as well as with the profession of the law, and inflicted upon a culprit convicted of forgery, no other punishment than the payment of ten pounds, 'in good money,' towards the building of a court-house, and the obligation of listening to a disquisition, on the nature of right and wrong, from the worthy magistrate who happened to preside.

"In questions of dress and manners, a large portion of every community finds itself deeply interested. No record, I believe, exists of the prevailing fashions of Philadelphia in the year 1700; but some traits have come down to us, which hereafter may not be found unworthy of recollection. Those who are accustomed to consider broadcloth, put together in certain shapes, as the only infallible test of civilization, will doubtless be shocked to hear, that many of their christian predecessors, both male and female, were clothed in the skins of wild animals, made up, I am afraid, without much regard to their *set*, numbers of which pervaded the remote and mysterious localities west of Fourth street, and often crossed the paths of the pious settlers on their way to the meeting-house at the Centre Square. Carpets, and curtains, and mirrors, which in this age of refinement are as indispensable as chairs and tables, were then matters to be read of and wondered at, rather than used; and I find it recorded, that in many of their humble, but clean and peaceful dwellings, they enjoyed no other light than what struggled through the dim and cloudy isinglass." pp. 7, 8.

The claim which Mr. Wharton sets up in favor of the Pennsylvanians, of being the authors of the first treaty with the Indians, for the sale of their lands on terms of perfect fairness and equity, is, to say the least, very questionable. He admits, that purchases of land had previously been made of the aborigines by the founders of other states, but argues, that these bargains were in some measure compulsory on the part of the Indians, since the colonists settled the terms of them with arms in their hands. The utmost, however, that can be inferred from this circumstance, is the bare possibility, that the natives might have yielded to the demands of the settlers from fear; and this possibility is not of itself a sufficient ground to make a distinction between the cases. But, if the natives parted unwillingly with their lands to the colonists of other states, induced by the terror of their arms, how came it to pass that they afterwards ceded them willingly to Penn and his associates, without any such inducement? Had there prevailed among them a reluctance to part with their possessions, this was the occasion for such reluctance to be shown without reserve. Or had an opinion of the treachery, injustice, and tyranny of the whites, in their former dealings with the native tribes, gained ground, now was the time to prevent their further encroachments, by refusing to them what they had apparently neither the means nor the disposition to obtain by force. The truth is, that the Indians, in all cases, welcomed the whites gladly, ceded their lands willingly, were delighted with the prospect of the advantages to be derived from their neighbour-

hood, and only proceeded to hostilities, when alarmed by the growing strength of the colonies, incited by the natural jealousy of the Indian character, and stirred up by their own ambitious chiefs.

We have not a word to say in derogation of the remarkable treaty under the elm, of which our author thinks so highly. It was certainly a most interesting occasion, and there is a sort of poetic beauty in the circumstances under which these men of peace negotiated for themselves an asylum in a land full of warlike barbarians. The spectacle, also, of this simple and quiet people, dwelling unmolested among their savage friends, for a series of years, under the protection of this treaty, never suffering a single deed of violence, governed by their own mild and humane laws, taking the first rich harvests of a fertile soil, and rapidly increasing in prosperity and numbers, presents the image of a kind of Saturnian age, of which Penn was the father. It is a striking example, to show, that to be defenceless does not always invite violence, and that the forbearance of injuries is reverenced, even by those who are taught from their infancy to let no wrong go unrevenged. It should be laid up among the great and invaluable lessons of history. We ought not to forget, however, that the treaty of Penn with the Indians was not the only one which was preserved unbroken. We should recollect the league which the colonists of Plymouth made with the sachem Massasoit and his people, and which was kept inviolate for half a century. We should also bear in mind, that the other settlements were often engaged in wars, from the obligation under which they conceived themselves to lie, of protecting their allies, the tribes who had received and assisted them; an obligation from which the Quaker founders of Pennsylvania, of course, considered themselves as exempt. Nor ought we to think the worse of such of our ancestors as believed in the right of self-defence, for bringing with them the means of defence and attack into a strange land, inhabited by a people whom they knew to be warlike, distrustful, and treacherous. After all, the possessions of the natives were encroached upon as rapidly under the mild policy of Penn, as under that of his Southern and Northern neighbours, and the tribes of the forest wasted away as swiftly before the men of peace as before the men of war.

The praise of an entire and undistinguishing religious toleration is more exclusively due to Pennsylvania, although it was merely an improvement on the liberal examples already set. In this, and in the privileges granted to the alien, allowing the lands he purchased to descend to his children, the writer sees the principal

causes of the rapid growth and early prosperity of that province. He thus compares its regulations on the subject of religious opinion, with those of other states.

"Taking her from her cradle to her present maturity, it is impossible not to perceive, that, while in the perception and practical enjoyment of the true principles of religious freedom, Pennsylvania has always been a long way ahead of Europe, she is no less clearly entitled to distinction and honor in comparison with her sister states, for a uniform and consistent course of legislation on this subject. I say this without meaning to except the states of Maryland and Rhode Island, and with a thorough knowledge of the claims that have been advanced for them. I say this, too, with the most sincere respect for the memory of the illustrious men who were principally concerned in the settlement of those provinces. It would ill become one who professed to honor the principles upon which Pennsylvania was founded, to breathe a syllable in disparagement of the names of Roger Williams and Lord Baltimore; men, who, at the opposite extremes of Christianity, united in maintaining the most enlarged and practical religious freedom, and who in an age, even darker than that of Penn, seem to have had distinct revelations of the true lights of politics. But, while these distinguished men will always receive the tribute of admiration for the purity of their views and the wisdom of their counsels, we must take care not to confound their individual characters and systems with those of the republics they established. It is of the history of these states as a whole, and of their legislation as a system, that I have to speak. When we find, then, that Rhode Island not only expressly restricted her toleration to believers in Christianity; but, after the death of Williams, excluded Roman Catholics from the benefit of it; when we remember, that, in 1661, Maryland passed an act, directing that all Quakers found in the province, should be apprehended and whipped; and, in 1696, by a refinement of cruelty and impolicy, in the same breath, enacted laws to encourage the importation of negro slaves, and restrict the importation of Irish papists: when, I say, such statutes are found on the records of these states, it is impossible at least to give unmixed praise to their legislation. No such enactments stain the pages of our annals. We can without a blush open our statute book, and challenge the inquirer to put his finger on a single enactment, in the long course of years, in which religious impunity has been violated. The stake and the gibbet, the rack and the whip,

'Luke's iron crown and Damien's bed of steel,'

the tears of exile, even the sigh of imprisonment for religion's sake, happily, and honorably for this Commonwealth of ours, are matters, for the import of which, thank God! we must consult other annals; I wish I could say, we must study other languages." pp. 19, 20.

The political regulations which Penn framed for his province, are a topic which particularly engaged the attention of Mr. Wharton. The praise contained in the following passage is just, but, for ourselves, we are inclined to believe, that it may be shared pretty equally among nearly all the founders of the original American states.

"When the state of men's minds at that period is considered, we shall find renewed cause of respect for those to whom so prophetic a knowledge of the coming light was vouchsafed, who could emancipate themselves from the thraldom of prejudice, and innovate and reform so boldly and fearlessly. But let it be remembered, that the founders of our state are entitled to our respect and admiration not only for what they created and what they abolished, but for what they preserved and what they maintained. If reform and innovation, even of the most radical kind, were at work in the colony, it was not rashly or in mere theory, but in sober and practical method, in the fear of God, and in the love and reverence of virtue and order. And herein, I take leave to say, consists the difference between the commonwealth of Penn and those which, before and since his time, visionary schemers have undertaken, in this and other quarters of the globe. The founder of Pennsylvania was a reformer and an innovator, a republican doubtless in politics, and in religion a sceptic, so far as regarded establishments, and an universalist in his protection of all manner of creeds and practices. But, with all this, he was a devout and humble Christian, who, in all his works, sought the glory of God, and the moral and religious improvement of his fellow creatures; and was clear-sighted enough to distinguish between the pure light of the gospel and that false and deceitful glitter, which so many vain men had mistaken. The rock upon which this Christian community was erected is that, which we are told from the highest authority, 'other foundation no man can lay.' Our venerable lawgiver never fancied that he had made any great discoveries in religion or morals, of which the world had before been ignorant. He issued no declarations of mental independence, and threw off no allegiance to the sovereign of the universe If he erected a temple to liberty, it was to that sober and chaste divinity, simple but majestic in her attributes, which in his own time Milton and Sidney, and in ours Washington, have worshipped; not to that gaudy and meretricious idol, which later times have witnessed, fit 'to show the eyes and grieve the hearts' of her adorers, and at whose altar hecatombs of human victims have been immolated." pp. 22, 23.

The English Puritans had led the way in which Penn followed, and had struck out the light by which he was guided. They were the fathers of the republicanism of modern times, truly so called,

of that sober love of freedom which prevails wherever the English language is spoken. These Puritans colonized a considerable portion of the United States, and neither they nor their descendants have loved their liberty less, or maintained their rights less firmly than the inhabitants of Pennsylvania. But it was not merely because our ancestors were Quakers or Puritans, that they were the friends of a popular government. It was because of their peculiar education, and because of the peculiar situation in which they were placed. What had a body of commoners instructed in the rights of Englishmen, separated from the mother country, and left to devise their own institutions,—what had they to do but to adopt a government of equal rights, and to build their political fabric on the foundations of freedom? Would they be apt to establish an aristocracy of their own,—were they men to bestow medals, stars, and strings? Would they be apt to set a few of their fellows for life in a rank above them, to content themselves forever with an inferior station, and to reverence the unworthy children of those on whom they had bestowed this factitious dignity? It is not among a people thus taught, thus tenacious of their privileges, and apprized of their own strength, that a nobility can spring up; it must be the growth of a darker period. We venture to say, that any body of English commoners, highly as they might value the aristocracy of their country, and much as they might reverence its church, would, under similar circumstances, have submitted to no other than a republican form of government. The early settlers of Virginia were neither Puritans nor Quakers, yet how soon did they grow discontented with the severe political regulations under which their colony was planted, and show the dawning of that love of liberty which afterwards grew so strong. They gave themselves no rest until they had recovered what they called the rights of Englishmen and the image of a free constitution.

In some respects, Penn might have indulged his leanings towards democracy farther than was done in the other colonies, and it was safer for him to do so. A Quaker democracy cannot be what Milton calls a "fierce democracy." However loose and incompact the frame of political government might be among a people composed principally of that denomination, there could not exist any of that disorder and violence which the enemies of republicanism profess to dread. Even a Quaker anarchy would be, we imagine, a quiet, easy state of things, a comfortable form of government enough. The force of public opinion among this sect would in a great measure supply the want of the secular arm.

The entire deference they pay to the opinions of the wise and aged, has introduced among them a kind of patriarchal authority, which is not the less strong and effectual for not possessing external form.

The rejection of the bloody penal code of England; the improvements introduced into prison discipline; the allowance of counsel and witnesses to persons accused of crimes; the abolition of the right of primogeniture, a right which had its origin in times of barbarism and violence, when the eldest son generally contrived by superior strength and cunning to exclude the younger children from the patrimony; the reformation of many of the Gothic circuities of legal practice, and several other salutary provisions of the early legislation of Pennsylvania, mentioned by Mr. Wharton, are subjects which our limits will not permit us to examine at large. In some of these, Pennsylvania may claim the honor of having set the first, or at least, the most perfect example; in others, she must yield it to her sister states. Her benevolent designs were not always seconded by the mother country. Against the policy which attempted to fasten upon her the evil of slavery, she struggled, not more firmly perhaps, but more successfully than her Virginia neighbours.

"It is no small tribute to our commonwealth to say, that within her borders, so far back as the year 1688, there emanated from an association of individuals the first protest against negro slavery that the world had yet heard. It was literally a voice crying out of the wilderness; and a century elapsed before that voice found an echo on the other side of the Atlantic. It must not be forgotten, too, that this early denunciation of slavery proceeded from the first *German* settlement in Pennsylvania; from the root of that population which now forms so large a proportion of our state, and which, however it may have suffered from the taunts of other quarters of the Union, is entitled to no small praise for its inflexible patriotism, its patient and untiring industry, and its exemplary integrity. This memorable protest was issued by the German Quakers, who settled at Germantown near this city, about the year 1682. Eight years afterwards the general yearly convention of the Society of Friends in Philadelphia recommended, that no more slaves should be brought in, and that those who were unfortunately in the province should be morally and religiously treated.

"Having thus early taken up arms against this pestilent evil, our ancestors went to the extent of their ability in checking its progress. Here, however, as in most other attempts at reformation, they found themselves thwarted by the privy council, which, with remarkable pertinacity, successively and regularly repealed every

law imposing checks on the further importation of slaves. So early as 1705 a duty was laid on negroes imported, which was renewed in 1710; and in 1711, without farther circumlocution, a bold and honest act was passed, forbidding, in express terms, the introduction of slaves for the future. The law, however, did not survive its passage across the Atlantic, but, as may be supposed, was forthwith repealed by the privy council. Foiled in this attempt, the assembly endeavoured in the next year to effect the same object, by imposing a duty of twenty pounds per head, which in fact amounted to a prohibition; but the ever-waking jealousy of the privy council again interposed, and again defeated them. It would tire the patience of this or any other assembly, if I were to relate the various experiments practised by the provincial legislature to avoid, and the successful measures of the British government to fasten upon them this accursed traffic. I have counted no fewer than fifteen acts of assembly upon our statute books, all passed prior to the revolution, with the same object, the abolition of slavery. The harvest of good works, which, though sometimes delayed, never fails eventually to take place, came for Pennsylvania in 1780, when an act, equally noble in its language and objects, put an end to the slavery of negroes in this state forever." pp. 36, 37.

In the same spirit, Pennsylvania resisted the importation of convicts into her territories, and, after a long contest, was equally successful. In another instance, however, the privy council obtained the victory. The benefits of the English system of conveyancing, with its difficult refinements and voluminous instruments, were so apparent to this sagacious body, that they were not to be prevented from forcing them upon the colonies.

"In the succeeding year [1683] the assembly, perceiving the inconvenience and reproach that were produced by the redundancies and technical obscurity of the prevailing forms of conveyance, enacted, that a certain simple form, comprised within five lines, and expressed in the plainest language, should thenceforward be used on all occasion of the transfer of property. The deed was to be acknowledged in open court, to be certified under the seal of the court, by the clerk, and duly recorded. This manly attempt to reform the abuses of conveyancing was not, however, successful. The law was repealed, I believe a few years afterwards, but it has left its traces upon our practice; and, whether it be owing to the want of skill or the good sense of the early practitioners, I will not undertake to determine, but it is certain that the broad dull river of words which meanders over so many feet of English parchment, is with us contracted into a narrower, and, I fancy, a clearer stream." pp. 41, 42.

We are no enemies to the discussion of the question concerning the comparative degree of honor in which the founders of the several states shall be allowed to stand in the estimation of the world. We shall always welcome the productions occasioned by this amiable controversy, when they are written with the ability which distinguishes the one before us; since they cause our history to be better studied and better understood, and furnish us with materials from which to form a true judgment both of the merits and the faults of our ancestors. It is well sometimes to leave dwelling upon our own virtues, in order to contemplate those of our fathers. What we have been influences what we are and what we shall be; the seeds of the future lie wrapped up in the past, and our early history is one of the best omens for our country.

MISCELLANY.

WHAT IS NATURE?

"His eye doth but open a window to his mind, to behold and admire his Creator in his works. His taste of the sweetness of the creatures is but a means by which the sweeter love of God doth pass directly to his heart. As God in the creating of us, made our senses but as the inlet and passage of himself into our minds (even as he made all the creatures to represent him to us by this passage) so [nature] doth restore our very senses to this their holy original use; that the goodness of God, through the goodness of the creature, may pass to our hearts, and be the effect and end of all."

Richard Baxter.

We are all more or less affected by the seasons. The difference in this influence depends on the many circumstances which produce individual variety. The temperaments are among these; so are age and sex, the state of the body and the state of the mind. The mere power of perceiving vividly or faintly those operations that produce change, and the changes themselves, and the greater or lesser moral and intellectual growth, as well as mere differences of sensitiveness,—all these give to the seasons their peculiar character, to the individual, making one of them the time of hope and exultation, and another the time of depression and despair. The events which may have happened to us in certain seasons, give these a character which is frequently abiding. The sadder experiences of life have most of this influence. He who has lost a friend, particularly if it have been in autumn, will find a character in this season, which it may never have had before. If he be a

contemplative man, and if he have always felt some sympathy with dying nature, this feeling will become deeper after such an event. The falling leaf will speak to him of a sadder fall; and as the grass fades and withers over the grave he looks on, he will think with a deeper truth of him who moulders there. To such a man the spring will be a joyous season, for in the renovation of nature, he finds a promise of a better renovation. It cannot be, he will say, that man alone, of all living things, shall live no more,—that such a power as mind, which is active in and of itself, should lose this mysterious prerogative and be lost with the dying and the dead of what has only ministered to its growth and its activity, and in a high sense was created for it alone. The seasons in this way have a power to bring out and heighten the better feelings of our nature, and may give new strength to our highest hopes. This is giving a positive and independent influence to the seasons, which the man, who always controls impressions, or regulates their effects, does not understand, and, it may be, will not allow. But such men are rare. The mass of us yield with but a slight struggle, and some even go so far as to trust their happiness to the changing winds.

This influence of nature upon us in all the variety which it presents, was meant only for good. When its true purposes are accomplished in us, it is felt to be a power which comes in aid of our imperfect faculties, and fits us for the highest contemplations and the truest felicity. Nothing, in the first place, is so pure as this influence of nature upon us. There is no selfishness in it, for there is nothing in the vast variety through which it acts, that we could for a moment wish to appropriate to ourselves alone; and nothing, which, for the time it is felt, is looked on as belonging to another. It is truly the property of the mind alone. The deep blue sky; the living atmosphere, with its unobstructed torrents of light; the sober morning, and the blazing sunset; the remote and high mountain, which seems to belong to the distant heaven into which it so far reaches; the wide, deep ocean, now exhibiting its mighty energy in its mountain waves, and its tremendous roar, and now as eloquent of itself in the faint murmur which it sends up the naked beach;—these are among the unappropriated agencies which minister to our purest emotions, and which we always love most, when they are felt in their full power by others along with ourselves.

Nothing, in the second place, is so well calculated to give variety and vigor to our whole moral and intellectual being as the proper influence of nature upon us. We put our children to

school, and shut them up from the vast and the beautiful; our young men change their task only, when they change from childhood; and our full grown men find their influences in books, and in the artificial business of the world. Far be it from me to object for a moment to all of good that is done in this way. Fill the mind with the best and the highest of all other minds. Give it steadiness by occupying it about the real and unchangeable of all exact science. Make it love itself by teaching it to what heights a common nature has carried other minds. Allure it to a like pursuit by examples of perfect success. Teach it especially in this way, early to understand, that the truest benevolence, and one of the noblest uses of intellect, are in the tribute which one mind pays to a kindred mind, and to the great and good qualities of all other minds. All this may be done, and much more too, and still there may be room for a love of nature, and for all the influences it may exert upon us. These uses of the mind do not diminish our capacity to be moved, and to be made happier and better by nature. No; what gives the mind true tone, and aids its reaches into the profound, and enlightens for it the obscure, makes it a better disciple of nature.

There are many ways, however, in which devotion to learning, and the more common business of the world, may become unfriendly to the best influences of nature upon the mind and the heart. They impair this influence when they enslave the mind to detail, and teach the exclusive importance of particulars. Much time, in fact all disposable time comes at length to be allotted to these, and a wide view is felt to be an alarming one, because, in the rapidity of full and ardent thought, the mind does not stop at the parts over which it really passes in an unbroken succession, but arrives suddenly, and, as if by an intuition, at a general truth. Such a process is confused or incomprehensible to the man of detail, and he rarely, if ever, sympathizes with the more comprehensive thinker. It is to this sort of mind that nature addresses itself in vain. In nature there is massiveness in what seems most in detail. Its minuteness in particulars is lost in the amount. The small insect, or a single blade of grass, is but a tiny wonder. But the peopled atmosphere, the living fields, are a vast and multitudinous exhibition of power, wisdom, and beauty, and will have their true effect upon the mind that is rightly constituted. This illustration is from the smallest, and seemingly contemptible, if such a word may be reverently used. Take another from the acknowledged vast, the universal atmosphere, the ocean, the inaccessible mountain,—these act at once as a whole; not a moment

is allowed for their detail; the mind that apprehends them, is filled with them, and at once stirred by an incommunicable emotion.

The unity of the mind is disturbed by endless devotedness to detail. Or if this be not the case, something as unfavorable to a love of nature is produced by this habitual surrender of the whole mind to particulars. It is so principally in this way. Such individuals have always had in view, in their labors, some practical effect out of themselves. A mere emotion, ending in the individual, however exalted it may be, is deemed of little worth, for the finger cannot be laid upon it, and "Here is something to count; something useful may be made out of this," cannot be asserted concerning it. Emotions are indeed internal and invisible things. They are in these respects like that which produces them; that power in nature, which acts through visible objects, being itself unseen; and that power of mind, which is manifested in all the appropriate acts of man. These are all secret agencies; but they are not on this account the less real, the less true; or the less to be sought for and cherished. Shall we call that unreal or useless, which makes that mind purer which possesses it, more active to good, and more capable of deep contemplation on all that comes before it? Is that mind, which is alive and filled with all possible truth that relates to man both as to condition and character, uselessly employed, when the truth of the vast creation, an apprehension of its beauty and grandeur, and a deep delight in both are sought after as an abiding possession; and this, because it is felt to be enlarging its capacity for an eternal and perfect good? But without this prospective operation, a true feeling of nature exerts an influence, which in itself is of the highest value. It has just been said, that it enlarged and strengthened all the active powers. But its chiefest excellence is in this. It reveals truth to him on whom it acts, and aids him in the apprehension and pursuit of all other truth. It is a certain influence, for that which exerts it is either unchangeable, or the changes are produced by fixed causes. This character of the agencies we are considering, is perhaps to us their most important one. What may become of our labors, what the correspondence shall be between our efforts and their consequences, is, of all things, the most uncertain. Our best purposes, or what we regard as such, are frequently defeated; our fairest hopes are not realized; our whole moral and intellectual influence, as ordinarily exerted for practical ends, is uncertain. We then exert the strongest and best, when we act most after the manner of nature,—I might say, when we most nearly resemble nature. We are all this most nearly, when we exhibit

to others an example of truth, which is unchangeable, in all that we do; when our motives are as questionless, as are the principles of action of perfect rectitude; when we move among men in an atmosphere which the best influences of nature, the truths of religion, and the highest human excellence, have purified, and which becomes a living and pure principle to all who are within its reach. It is thus when we have the least in view, that we frequently accomplish most. The influence is secret, and those who may be benefitted by it, are so by a progress so gentle that they are hardly sensible of the change. We minister, in short, to the moral growth of others, and this, like the increase of living nature around us, is so imperceptible as to be known only by its effects; and the agency of him who produces it, is as silent as are the operations of nature itself.

To give, then, to man a power over others, like that of nature over himself, is to call forth his highest attributes. It is in the chain of creation his mind now acts, and it becomes the nearest link to this great cause. This view teaches us something of the nature of mind, and at the same time shows its resemblance to the governing principle of the universe. This is the highest alliance we can seek for it. It will increase with the growth of moral purity, and with the progress of the whole mind. It makes us happier by its own growth, for it multiplies the means of happiness, and adds to their power.

The love of nature is an exercise of the affections, and its operation is to strengthen and to refine them. It comes in this way in aid of the religious principle and sentiment. Give the affections to nature; love it in the degree, and after the manner it should be loved, and their other exercises, the love of man, and his noblest works, and above all the love of God, come at length to be natural movements of the mind and heart. Can that man regard the happiness of another mind as a trifling concern, who has found his own in these exercises? Can he be cruel in his influences, and injurious in his acts to any human being, who has felt and acknowledged the unabated goodness which has been exercised through all nature toward himself? Can he contemn the human intellect, who feels that it is to this he owes his own dignity, and all of good he hopes for or enjoys?

I may be now asked, what is this nature, about which so much is said, and which so few truly feel? To define is not always to instruct; still it will not be difficult to show what is meant by this term. A difficulty of comprehending it has been created by the manner of considering it. The term has been very much con-

tracted in its import; so that by some it means little more than a few of the more remarkable objects of the external world. Some have given it a local habitation, as well as misapplied the name; and men have been gravely sent for it into the country, as if nature were only or principally there. This is a great misuse of the term. Wherever man is, there truly and emphatically is nature. It is within and around him every where. His endless capacity of all greatness and of all goodness; his perception and his enjoyment of all that is external to him, and of all the creations of his own soul; every thing with which it is worthy of his noble nature to sympathize, and all of good he can feel and communicate; all this is nature, a part of that glorious creation in the very midst of which he is placed. He does not require to be transported to new regions and other scenes, to be in the midst of, and to enjoy nature. His own mind is the highest work of that power which created every thing, and by its own mysterious endowments brings him nearer to that which it is his highest interest to comprehend and adore. Nature to him is an expression of power. It is, in its grand and its little, a simple manifestation of power,—but a manifestation for him, and always present to him. Can he be far from nature, who has within himself that for which all this is made, and which, of all created beings, he is alone capable of feeling and loving? These remarks are made to remove an objection not unfrequently brought against human condition as we actually find it, that this condition is unfriendly to the whole enjoyment of nature, in other words, the reaching to the highest happiness and intellectual growth, which is attainable on earth. The harmony of our condition (infinitely varied as it may be) with all about us and with our whole nature, is as complete as it is beautiful. Nothing in it of itself, and necessarily, can make man unhappy, vile, or wretched; for he is in the full possession of a power originally designed for, and capable of a supreme control. It can make him happy where his condition seems most calamitous. It creates for him a new heaven and a new earth, for it is itself the dwelling-place of principles and emotions, which are in natural correspondence with all of good, grand, and beautiful, around him. Give him the blessed light of the sun alone, and is he placed beyond the power of nature? Make him blind, but is he in darkness? The light of his own soul is around and within him. This is a brighter ray than the sun's, and it will glow and beam more brightly, when that glorious orb has forgotten its splendor. Is the painter at his easel, or the poet in his garret, shut out from nature? Whence, then, that dazzling light, that impenetrable

depth of shade, that sky, and that ocean,—and whence that verse of inspiration and prophecy, but from nature, nature most deeply felt, and most truly enjoyed? It would be trite to say, that there are situations more favorable than others for the apprehension and love of nature. But it is exceedingly important that it should be said, and felt, that this influence does not belong exclusively to place, and that a mind fitted for the happiness, can never be wholly deprived of the means of obtaining it.

ITALIAN LYRICAL POETRY.

ALAMANNI.

Luigi Alamanni is chiefly admired at the present time for his didactic poem in blank verse, on agriculture, entitled *La Coltivazione*. His poetical writings, however, were very numerous, and of many different kinds. He wrote a comedy in blank verse; an heroic poem in the style of Ariosto, called *Girone il Cortese;* a travesty of the *Iliad;* together with a number of lyrical pieces, including elegies, eclogues, satires, sonnets, hymns, and other poems of the same class.

Alamanni was born at Florence, in 1495. His family were originally partizans of the Medici; but, in consequence of their tyrannical conduct, Alamanni, on his arrival at manhood, separated from his old party, and, in concert with Macchiavelli, in 1522, joined in a conspiracy against the Medici. The conspiracy was discovered, but Alamanni fortunately escaped from his country. He wandered about in different parts of France and Lombardy, until 1527, when, during the temporary triumph of the republican party, he was recalled to Florence, and invested with some of the highest offices of the state. The return of the Medici to power, in 1530, again compelled him to seek refuge in France. He was favorably received by Francis I., and employed by him and by his son, Henry II., in many important embassies, and continued attached to the court until his death, which happened in 1556, at Amboise. The fidelity and uncommon ability displayed by Alamanni, were well rewarded by his royal patrons; and in addition to this, Alamanni had, long before his death, reaped all the advantages of extensive literary reputation.

The minor poems of Alamanni were distinguished for their elegance, grace, and felicity of diction. Indeed, he is said to have possessed the talent of *improvising* with great facility. His

narrative poems, in the opinion of Sismondi, although not deficient in harmony of versificationn or variety of incidents, are yet dull, and incapable of awakening that vivid interest, which is the charm of his model, the *Orlando Furioso*. They are, therefore, comparatively forgotten even in Italy. But the poem on *Cultivation* still retains a place among the classical poetry of the language, by reason of the purity and elegance of its style, and the method and wisdom of its precepts.

In illustration of the manner of this poet, I have selected a couple of his most admired sonnets.

TO ITALY.

Thanks be to God, my feet are now addressed,
  Proud Italy, at least to *visit* thee,
  After six weary years,—since destiny
  Forbids me in thy dear-loved lap to rest.
With weeping eyes, with look and heart depressed,
  Upon my natal soil I bend the knee,
  While hope and joy my troubled spirit flee,
  And anguish, rage, and terror fill my breast.
I turn me, then, the snowy Alps to tread,
  And seek the Gaul, more kindly prompt to greet
  The child of other lands, than thou art thine:
Here, in these shady vales, mine old retreat,
  I lay, in solitude, mine aching head,
  Since Heaven decrees, and thou dost so incline.

PETRARCA'S RETREAT.

Vaucluse, ye hills and glades and shady vale,
  So long the noble Tuscan bard's retreat,
  When warm his heart for cruel Laura beat,
  As lone he wandered in thy beauteous dale;
Ye flowers, which heard him oft his pains bewail
  In tones of love and sorrow, sad but sweet;
  Ye dells and rocks, whose hollow sides repeat
  Even yet, his ancient passion's moving tale;
Fountain, which pourest out thy waters green
  In ever-flowing streams the Sorgue to fill,
  Whose charms the lovely Arno's emulate:
How deeply I revere your holy scene,
  Which breathes throughout the immortal poet still,
  Whom I, perchance all vainly, imitate.

CAPPELLO.

Bernardo Cappello was born at Venice, of an illustrious patrician family, about the beginning of the sixteenth century.

He was happy in possessing the friendship of Bembo at an early period, whilst the latter resided at Padua; and formed his taste according to the principles and instructions of his distinguished friend. A maxim advanced by him in the senate, which was esteemed dangerous to the public tranquillity, caused him to be condemned, in 1540, to perpetual banishment from Venice. After living two years on the island of Arba, his place of exile, he was cited to render an account of his conduct, and thought it safest to seek refuge from his enemies in the States of the Church. He was cordially received by cardinal Alessandro Farnese, and honored with the government of Orvieto and Tivoli. He lived first at Urbino, where the rarest geniuses of Italy were then assembled, and afterwards at Rome, where he died, in 1565, without having ever succeeded in making his peace with the republic.

His poetry is considered by his countrymen as claiming to rank with the best compositions of his age. The feeling of his persecution is strongly expressed in the following

SONNET.

Thoughts of desponding and despairing grief,—
An impious host,—besiege my sinking heart,
That strives, but strives, alas! with fruitless art,
To seek, in holier feelings, for relief.
Few are the fleeting moments, few and brief,
When the dark crowd of broken hopes depart,—
When conscious virtues balmy peace impart,
And lay unto my soul the healing leaf.
For still pursued by dreaded sounds of woe,
That wake the memory of afflictions past,
Soon fleet the joys, which life and hope bestow:
Till vaunting foes, their hatred soothed at last,
Urge me, by scornful word or secret blow,
With impious hand my dying hour to haste.

C.

LETTER FROM AN AMERICAN IN EUROPE.

My Dear C——, *Göttingen.*

By way of concluding my sketch of Göttingen, I propose to throw together, in the present letter, some detached memoranda, whose want of connexion I trust you will pardon, if they are in any wise illustrative of the peculiar manners that are here prevalent. To begin, I will take you with me to a dinner-party at the celebrated Professor E——'s, to which my friend and myself

were the other day invited. The invitation was sent verbally by a servant, requesting that we would take soup with her master the next day at one o'clock. We were shown up stairs, and carried our hats with us into an uncarpeted room, where the gentleman and lady of the house were receiving their company. We all remained, standing and conversing, above half an hour, when dinner was announced. The company then separated into two lines, as if by word of command. Much modest reluctance was displayed with regard to taking precedence in entering the dining-room; but, after repeated efforts, our entertainer succeeded in shoving forwards two old clergymen. An elderly professor then stepped out of the ranks, and led Madame E—— to her place at the table; and the rest of the party, after bowing to each other for a minute, followed in the exact order of their rank. Each person found his name written on a little strip of paper, and left on the plate assigned to him. Not an article of food was on the table when we sat down. Soup was soon produced, and placed before the lady of the house, who filled the plates, which were then carried round by the servants. The other dishes followed in considerable number, but at long intervals. They were first placed on the table, but soon removed, carved by the servants at a side-table, and carried round to every guest. Four different wines were successively produced, of which Champagne was the last, and glasses of a different shape with each. After the formalities of entrance, much ease and sociability characterized the manners of the company. Our hostess, who was the only lady at table, did not leave it sooner than the gentlemen, nor was the cloth removed while we staid. When we rose, every one turned about to his right and left, and made a bow to his neighbours. Our host stood at the door, and each one, as he passed into the next apartment, took his leave by bowing or shaking hands. On this I took it for granted we were to separate forthwith, but found myself much mistaken; the whole company remained in the adjoining room, where coffee was immediately served. They stood chatting and sipping their coffee for half an hour, and then gradually departed, without any farther leave-taking.

Dining so early as twelve or one o'clock, these good people find it requisite to take another meal at eight. The first evening that I was invited to supper, after the company had stood, hat in hand, a full hour, we sat down to table at nine. The board was tastefully decorated with vases of flowers, that intercepted the glare of the lights. The ladies carved, while the gentlemen sat unemployed. But such was the unending succession of dishes,

that, although there is here no sitting over the wine, it was after midnight before we rose from table. The studious and temperate take a cup of coffee or tea instead of this more substantial repast. But a dish of the pleasant Chinese beverage and sweeter scandal, is a luxury by no means so general with the Germans as with those of English descent. Whenever I have seen it offered, however, the decanter of brandy was an invariable appendage of the tea-table. The ladies had recourse to it as well as the gentlemen; they added a small quantity to their tea, sometimes after the cream, sometimes instead of it.

What is commonly called good society is not to be expected in a town so small as this. They have some balls every season, and a very few assemblies, that we should call parties. Waltzing is the only kind of dance I have seen, and I understand it is the only kind practised here. Not long ago one of these balls was given, and, after dancing, the company went into another apartment, where an elegant entertainment was provided. After partaking freely of the good cheer, the young gentlemen present, who were mostly students, testified their satisfaction with their host and themselves by three hearty cheers.

A more general amusement is the resorting to the gardens, which many of the wealthiest citizens own just without the walls. For occasional diversion, there is a musical society among the students, which gives concerts not unfrequently, and a friendly club of the citizens; now and then a strolling party of rope-dancers, or other exhibitors of phenomena, natural and unnatural, have a limited permission to amuse the eyes, and lighten the purses of the curious and the idle, but from obvious reasons of academic policy, all permanent establishments of the kind are prohibited.

On Sunday a few people go to church, but this is by no means the prevailing fashion. With the large majority it seems to be the day for putting on clean clothes, and, in fair weather, for walking; an additional pipe, leaning out of the window the while, is always reckoned on. The first Sabbath after my arrival in Göttingen, I found myself in danger of freezing in a large, almost empty church, and resolved to make my escape, for the exhortation was in an unknown tongue, and that, St. Paul says, is not edifying. I left the aisle on tiptoe, and attempted to go out by the door I had entered, but was surprised to find it locked. I walked as quietly as possible to the main entrance; to my consternation, this too was fastened. After shivering a weary length of time, the discourse was at last finished, and I heard the glad sound of jingling keys, and made my way out with as much speed

as was decent. The object of locking the doors is chiefly to prevent noisy interruptions from without; but you must not wonder, that, during my imprisonment, a thought forced itself upon me in disparagement of the piety of assemblies, whose attention to the sermon must be secured by preventing their escape.

There are here seven churches, of which only one is opened for a second service; and there is only one clergyman, who can be said constantly to have an audience. He is an old man of no common energy and eloquence. When he preaches in the University Church, there are several hundreds there; when any one else, a very few scores. In a venerable church near my abode, I counted one Sunday about thirty persons, besides a small school of children, who form an appendage to the church; and I am told, that the worthy old gentleman who officiates there, rarely preaches to a larger congregation. On a dull Sunday a few weeks ago, my attendant told me he had been at church; I asked, how many people were there? He said, there were three besides himself. There occurs to me at this moment, an instance of this poor man's *naïveté*, which might convey a keen reproof to uncharitable sectarians. He had been brought up in the Lutheran communion, but had recently joined the Calvinists, in consequenne of his wife being of that denomination. I asked him some questions about his views of the difference between the two parties. He had heard a great deal about it, "but the chief one in my mind," said he, "is, that their ministers (the Lutheran) begin the Lord's prayer with *Vater Unser* and ours with *Unser Vater*." The music occupies the chief time and attention during public worship, and all join in the singing, as all are taught vocal music from childhood. When the congregation is numerous, it must be confessed there is something highly interesting, not to say sublime, in this general tribute of praise. Prayers are not at all in vogue in the Lutheran church. The clergyman makes a short ejaculation on coming into the desk immediately before the sermon, and after sermon repeats the Lord's prayer; at both times the people keep their seats, though, when the last is repeated, all bow their heads.

It is a rule of the police, that the shopkeepers shall not sell any thing during the time of public worship; but I am informed, that most of them can be tempted to infringe this regulation. Except in these hours, you can buy as on other days. Even their clergymen, when the service of the morning is once through, consider that there is no further bond upon their conscience. A young professor, who officiates in one of the churches here, lately preached in the morning of a Sabbath, and spent the afternoon

with his betrothed at a public place of entertainment a few miles off, where the peasantry were dancing, and the students and shopkeepers drinking.

I witnessed not long since the funeral of a student. It was at an early hour of a bright Sabbath morning, that the students were assembled, under numerous marshals, to follow their companion to his narrow mansion. I will not dwell on their disgusting levity, or their ludicrous equipments. They walked in long procession to the market-place, where they were met by the subordinate officers of the university, accompanying the corpse, which was placed in a low simple hearse, drawn by two horses in sable trappings. The young men followed the hearse through the principal street to a burying-ground just without the city. I observed, as they let the coffin down into the earth, that it was of a beautiful form, massive, and highly ornamented. Before ten o'clock the ceremony was over, and all but a few stragglers had left the grave-yard. I lingered for some time about the place, and painful was the idea that crossed my mind, that I might be the next, for whom these heartless forms of mourning might be assumed, and that, too, so far away from all I loved in the world! But my attention was soon diverted from my sombre musings, by the sight of the rude monuments which affection had raised in the grave-yard where I was sauntering. Some were short pillars of stone; one or two of marble; and each bore the record of some marvellous combination of virtues. The most imposing of all, was a female figure in marble, bent in an attitude of grief. It was the memorial of a young Russian count, I was afterwards told, who was killed in a duel with a fellow-student. But most of the graves were more humbly designated by a small black wooden cross, and the more recent graves were planted with flowers.

But I remember you are one of those who reverse the wise man's counsel, and think it better to go to the house of feasting than to the house of mourning. So let us leave the tombs, and talk of festivals. Two of these, Easter and Michaelmas, are so important, that rents and reckonings are calculated, and every day is marked in the calendar with relation to one or the other. And Göttingen shares with all Germany in its obstinate attachment to ancient holidays. It is remarkable, that, although the forms and festivals of Romish superstition are here nominally abolished, men yet cling to them, and will not let them go; it may be because we must have superstition, and it may be, and I would rather believe it were so, because we must have its holidays. Yet so coldly does the Northern blood circulate, that there is little more in their

festive celebrations than gay apparel and a jovial repast. A slight exception there is in the Christmas amusements; and another at Whitsuntide, when the oxen, that are destined to load the tables, are led into the city with some parade the day before, having their horns decked with flower-garlands, while the peasants, that lead them, are dressed in their Sunday suits and three-cornered hats.

In taking leave of Göttingen, I would gladly accompany you to the city gates, and point out the pleasant features in the prospect; but, alas! the heights around have a bleak and barren aspect, and I should long to hasten back with you to our richly-wooded hills and pine-bordered horizon.

Yours, affectionately.

UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF DR. FRANKLIN.

[The following characteristic letter of Franklin, which, we believe, has never yet been published, was communicated to Mr. Schwartz, of Hamburg, by a nephew of Dr. Price, who found it among his uncle's papers. The friend who has sent it to us for publication, lately received it from Mr. Schwartz, in Hamburg. The good town, to whose history it relates, has now its steeple and bell, but, we hope, not at the expense of the parish library. Ed.]

My Dear Friend, *Passy, Mar. 18th*, 1785.

My nephew, Mr. Williams, will have the honour of delivering you this line. It is to request from you a list of a few good books, to the value of about twenty-five pounds, such as are most proper to inculcate principles of sound religion and just government. A new town in the state of Massachusetts, having done me the honour of naming itself after me, and proposing to build a steeple to their meeting house, if I would give them a bell, I have advis'd the sparing themselves the expense of a steeple at present, and that they would accept of books instead of a bell, sense being preferable to sound. These are, therefore, intended as the commencement of a little parochial library for the use of a society of intelligent respectable farmers, such as our country people generally consist of. Besides your own works, I would only mention, on the recommendation of my sister, "Stennet's Discourses on Personal Religion," which may be one book of the number, if you know it and approve of it.

With the highest esteem and respect, I am ever, my dear friend, yours most affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

Rev. Dr. Price.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

BURNS.

TO A ROSE, BROUGHT FROM NEAR ALLOWAY KIRK, IN AYRSHIRE, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1822.

WILD ROSE of Alloway! my thanks—
  Thou 'mindst me of that autumn noon,
When first we met upon "the banks
  And braes o' Bonny Doon."

Like thine, beneath the thorn-tree's bough,
  My sunny hour was glad and brief,
We 've crossed the winter sea, and thou
  Art withered,—flower and leaf.

And will not thy death-doom be mine,—
  The doom of all things wrought of clay,—
And withered my life's leaf like thine,
  Wild rose of Alloway?

Not so his memory, for whose sake
  My bosom bore thee far and long,
His—who a humbler flower could make
  Immortal as his song.

The memory of Burns—a name
  That calls, when brimmed her festal cup,
A nation's glory, and her shame,
  In silent sadness up.

A nation's glory—be the rest
  Forgot—she 's canonized his mind,
And it is joy to speak the best
  We may of human kind.

I 've stood beside the cottage bed
  Where the Bard-peasant first drew breath,
A straw-thatched roof above his head,
  A straw-wrought couch beneath.

And I have stood beside the pile,
  His monument—that tells to Heaven
The homage of earth's proudest isle
  To that Bard-peasant given!

Bid thy thoughts hover o'er that spot,
  Boy-Minstrel, in thy dreaming hour,—
And know, however low his lot,
  A Poet's pride and power.

The pride that lifted Burns from earth,
  The power that gave a child of song
Ascendancy o'er rank and birth,
  The rich, the brave, the strong;

And if despondency weigh down
  Thy spirit's fluttering pinions then,
Despair—thy name is written on
  The roll of common men.

There have been loftier themes than his,
  And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with Poesy's
  Purer and holier fires.

Yet read the names that know not death,—
  Few nobler ones than Burns are there,
And few have won a greener wreath
  Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart,
  In which the answering heart would speak,
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
  Or the smile light the cheek;

And his, that music, to whose tone
  The common pulse of man keeps time,
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
  In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, nor knelt
  Before its spell with willing knee,
And listened, and believed, and felt
  The Poet's mastery

O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm,
  O'er the heart's sunshine, and its showers,
O'er Passion's moments, bright and warm,
  O'er Reason's dark, cold hours;

On fields where brave men "die or do,"
  In halls where rings the banquet's mirth,
Where mourners weep, where lovers woo,
  From throne to cottage hearth?

What sweet tears dim the eyes unshed,
  What wild vows falter on the tongue,
When "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"
  Or "Auld lang Syne" is sung!

Pure hopes, that lift the soul above,
  Come with his Cotter's hymn of praise,
And dreams of youth, and truth, and love,
  With "Logan's" banks and braes.

And when he breathes his master-lay
  Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,
All passions in our frames of clay
  Come thronging at his call,

Imagination's world of air,
  And our own world, its gloom and glee,
Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,
  And death's sublimity.

And Burns—though brief the race he ran,
  Though rough and dark the path he trod,
Lived—died—in form and soul a Man,
  The image of his God.

Through care, and pain, and want, and woe,
  With wounds that only death could heal,
Tortures—the poor alone can know,
  The proud alone can feel;

He kept his honesty and truth,
  His independent tongue and pen,
And moved, in manhood and in youth,
  Pride of his fellow men.

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,
  A hate of tyrant and of knave,
A love of right, a scorn of wrong,
  Of coward, and of slave;

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,
  That could not fear, and would not bow,
Were written in his manly eye,
  And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard!—his words are driven,
  Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,
Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven,
  The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man! a nation stood
  Beside his coffin with wet eyes,
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,
  As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral day,
  Men stand his cold earth-couch around,
With the mute homage that we pay
  To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is,
  The last, the hallowed home of one
Who lives upon all memories,
  Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines,
  Shrines to no code or creed confined,—
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
  The Meccas of the mind.

Sages, with Wisdom's garland wreathed,
  Crowned kings, and mitred priests of power,
And warriors with their bright swords sheathed,
  The mightiest of the hour;

And lowlier names, whose humble home
  Is lit by Fortune's dimmer star,
Are there—o'er wave and mountain come,
  From countries near and far;

Pilgrims, whose wandering feet have prest
  The Switzer's snow, the Arab's sand,
Or trod the piled leaves of the West,
  My own green forest-land.

All ask the cottage of his birth,
  Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,
And gather feelings not of earth
  His fields and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,
  And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,
And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries!
  The Poet's tomb is there.

But what to them the sculptor's art,
  His funeral columns, wreaths, and urns?
Wear they not graven on the heart
  The name of Robert Burns?

F. G. H.

New York, April, 1823.

NIAGARA.

FROM THE SPANISH OF JOSE' MARIA HEREDIA.

My lyre! give me my lyre! my bosom feels
The glow of inspiration. Oh how long
Have I been left in darkness since this light
Last visited my brow. Niagara!
Thou with thy rushing waters dost restore
The heavenly gift that sorrow took away.

Tremendous torrent! for an instant hush
The terrors of thy voice and cast aside
Those wide involving shadows, that my eyes
May see the fearful beauty of thy face!
I am not all unworthy of thy sight,
For from my very boyhood have I loved,
Shunning the meaner track of common minds,
To look on nature in her loftier moods.
At the fierce rushing of the hurricane,
At the near bursting of the thunderbolt
I have been touched with joy; and when the sea,
Lashed by the wind, hath rocked my bark and showed
Its yawning caves beneath me, I have loved
Its dangers and the wrath of elements.
But never yet the madness of the sea
Hath moved me as thy grandeur moves me now.

Thou flowest on in quiet, till thy waves
Grow broken 'midst the rocks; thy current then
Shoots onward like the irresistible course
Of destiny. Ah, terribly they rage—
The hoarse and rapid whirlpools there! My brain
Grows wild, my senses wander, as I gaze
Upon the hurrying waters, and my sight
Vainly would follow, as toward the verge

Sweeps the wide torrent—waves innumerable
Meet there and madden—waves innumerable
Urge on and overtake the waves before,
And disappear in thunder and in foam.

They reach—they leap the barrier—the abyss
Swallows insatiable the sinking waves.
A thousand rainbows arch them, and woods
Are deafened with the roar. The violent shock
Shatters to vapor the descending sheets—
A cloudy whirlwind fills the gulf, and heaves
The mighty pyramid of circling mist
To heaven. The solitary hunter near
Pauses with terror in the forest shades.

What seeks my restless eye? Why are not here,
About the jaws of this abyss, the palms—
Ah—the delicious palms, that on the plains
Of my own native Cuba, spring and spread
Their thickly foliaged summits to the sun,
And, in the breathings of the ocean air,
Wave soft beneath the heaven's unspotted blue.

But no, Niagara,—thy forest pines
Are fitter coronal for thee. The palm,
The effeminate myrtle, and frail rose may grow
In gardens, and give out their fragrance there,
Unmanning him who breathes it. Thine it is
To do a nobler office. Generous minds
Behold thee, and are moved, and learn to rise
Above earth's frivolous pleasures; they partake
Thy grandeur at the utterance of thy name.

God of all truth! In other lands I 've seen
Lying philosophers, blaspheming men,
Questioners of thy mysteries, that draw
Their fellows deep into impiety,

And therefore doth my spirit seek thy face
In earth's majestic solitudes. Even here
My heart doth open all itself to thee.
In this immensity of loneliness
I feel thy hand upon me. To my ear
The eternal thunder of the cataract brings
Thy voice, and I am humbled as I hear.

Dread torrent! that with wonder and with fear
Dost overwhelm the soul of him that looks
Upon thee, and dost bear it from itself.
Whence hast thou thy beginning? Who supplies,
Age after age, thy unexhausted springs?
What power hath ordered, that, when all thy weight
Descends into the deep, the swollen waves
Rise not, and roll to overwhelm the earth?

The Lord hath opened his omnipotent hand,
Covered thy face with clouds, and given his voice
To thy down-rushing waters; he hath girt
Thy terrible forehead with his radiant bow.
I see thy never-resting waters run,
And I bethink me how the tide of time
Sweeps to eternity. So pass of man—
Pass, like a noon-day dream—the blossoming days,
And he awakes to sorrow. I, alas!
Feel that my youth is withered, and my brow
Ploughed early with the lines of grief and care.

Never have I so deeply felt as now
The hopeless solitude, the abandonment,
The anguish of a loveless life. Alas!
How can the impassioned, the unfrozen heart
Be happy without love. I would that one
Beautiful,—worthy to be loved and joined
In love with me,—now shared my lonely walk
On this tremendous brink. 'T were sweet to see
Her dear face touched with paleness, and become

More beautiful from fear, and overspread
With a faint smile while clinging to my side!
Dreams—dreams. I am an exile, and for me
There is no country and there is no love.

Hear, dread Niagara, my latest voice!
Yet a few years and the cold earth shall close
Over the bones of him who sings thee now
Thus feelingly. Would that this, my humble verse,
Might be like thee, immortal. I, meanwhile,
Cheerfully passing to the appointed rest,
Might raise my radiant forehead in the clouds
To listen to the echoes of my fame.

MY NATIVE VILLAGE.

There lies a village in a peaceful vale,
With sloping hills and waving woods around
Fenced from the blasts. There never ruder gale
Bows the tall grass that covers all the ground;
And planted shrubs are there, and cherished flowers,
And a bright verdure born of gentle showers.

'T was there my young existence was begun,—
My earliest sports were on its flowery green;
And often, when my school-boy task was done,
I climbed its hills to view the pleasant scene,
And stood and gazed, till the sun's setting ray
Shone on the height,—the sweetest of the day.

There, when that hour of mellow light was come,
And mountain shadows cooled the ripened grain,
I watched the weary yeoman, plodding home
In the lone path that winds across the plain,

To rest his limbs, and watch his child at play,
And tell him o'er the labors of the day.

And when the woods put on their autumn glow,
  And the bright sun came in among the trees,
And leaves were gathering in the glen below,
  Swept softly from the mountains by the breeze,—
I wandered, till the starlight on the stream
At length awoke me from my fairy dream.

Ah, happy days! too happy to return,
  Fled on the wing of youth's departed years!
A bitter lesson has been mine to learn,
  The truth of life, its labors, pains, and fears;
Yet does the memory of my boyhood stay,
A twilight of the brightness passed away.

My thoughts recur to that sweet village still,
  Its flowers and peaceful shades before me rise,
The play-place and the prospect from the hill,
  Its summer verdure and autumnal dies;
The present brings its storms,—but while they last,
I shelter me in the delightful past.

J. H. B.

A CHANGEFUL PICTURE.

It was the morning of a day in Spring,
The sun looked gladness from the eastern sky;
Birds were upon the trees and on the wing,
And all the air was rich with melody;
The heaven, the calm, clear heaven, was bright on high;
Earth laughed beneath in all its freshening green;
The free, blue stream sung as it wandered by;
And many a sunny glade and flowery scene
Gleamed out, like thoughts of youth, life's troubled years between.

The rose's breath upon the south wind came,
Oft, as its whisperings the young boughs stirred,
And flowers for which the poet has no name;
While, 'midst the blossoms of the grove was heard
The murmur of the restless humming-bird;
Waters were dancing in the mellow light,
And joyous tones, and many a cheerful word
Stole to the charmed ear with such delight,
As waits on soft light tones of music heard at night.

The night dews lay in the half-opened flower,
Like hopes that nestle in the youthful breast;
And ruffled by the light airs of the hour,
Awoke the clear lake from its glassy rest;
Far, blending with the blue and distant west,
Lay the dim woodlands, and the quiet gleam
Of amber clouds, like islands of the blest,—
Glorious and bright and changing like a dream,
And lessening fast away beneath the intenser beam.

Songs were amid the mountains far and wide,
Songs were on the green slopes that blossomed nigh;
While 'mid the springing flowers on every side,
Upon its painted wings, the butterfly
Roamed a sweet blossom of the sunny sky;
The visible smile of joy was on the scene;
'T was a bright vision but too soon to die:
Spring may not linger in her robes of green,—
Autumn, in storm and shade, shall quench the Summer sheen.

I came again;—'t was Autumn's stormy hour;
The wild winds murmured in the yellow wood;
The sere leaves, rustling in the naked bower,
Were whirled in eddies to the mountain-flood;
Dark clouds enthralled the west; an orb of blood,
The red sun pierced the hazy atmosphere;
And torrent murmurs broke the solitude,
Where, straying lonely, as with steps of fear,
I marked the deepening gloom which shrouds the fading year!

The ruffled lake heaved wildly; near the shore
It bore the red leaves of the shaken tree,
Shed in the violent north wind's restless roar—
Emblems of man upon life's stormy sea;
Pale, withered leaves! once to the breezes free
They waved in Spring and Summer's golden prime;
Now even as clouds or dew, how fast they flee!
Weak, trembling on the boughs in Autumn's clime,
As man sinks down in death, chilled by the touch of time.

I looked again;—and fast the dying sun
Was fading to the melancholy west—
Sending his fitful gleams, through clouds of dun,
O'er nature's desolate and dreary breast;
He lit the dew-drop's cold and frozen rest,
That slept on yellow leaves the woods among;
The seared earth's flowers, that did the glades invest,
Had perished, and were buried where they sprung,
While the wild Autumn wind their mournful requiem sung!

I marked the picture—'t twas the changeful scene,
Which life holds up to the observant eye;
Youth's spring of gladness and its bowers of green,
The streaming sunlight of its morning sky,
And the dark clouds of Death, that linger by!
Yet oft, when life is fresh and hope is strong,
Shall sorrow fill with tears the youthful eye,
And age to death move peacefully along,
As on the singer's lip expires the finished song!

W. G. C.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

A Compendium of the Flora of the Northern and Middle States, containing Generic and Specific Descriptions of all the Plants, exclusive of the Cryptogamia, hitherto found in the United States north of the Potomac. By JOHN TORREY, M. D. &c. New York. Stacy B. Collins. 12mo. pp. 390.

THIS little work was promised to the public about two years since, in the Author's Preface to his "Flora of the Northern and Middle States." It is a sort of abridgment of the larger work, and contains synoptical descriptions of all the plants described in it. To the specific characters of the plant the *habitat* is added, and such of the popular characters as are the most important. These are often found useful and convenient to the botanical student; they at least inform him in what situations to search for the plant, and enable him the more easily to recognise it when found, since what are called the popular characters are ordinarily the most apparent, and strike the eye on the first inspection. The arrangement adopted in this work is the same with that used by Dr. Bigelow in his "Florula Bostoniensis," and is perhaps the best that could be devised. The genera are first given, arranged under the several classes to which they belong, and, after the genera, the species.

It is a task of no small labor to compile a good Flora of any particular district of country. It is expected, that the naturalist who does this, will fully satisfy himself, either by personal observation or from competent authority, that the plants described in his collection are natives of that district, and that all the natives are enumerated and described. A greater degree of accuracy is also required of him than in a more extensive and general work. In these the characters of plants are often obscurely and imperfectly, and sometimes erroneously given. The author who confines himself to the botany of a particular district, is expected to observe the plant in its native soil, to examine and analyze the fresh and perfect specimen, and to supply the deficiencies and rectify the mistakes of those who have described it before him. The learning and industry of Dr. Torrey are sufficient to inspire a confidence that he has done this to no small extent; and an examination of the work itself shows that this confidence is well founded.

The work comprehends all the phenogamous plants of the Northern and Middle States, within which, we suppose, our

author's personal observations have been principally employed. A few pages, at the end of the work, are also taken up with descriptions of some cryptogamous plants. It is a convenient manual, both in size and arrangement, and probably as extensive a one as the general student, in that part of the United States for which it was compiled, has any occasion for. No well educated man should willingly remain entirely unacquainted with a branch of knowledge so readily acquired, and so agreeable in itself, as that to which this work relates. He should, at least, know somewhat of the structure and relations of a part of creation with which he has so much to do; which, in so many ways, contributes to his sustenance and to his enjoyment; which bears so visibly impressed upon it the marks of wisdom and design; which is so beautiful in itself, and connected with associations so numerous and interesting. As for the more difficult and obscure parts of the science, they may be left to those who have leisure and taste for them, to professed botanists, to the diligent and painful collectors and students of sea-weeds, mosses, and mushrooms.

Russian Tales. Translated from the French of Count Xavier Le Maistre, Author of the "Leper of Aost," &c. Philadelphia. H. C. Carey & I. Lea. 1826. 12mo. pp. 200.

The volume with this title contains two rather interesting tales. The first of them, entitled "The Prisoners of Caucasus," is an account of the captivity of a Major Kascambo, a Russian officer, among a fierce and savage tribe of Caucasian mountaineers, and his liberation by means of his faithful servant. This servant is a character which is probably nowhere in the world found in such perfection as in Russia, attached to his master with an instinctive and dog-like fidelity. He is full of expedients to serve his interests; braves every danger, and endures every hardship for his sake; and does not even scruple in the least to commit a crime when he thinks it will be for his master's advantage. After killing the Georgian couple, who were constituted by the tribe the keepers of Kascambo, and who had not treated him with great lenity, he proceeds to murder the little Mamet their son, whose affection and kindness had greatly alleviated the misery of his captivity, on the pretence that the noise of taking off Kascambo's fetters might awaken him, and cause him to alarm the inhabitants of the village. This horrid action greatly diminishes our interest, both in the fortunes of him who perpetrates it, and of him for whose sake it

is perpetrated. Nor are the feelings of the reader greatly propitiated, when, in the course of the descent of Kascambo and his servant from the mountains, the latter begins to exhibit signs of deep affliction, and breaks out into exclamations of despair; and, on being interrogated by his master, instead of an expression of penitence for his crime, replies, that he had committed a great folly in forgetting to take the musket which hung over the little Mamet's bed, and which was the best in the whole village. The Russian officer, however, notwithstanding his servant had neglected to steal the musket, is, after a great many hardships and some pusillanimity on his part, and the display of great courage, fortitude, ingenuity, and presence of mind on the part of his servant, restored safely to his friends.

The next tale, called "Prascovia Loupoloff," is said to be the real history of the heroine of the beautiful little romance of Madame Cottin, the "Exiles of Siberia." It is a narrative of the origin of her undertaking, the sufferings and mortifications she endured, the difficulties she surmounted, her final success, and her early death. For our own part, we are quite satisfied with the work of Madame Cottin, and hesitate to give the preference to the story in the volume before us, even with its recommendation of superior truth. Whether even this advantage is so entirely on the side of the tale of Count Xavier de Maistre, as might at first be thought, is, to say the least, very doubtful; for the minuteness with which some of the incidents are related, and some of the descriptions given, seems to show, that he, as well as the author of the "Exiles of Siberia," has borrowed some of the embellishments of fiction to relieve the original baldness of the narrative. We are quite as willing to see Prascovia in love with a worthy young man, as with the austere discipline and barren observances of a convent; and had infinitely rather hear, that she was well and happily married, than that she had died of a consumption, occasioned by the hardships to which she exposed herself for the sake of procuring her father's recall. In one respect, however, the tale of "Prascovia" has probably the advantage of that of "Elizabeth," namely, in the idea it gives of the manners of the Russian people, or at least of some of the various races inhabiting that empire.

These tales have, it is said, been translated by a gentleman attached to the Russian legation, who has acquired the English language by a residence among us, and who certainly writes it with remarkable facility and correctness. He has admitted some French idioms, however, and it strikes us that there is a want of

force and vivacity in the style, and occasionally the appearance of a kind of unassured groping after the proper expression, natural enough in a foreigner writing English.

An acquaintance with the French tongue is grown so common among readers in this country, that it seems to us hardly worth the trouble to attempt translations of the works belonging to its lighter literature. But are there no treasures of literature locked up in the Russian language, to which the translator of these tales has access, and by giving which to the American public he might deserve our thanks?

The Cause of Education in Tennessee; an Address delivered to the Young Gentlemen admitted to the Degree of Bachelor of Arts in Cumberland College, at the Anniversary Commencement, October 4, 1826. By PHILIP LINDSLEY, D. D. President of the College. Nashville. 1826. 8vo. pp. 36.

THIS Address seems from its contents, to have been intended not only for the benefit of the young gentlemen to whom it was addressed, but also for that of the citizens of Tennessee in general, and more indirectly, and in a somewhat different sense, for that of the institution, of which the author has lately been appointed president. It is an attempt to call the attention of the inhabitants of that State to the necessity of making an ampler and wiser provision for the education of the youthful generation. In discussing this subject, he confines his remarks chiefly to common schools and colleges, as being those means of instruction with which the community in their public capacity have most to do. He presses several important considerations, relating to these institutions, with no small earnestness and force. In the writer's style, there is an occasional homeliness, to which we do not object, since it might have been very properly resorted to for the sake of effect; and an occasional carelessness, which is a fault of a less pardonable nature. The following passage is a specimen of the manner in which the author attacks, and we think demolishes, one of the most commonly urged objections against great and well endowed seminaries.

"But, in the third place, why all this clamor and affectation of zeal in behalf of the poor? Do men legislate only for the poor? Does the government exist solely for the poor? Are the poor, and they only, elected to office? Is not some pecuniary or *landed* qualification indispensable to any man's eligibility to office? Is the public money—ay, the people's money—paid out in salaries to the poor—to poor governors, poor judges, poor senators? Are

banking, insurance, manufacturing, turnpike, bridge, or canal companies incorporated from among the poor, and chiefly for the benefit of the poor? One might imagine from the noise made on the subject, that the poor were all in all to the state; that they were the precious objects of the government's special care and protection: since their self-constituted patrons virtually maintain, that, if they cannot all go to college, there shall be no college. Why not decree, that, if the poor man cannot ride in a coach, there shall be no coaches; or that the rich shall not use them?

"Now the plain, simple truth is, that the poor are never taxed in our country for any purpose whatever. All taxes are levied on property. Were twenty colleges to be commenced to-morrow, the poor would not be burdened a farthing. They would, on the contrary, be immediately benefited by the demand thus created for their labor, and by the liberal wages which would be paid them.

"But, in the fourth place, strictly speaking, there are no *poor* in our country. Among the white population there is no degraded *caste*. We have no *class* of poor, like the poor of Europe. We impose on ourselves by the imported terms and phraseology of transatlantic society. And hence we talk as currently about the *poor*, as would an English lord or German baron. Forgetting that the poorest man in the republic may become rich. The richest of our citizens have been poor. The rich and the poor are frequently related to each other. The rich man may have a poor father or brother. And the poorest individual may be nearly allied to the most distinguished families in the land. Our state of society is constantly fluctuating. Rich families daily decline; poor ones daily advance. Wealth and poverty are mere accidents. They are not hereditary in particular lines, or perpetuated in particular families. It is absurd, therefore, to declaim or to speculate about the poor as if they were an oppressed, miserable, helpless class, like the Russian or Polish peasantry. We have all been poor. We may be poor again. When poor, we were obliged to deny ourselves many comforts, luxuries, and privileges which we now enjoy; and it was mainly by this self-denial that we were enabled to improve our condition. And such must ever be the case. If the poor wish to rise above their present condition, they can do so, every where in our country, by industry, prudence, and economy; and they will continue to do so, as long as they shall be left to their own free energies. I trust the time is far distant, when our government shall think it worth while to perpetuate pauperism amongst us by legal encouragement—by premiums in the shape of poor rates.

"The only distinction which exists among our citizens, worthy of notice, is between the educated and the uneducated. The former engross all the wealth, offices, and influence in the nation;

while the latter remain the victims of want, of crime, of infamy, and of punishment. I here use the term, *educated*, in a very wide and comprehensive sense. That individual who has learned how to labor at any honest occupation, and who knows how to manage his earnings skilfully, is educated, and well educated, compared with those who have been brought up to no business; or who are destitute of sobriety, prudence, and economy. *He* may become rich and honorable; while *they* are necessarily doomed to poverty and wretchedness. Between these two descriptions of persons there is an impassable gulf. They are further removed from each other than the lord and his vassel; and the longer they live, the wider will be the distance between them. Whoever has grown up in total ignorance of the means of acquiring an honest livelihood, and with vicious habits, may be regarded, in general, as helpless and hopeless. Gross ignorance, at least of every thing good and useful, is the cause of all the degradation in our country. Now, although there may be no effectual remedy for the evil which actually exists, yet there is a preventive; its further progress may be checked—its recurrence may be prevented. This preventive remedy is instruction, moral, intellectual, physical, religious. It is not only the cheapest—it is the only remedy. If inveterate habits cannot be changed, take care that the children form better habits, and imbibe better principles than their fathers."

pp. 20, 21.

In the following, the writer alludes to what the Trustees of Cumberland College have already done, and what they are desirous of doing.

"The Trustees of Cumberland College have purchased one hundred and twenty acres of land, to meet the various purposes of their contemplated university. It is proposed immediately to commence the erection of a series of buildings for the accommodation of students, instructers, and stewards; consisting of five additional colleges, each sufficiently commodious for a hundred students, and three assistant professors or tutors, and of seven houses for as many principal or head professors. We shall then have six colleges and twenty-five instructers, and accommodations for six hundred pupils. To each college will be attached a refectory or boardinghouse, with eight or ten acres of land for gardening and exercise. The colleges will be erected at such distances from each other as to prevent the usual evils resulting from the congregation of large numbers of youth at the same place. Professors will occupy houses on the intervening lots; and there will be at least three officers resident within the walls of each college. We shall thus have six distinct and separate families, so far as regards domestic economy, internal police, and social order; while one *Senatus Academicus* will superintend and control the whole.

"Gardens and mechanics' shops will be interspersed among the various edifices, in such manner as to be easily accessible to all the youth for improvement and recreation. Whenever the present ground shall be thus occupied, it will be necessary to procure fifty or a hundred acres more, for a model or experimental farm; that agriculture, the noblest of sciences and the most important of the useful arts, may be thoroughly studied and practised. At a future period, or as soon as the means can be obtained, other suitable edifices, both useful and ornamental, may be erected. The plan admits of indefinite extension; and in proportion to its enlargement, its advantages will be increased, while the expense of its maintenance will be diminished.

"In order to execute our present design, only about two hundred thousand dollars will be required." pp. 25, 26.

Tales Round a Winter Hearth. By JANE and ANNA MARIA PORTER. New York. J. & J. Harper. 1826. 12mo. pp. 296.

THESE tales are very entertaining, and even those who do not often seek in their books amusement only, and who are therefore not hardened by the practice of novel-reading into an insensibility to gross departures from truth and nature, may find in this little volume the means of passing away an idle hour very pleasantly. The first tale is but an expanded anecdote; and it is defective as a story, inasmuch as it leads to nothing. The second is one of those tales of *diablerie*, of which certain German writers have set an example in their attempts to draw from the fantastic theory of "Aureolus Theophrastus Bombast Hohenhym Paracelsus," touching the elemental and planetary intelligences, the machinery and ornaments of moral and pathetic fiction. It is obvious, that any thing of this kind, which is not perfectly well executed, must be a great failure; it can scarcely be "pretty well done." "Undine,"—a notice of which may be found in the fourth number of the first volume of the "United States Literary Gazette," and the title of which, we may observe, in passing, designates one of the classes of Sylphs of Paracelsus,—is the most successful instance of this kind of composition that we are acquainted with. They, whom the beautiful fancies of that tale could not reconcile to its utter want of reality and possibility, will find yet more fault with "Lord Howth." The third tale we consider the best in the volume. It is a simple story of two rustic lovers, who were married, separated, made miserable for a time, and then reunited and restored to happiness. It is well told throughout, and some

parts of it are executed with uncommon power. The fourth tale is but an introduction to the fifth, which is the longest, and doubtless was meant to be the best in the volume. But it is sometimes rather dull, and fixes the attention less than any of the others. The scene is in the Holy Land, and the period that of the crusades. Unfortunately for authors who attempt this species of romance, "Ivanhoe" presents an example of perfection, which it is as difficult for an imitator to equal as for a reader to forget.

The Juvenile Philosopher, or Youth's Manual of Philosophy. In Four Parts. Part I. Natural Philosophy. Part II. Astronomy. Part III. Chemistry. Part IV. Physiology. Second revised Edition, enlarged, and adapted to the Use of Schools and Juvenile Readers. Geneva, N. Y. James Bogart. 1826. 12mo. pp. 372.

THE object of this volume is to give, in a very condensed form, the general principles of the sciences enumerated in the titlepage, for the benefit of those who are not supposed to have sufficient leisure to acquire a more exact and minute acquaintance with them. Indeed it is obvious, that nothing more than a naked summary of the principles of these sciences could be contained in a small duodecimo of 372 pages. Only the general results and conclusions could be given; the methods and steps by which they are arrived at, must necessarily be omitted. The compiler has, we think, executed sufficiently well the design he has proposed to himself; he seems familiar with the subjects of which he treats, the matter is well digested, and the style of expression concise. We are, however, inclined to believe, that the book will not be so extensively useful as the compiler seems to suppose. It has the appearance rather of an abstract or series of memorandums, made by a student for the convenience of reference, in order occasionally to refresh his memory on subjects which he had studied at large, than of a manual to smooth the way for beginners. Those who are not contented with a superficial and scanty knowledge of the outlines of natural science, will have recourse to works which treat, at length and separately, of the different branches; and where they may find numerous and various elucidations and illustrations of the principles, which the very plan of this work excludes. Those who are disposed to be satisfied with an inferior degree of acquaintance with these subjects, will resort to works more attractive and more easily understood. Such works, for example, as the "Conversations on Natural Philosophy," "Conversations on Chemistry," and several treatises on Astronomy, which we

could mention, are not only composed in a more popular and less technical form, but abound with familiar applications of the sciences of which they treat, with various illustrations, with accounts of experiments, and directions for repeating them, which the plan of the work before us does not embrace. With these helps, as well as with the assistance of the drawings by which they are accompanied, we should think that even that class of persons for which this work was intended, might gain a moderate knowledge of these sciences in a much shorter time, and with greater pleasure and ease to themselves, than by studying the "Juvenile Philosopher." There prevails, it seems to us, too great a rage for making these compends, which strip science of all that makes it a wholesome discipline of the mind, and reduce it to dry propositions, without either illustration or proof, which are neither satisfactory to the mind, nor leave upon it a strong and durable impression. We are not prepared, however, to say, that the work may not be found useful as a kind of text-book, in cases where the teacher is willing to accompany its use with copious verbal instructions and explanations of his own, and to supply its deficiencies with apt and familiar illustrations. On the subject of physiology, the importance of which as a general study, we considered in a former number, the author of the work before us is entitled to the credit of having made some interesting and judicious selections, which, in the present deficiency of popular works on that branch of science, may be found useful, and which give to the work a value that would not otherwise belong to it.

The Universal Preceptor; being a General Grammar of Arts, Sciences, and Useful Knowledge By the Rev. DAVID BLAIR. Greenfield, Mass. A. Phelps. 1826. 12mo. pp. 312.

WE are informed, in the titlepage of this work, that it has been "reprinted from the thirteenth English edition, revised and improved." This circumstance, alone, would once have been sufficient to recommend the book to immediate and respectful attention here, and probably to command a concession of all the merit to which it makes pretension. But since we have carried the subject of education to such good degrees of perfection, our intelligent instructers may fairly claim to examine and decide upon their textbooks, without any undue deference to the source from which they proceed. We believe, that most of our school-books, bad as they are, are quite as good as the best of the English; and have, moreover, the advantage of a closer adaptation to our

condition and wants. We have more than once, however, in the course of our labors, adverted to the principles upon which elementary books are compiled or composed; and we shall do it now, and again, and again, till we are either convinced of our error, or have convinced some of our contemporaries that they are at fault.

The author has, with great industry, collected into this small volume, what he conceives to be the essence of the whole circle of the arts and the sciences. His topics are judiciously selected, and well arranged; and the several parts of his work bear their proper proportions to each other. He has, therefore, done all that he intended to do. He has made a very perfect elementary book, upon what we consider a very bad plan. His labor reminds us of those specimens of minute engraving, which we sometimes meet with, where the merit of the artist consists in putting the whole of the "Lord's Prayer" upon a piece of metal of the size of a *four-pence half-penny*. And we should just as soon expect to give a stranger an idea of the topography and curiosities of London, by presenting to him a view of it, reduced to the size of a dollar, as we should think of teaching a child the arts and the sciences from a book of this kind.

Mr. Blair, in his Preface, lays it down as a principle, that, "to fill the storehouse of the memory, is the rational business of education." And he offers as a recommendation of his book, the following encouraging prospect to his young learners; "Without interfering with particular branches of education, all the parts of this work may be rendered familiar within two years [*two years!*]; one paragraph may be committed to memory every day; and the book of questions may be answered twice over within that period. When this task has been finished, what an accession of varied knowledge will have fallen to the lot of the pupil." Now we differ *toto cœlo* from our author in this fundamental position of his, that, to fill the storehouse of the memory is the rational business of education. Nor should we value at a groat the achievement of having committed to memory, in detached paragraphs, this whole book. We should consider this task not only utterly useless, but absolutely pernicious; and should much prefer that a pupil had never seen the book, than that his mind should be burthened with so many crude and undigested materials of knowledge. We think that this crowding the "storehouse" of the memory with insulated facts and principles, is just as pernicious to the mind, as the taking a substantial supper at eleven o'clock is to the body. And the energies of the youthful intellect

must be of uncommon strength, or they will be oppressed with a mental *dyspepsia*, from which years of wholesome regimen will hardly be sufficient to recover them.

The Boyne Water; a Tale. By the O'Hara Family, Authors of Tales, comprising "Crohore of the Bill-hook," "The Fetches," and "John Doe." Two Volumes. New York. J. and J. Harper. 1826. 12mo. pp. 285 and 288.

THE former "Tales" of the author or authors of the novel before us, which are enumerated on its titlepage, have attracted favorable notice and gained considerable reputation in England. The present work, though by no means free from faults, displays more than ordinary powers. It is an historical novel, embracing the period of the struggle between James II. and William for the crown of England. The scene of the story is laid in Ireland. The state of that country, the character of its population, the feelings with which the Catholic and Protestant parties regarded each other, are portrayed with spirit. Many of the *dramatis personæ* are historical, as well as much of the narrative. The character of William is forcibly depicted, although we should imagine, that its harshness and repulsiveness were rather overdrawn. The wild bands of roving plunderers, by whom the country was infested, are well described. The story itself is interesting. The characters are such as we can sympathize with, and do not offend us by mawkish affectation or egregious violations of probability. Many of the scenes of strong excitement, with which the book abounds, are set forth with much ability;—for instance, the sufferings of the citizens of Derry, when besieged by king James; and the battle of the Boyne, with the illustration which it afforded of the opposite characters of the competitors for the English throne. The book, however, is too long. The descriptions run too much into particulars. Conversations are protracted till the patience of the reader is exhausted. Some of the characters are superfluous. Carolan, the famous Irish minstrel, is several times brought upon the stage, but plays a very insignificant part, and does little to justify his introduction. There is a poor attempt at the half-crazy witch, in the person of a woman named Onagh; and a deaf and dumb man by name Con M'Donnell, comes upon us frequently, with violent gesticulations and a great display of muscular strength; but his contortions do not add much to the interest of the story. The principal characters, however, are well delineated, and keep our attention constantly awake. The violent manner is rather too predominant. Scenes

of horror and tumult are brought before us in profusion, but often, it must be admitted, with very considerable power. On the whole, we think the book has much merit, from the picture which it presents of the manners of the times, and from its graphic sketches of a great variety of characters and situations.

The History of the Crusades, for the Recovery and Possession of the Holy Land. By CHARLES MILLS. Philadelphia. Carey & Lea. 1826. 8vo. pp. 529.

THIS work cannot lay claim to merit of a very high order. It is a narrative of facts, with but little attempt at analyzing their causes and consequences. It describes, and we suppose with accuracy, the principal events which attended the struggle of Europe to gain possession of the Holy Sepulchre. But the detail of the military operations of this distant period is little fitted to interest readers of the present day. Tales of blood have too long formed the staple of history, and men have at length become convinced that there are things more honorable in act, and more interesting in relation, than the cutting of throats; and the thrice told tale loses none of its tediousness in the narrative of Mr. Mills. Battles and sieges follow one another in endless monotony, unrelieved by the graces of style or the spirit of philosophical disquisition.

The great subject of speculation which the Crusades present in their causes and consequences, the reciprocal influence of the religious war upon Europe and Asia; the changes in arts, literature, government, and manners, to which this gave rise, their influence in accelerating or retarding the great revolutions in the state of society, which subsequent ages have witnessed, have been but briefly considered by Mr. Mills; and a full investigation of them we deem essential to a proper history of the Crusades. For the most striking facts attending their rise and progress are generally known, and the minuter details possess no peculiar interest. They are far better fitted to form the subject of a philosophical disquisition than of an extended narrative; and every professed history of them therefore should be principally marked by the former character.

The style of this history is bad, at once ambitious and careless, with great redundancy of language, and an undue proportion of long words. *Cæteris paribus*, Mr. Mills seems always to prefer a roundabout to a direct mode of expression, and a word of six syllables to a synonymous one of two; and is inclined occasionally to coin a word, when he cannot find any in the vocabulary of the

English language to suit him. Our readers will see that in the higher qualities of a historian we deem him very deficient; as a narrator we suppose his facts entitled to credit.

The History of Chivalry, or Knighthood and its Times. By CHARLES MILLS, Esq. Author of the "History of the Crusades." Two Volumes. Philadelphia. Carey & Lea. 1826. 8vo

"THE History of Chivalry" is a collection of facts from the old chroniclers, illustrative of the higher classes of society in former times, when under the influence of the system of manners denominated chivalry. As the work is principally made up of extracts, translated almost literally from Froissart, Monstrelet, and other historians of the same cast, it is entitled to the praise of an interesting compilation, and is far more readable than "The History of the Crusades." It is written in a high strain of romantic feeling, with an almost unqualified lauding of the state of society of which it treats; and no writer of old romance could descant with more unction upon the virtues and glories of the times of chivalry, than Mr. Mills. The work is entirely declamatory, with no pretensions to a sober search after truth. Mr. Mills does not attempt to trace the influence of chivalry upon the state of society in general, at the time when it flourished, nor to show how it has affected the character of existing institutions. He appears to have been desirous of catching the spirit of an old chronicler or romance-writer. His work, therefore, can have no value except as a collection of facts. In this point of view, it possesses, as we have already said, considerable interest.

The style of this work is worse even than that of "The History of the Crusades," being more inflated, and departing more widely from the principles of pure English. Mr. Mills seizes, without scruple, upon old French terms applied to the exercises of chivalry, and makes an unsparing use of them. He endeavours, moreover, to imitate the lofty diction of the writers from whom he has borrowed his materials, and this produces occasionally an almost ludicrous mixture of the lofty phrase of former times with the familiar tone of modern expression. The work, however, is not without value. The stories of which it consists are lively illustrations of an interesting period, and will convey information and amusement to many readers, who cannot resort to the sources from which they are drawn.

Anniversary Poem, delivered before the Connecticut Alpha of the Phi Beta Kappa, by JAMES G BROOKS, Esq. of the New York Alpha. New York, G. & C. Carvill: 1826. 8vo. pp. 28.

BEFORE we speak particularly of this poem, we avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded us of taking a glance at Mr. Brooks's previous poetical writings. We do this with the more pleasure, as we have never seen, save in newspaper criticisms, any notice of them.

These productions first appeared in a Poughkeepsie newspaper, under the signature of Floranthes, and afterwards in the daily evening papers of New York, under the signature of Florio. Few productions of our native literature have had so wide a circulation or met with so great a number of readers, as the poems under the latter signature. It is of these that we intend now to speak.

If not the most gifted and correct poet of America, Mr. Brooks is certainly one of the sweetest; his diction is copious; he never sacrifices grammar, nor sense, nor the natural construction of his periods for the sake of rhyme. It is a fault of his poetry, if it deserve to be called fault, that his lines are too regularly musical; so much so, that readers are apt to dwell on the melody, and to overlook the thought. There should be a raciness in poetry,—and a rhythm, which, while it never offends the ear, while it flows "regular as rolling water," may yet never so enthrall attention, that it shall not be awake to the higher qualities of composition. Poetry, moreover, should never deal in those dark and doubtful expressions, which oblige the reader to pause, in order to comprehend the sense; for, wherever an exertion of mind is necessary for this purpose, assuredly the attention will be abstracted from a just conception and estimation of the author.

Mr. Brooks's minor poems are the poetry of passion; there is a pathos and a melancholy breathing in almost every line, which constitute its inspiration. He loves to speak of affections whose object is in the grave, of hopes blighted, and enjoyments withered; of sorrows and sufferings which we hope do not belong to his own history. His writings, however, are unequal. There is much sameness too in his measure, the octosyllabic being his favorite; a circumstance owing perhaps less to paucity of numbers, than the force of habit. He has other faults, and more grievious ones, which it is our duty to point out.

We seldom find bold and striking personifications, in Mr. Brooks's poetry. He sometimes personifies the passions, and abstract terms and qualities; but though we have for these the authority of Collins, and also of Shakspeare, on many occasions,

we must confess, we have but rarely admired them. They seem to us to be generally cold and mechanical; they do not produce that electric effect on the mind, which makes the blood course more swiftly and warmly through the veins. For his metaphors and similes, he makes constant resort to certain commonplaces of poetry,—such as "faded flowers," "withered bowers," "flowers of life," "the leaf of life," "the fair tree of fame," with "wreaths," "chaplets," and "garlands," in every variety of "blossom" and "hue." These ornaments, when used sparingly, and with judgment, have often a good effect, but their constant employment, on every subject and occasion, wearies the reader exceedingly.

The same remark will apply to another fault; namely, the repetition of the terminations *less*, *ness*, &c There is scarcely a word in the vocabulary of our tongue with which he has not compounded them, and scarcely a poem, which has not this fault.

We believe it is now about four years since Florio wrote his "Last Song," and if Mr. Brooks's pen has been employed since, he must have written under a different signature, or have kept his productions to his own closet. After so long a silence, it gives us pleasure to hail his re-appearance, in the address before us. This poem contains about four hundred and fifty lines, and, as such addresses are apt to be in the hands of a writer of an excited and prolific imagination, is a disjointed composition, without either regular beginning or regular ending. It appears to our judgment, like so many lines, taken from the middle of a long and powerful poem. It is not without faults; yet these are not the faults which belong to his earlier writings; and it is almost wholly without the stale metaphors of "faded flowers" and "withered bowers." It is a manly production, possessing vigor and originality of thought; and deep and intense feeling; and, withal, much beauty of versification; yet it is not so regularly modulated as many of his previous poems, which, as we have already remarked, had too little variety in their melody. We regret that our limits will not allow us to extract several of the finer passages; but we must refer our readers to the poem itself, and confine ourselves to the verses with which it opens.

"Not in the crowded haunts of busy life,
Not in the lists of vain and worldly strife,
Not in the bowers of pleasure and desire
Doth Genius find his nurture or his fire.
The silent mountain—the untrodden wood—
The ocean shore—the valley's solitude—

The border of the sweetly winding rill,
The swelling river—the aspiring hill—
The frowning precipice—the mighty shock
Of the wild waterfall—the cloven rock—
These are the scenes where Genius seeks delight,
And fancy hovers on her pinions bright."

From Genius, he proceeds to speak of man, not as he should be, but as he is; of ambition and glory, which trample, in their bloody march on all laws, human and divine; of Imagination,—a subject which he illustrates by an admirable episode of a youth returning to his "ancestral halls," now ruined and deserted—of Fancy, in which he speaks of the fate of Byron, and describes the death of Beauty and Genius. From the enumeration of the contents, our readers will perceive, that the author has not attempted any regular plan, but has merely touched upon a few topics which seemed to offer the best opportunity for the exercise of his talents.

Mr. Brooks, in our opinion, belongs to the first class of American poets, but the peculiarities of his style make it difficult to determine what place to assign him in the list. We hope he will not neglect the cultivation of his rare genius; for what he has done, we consider more as an indication of the noble gift of inspiration, than as a monument of his fame.

Le Lecteur Français de la Jeunesse, ou Choix d'Historiettes Morales, Anecdotes, Fables en Prose et en Vers, &c Précédé des Premiers Elémens de la Prononciation et de la Conversation. Rédigé par F. B. G..... Maître de Langue Française à l'E'cole de la Colline Ronde (Round Hill School). Northampton, Mass. Simeon Butler. 1826. pp. 212.

"AFTER having given, in the first part, the principles of good pronunciation, and some elements of conversation," says the Preface, "this volume offers in the second, a collection of moral and interesting stories, under the different forms of dialogue, narration, and action." *Les principes d'une bonne prononciation* are contained in a table of syllables, several tables of words for spelling, and a collection of short and easy sentences for practice. *Les élémens de conversation* consist of short vocabularies of the most common words, followed by a selection of questions and answers most frequently used, so that the little learner may be immediately accustomed to understand and reply to his instructer in French, become early familiarized to the living sound of the language, and acquire a facility and confidence in the application of his own knowledge of it. These *phrases élémentaires* are fol-

lowed by the auxiliary verbs, with one or two regular and reflected verbs, declined through all their tenses interrogatively, affirmatively, and negatively. This part, it will be seen, supplies some of the elementary deficiencies of the grammars, manuals, and readers in common use, and contains much useful information in a very simple and practical form.

With the second part we are particularly pleased. It consists of a *recueil d' historiettes morales et amusantes*, well adapted to the understanding of children, and calculated to attract their attention and interest their feelings. The actors are children, engaged in the amusements of the holidays. They are at first introduced to us in their games and walks, in familiar conversation with their teacher and each other, and afterwards represented as by turns reading little tales suited to their age, and diversified by narrations, letters, dialogues, &c. The volume concludes with some fables in familiar prose and verse, and a few select pieces of a more elevated character.

"This volume," says the author, "is designed particularly for the young, and it is among them that I shall seek for my judges; they will find in it sentiments adapted to their capacities, and expressed in their own simple and natural language." The design is certainly a good one, and we think it is well executed. At their very entrance into a foreign language, children are generally obliged to encounter a style, subject, and manner of thinking far above their comprehension. The noble lessons in morals, philosophy, politics, and religion, which are woven into the beautiful fictions of Fenelon, and the delineations of character and descriptions of life, which are traced by the faithful hand of Le Sage, can neither be understood, appreciated, nor enjoyed by them, and are, as the author remarks, *pour les enfans à peu près comme du Grec.*

Some errors of the press are not noticed in the list of *Errata*, and we regret to see several instances of bad English, which a little attention would have corrected; as, "*set* up upon your chair;" "he uses me fatherly;" "tell him friendly;" "vous êtes un parasseux," is translated "you are *a lazy;*" "there is no news *if but* peace is made, *si ce ne'st que.*"

On the whole, we recommend the book to the teachers of French, as preferable on some accounts to any we have met with, not doubting that it will materially lighten their own task, and animate the industry and promote the success of their pupils.

The Sailor Boy's First Voyage. A Ballad. In Two Parts. Boston. 1826. Wait, Greene, & Co.

We are glad to meet with a thing so simple and natural as this unpretending little Ballad. The editor professes to have published it for the amusement of children. We hope that none of us are too old to relish this kind of writing, because it would show, that our hearts had hardened with age, rather than that our understandings had enlarged.

There was a time when men thought it wisdom to speak scornfully of such works. Dr. Johnson, who was not largely blessed with a poetical temperament, encouraged blockheads in their endeavours to look profound and sneeringly at the mention of them. That day is past. If it is ever to return, it will be brought back by the little men-and-women children who are now growing up.

When you have got your pennyworth of morals from Miss Edgeworth, and have learned the chemical properties of your bread and butter from your mamma or the lecturer, do, my little dears, read this ballad, and as many more as you like; and don't be afraid that your tender hearts or quick imaginations will altogether run away with your reason. Take our word for it, there is no danger. We have read such things all our days, together with a host of romances and ghost-stories, and yet are not afraid to be left alone in the dark;—we are familiar with all the sciences, especially political economy, besides being well versed in the best methods of road and canal making, and knowing as well as Miss Edgeworth, or any of her disciples, that we should be honest, because "honesty is the best policy." So, do as we tell you. You will find a simplicity and tenderness in the first part of this story which cannot but interest you, as it has us. There is a plainness in the style well suited to the subject. The second part will serve to stir your imaginations, and help you to learn, that there are creatures of the brain which have their value, as truly as have what we call the useful things of every-day life.

We trust that the editor will shortly fulfil his promise, and give all of us something more from his author.

We extract the six first stanzas, referring our readers to the work for the remainder.

Year after year,
Both far and near,
Some sail the wide seas o'er;
And never dread
The wave's death-bed,
Though far from any shore.

For in their prime
They learned to climb
High up the reeling mast,
And felt a pride,
Safe there to ride,
Heedlessly in the blast.

And father's fears,
And mother's tears,
For many a truant child,
Have saddened life,
Till, with the strife
Of hope and dread, grown wild,

They, side by side,
Have lain and died,
By their own boy forgot;
Who, o'er the sea,
Nigh mad with glee,
Blesses his happy lot.

And boys I 've seen,
Who 'd never been
Where ships could swim before,
As if in quest
Of a bird's nest,
Ransack the spars all o'er;

And shout as loud
From topmast shroud
That rattled in the breeze,
As if at play,
A summer's day,
'Midst boughs of apple trees.

INTELLIGENCE.

Sugar for Preserving Fish. Dr. M'Culloch, of Edinburgh, has ascertained, that the antiseptic quality of sugar is sufficient to preserve fish in the most excellent condition. He states, that this substance is so active, that fish may be preserved in a dry state, and perfectly fresh, by means of sugar alone, and even with a very small quantity of it. He has thus kept salmon for an indefinite length of time; and by this simple means, fresh fish may be kept in that state some days, so as to be as good when boiled as when just caught. It is added, that, "if dried and kept free from mouldiness, there is no limit to their preservation; and they are much better in this way than when salted. The sugar gives no disagreeable taste. This process is particularly valuable in making what is called kippered salmon; and the fish preserved in this manner are far superior in quality and flavour to those which are salted or smoked. If desired, as much salt may be used as to give the taste that may be required; but this substance does not conduce to their preservation. In the preparation, it is barely necessary to open the fish, and to apply the sugar to the muscular part, placing it in a horizontal position for two or three days, that this substance may penetrate. After this, it may be dried; and it is only further necessary to wipe and ventilate it occasionally, to prevent mouldiness. A table spoonful of brown sugar is sufficient in this manner for a salmon of five or six pounds weight; and if salt is desired, a tea spoonful or more may be added; saltpetre may be used instead, in the same proportion, if it is desired, to make the kipper hard."

On the Tranference of Fish from Salt Water to Fresh. A letter from Mr Meynell, of Yarm, Yorkshire, has been read to the Wernerian Natural History Society, on changing the habits of fishes, and mentioning that he had, for four years past, kept the smelt, or shirling, (*Salmo Eperlanus*,) in a fresh water pond, having no communication with the sea; and that the smelts had continued to thrive, and breed as freely as when they enjoy intercourse with the sea.

Sound attending the Aurora Brealis. Speaking of this phenomenon, M. Ramm states, "I believe that I have heard it repeatedly during a space of several hours, when a boy of ten or eleven years old, (it was in the year 1766, 1767, or 1768.) I was then crossing a meadow, near which was a forest, in winter, and saw, for the first time, the sky over me glowing with the most brilliant light, playing in beautiful colors, in a manner I have never seen since. The colors showed themselves very distinctly on the plain, which was covered with snow or hoar frost, and I heard several times a quick whispering sound simultaneously with the rays over my head. However clear this event is, and always has been in my memory, it would be unjust to expect it to be received with implicit confidence; but should others have made similar observations, it would be important for the inquirer into the nature of the aurora borealis."—Ramsmoem in Förset, March, 1825.

American Statistics. The whole number of people in the United States, by the last census, is nine millions, six hundred and twenty nine thousand. Of this number it is stated that two millions and sixty five thousand are engaged in agriculture, three hundred and forty nine thousand in manufactures, and seventy-two thousand in commerce. Only the efficient or laboring persons in each class appear to have been enumerated. Add the women, the children, and the invalids, and there will be found to be about eight millions in the agricultural class, two hundred thousand in the commercial, and one million, and three hundred thousand in the manufacturing. In England, the agricultural class does not exceed one third of the whole population. This one third is not only sufficient to produce bread stuffs and provisions enough for themselves and the other two thirds, but also to produce enough wool for all the extensive woollen factories in the kingdom, with the exception of a small quantity of fine quality. The wool produced amounts annually to twenty eight millions of dollars in value. Four fifths of our nation are employed to produce the same effects that follow from the labours of one third of the British nation.

Calculation of London Consumption. There are upwards of 6,000 acres of ground cultivated as gardens, within 12 miles of the metropolis, giving employment to 30,000 persons in winter, and three times that number in summer. There were sold in Smithfield market, in the year 1822, 149,885 beasts, 24,609 calves, 1,507,096 sheep, and 20,020 pigs. This does not, however, by any means, form the total consumed in London, as large quantities of meat in carcasses, particularly pork, are daily brought from the counties round the metropolis. The total value of the cattle sold in Smithfield is calculated at 8,500,000*l.*; it is supposed that a million a year is expended in fruits and vegetables. The consumption of wheat amounts to a million of quarters annually; of which four fifths are supposed to be made into bread, being a consumption of 64 millions of quartern loaves every year in the metropolis alone. An advance of one farthing on a quartern loaf forms an aggregate increase, in expense for this article alone, of upwards of 13,000*l.* per week. The annual consumption of butter in London amounts to about 11,000, and that of cheese to 13,000 tons. The money paid annually for milk is supposed to amount to 1,250,000*l.* The quantity of poultry annually consumed in London is supposed to cost between 70,000*l.* and 80,000*l.* That of game depends on the fruitfulness of the season. There is nothing, however, more surprising than the sale of rabbits. One salesman in Leadenhall market, during a considerable portion of the year, is said to sell 14,000 rabbits weekly; he disposes of them, by employing between 150 and 300 men and women who hawk them through the streets.

Novel Mode of Robbery. A curious system of robbery has been detected at Aschaffenbourg, in Bavaria. A set of ruffians, already in prison there, contrived to cut the bars of their dungeon and to sally forth, committing depredations, after which they returned to prison, replacing the bars, so that their temporary escape was not discovered. This they continued nightly for a long time, becoming the terror of the town; until one of them, in escaping from the guard, left behind him part of his waistcoat, upon which was a button with the prison mark. This led to their detection.

Professor Mezzofanti of Bologna. The following amusing account of this celebrated linguist is given by the baron Zach, in one of the early numbers of his *Correspondence Astronomique, Geographique*, &c.:—"This extraordinary *savant* is very truly the rival of the celebrated Mithridates, king of Pontus. This professor speaks thirty-two living and dead languages, not in the manner of the learned jesuit Weittenauer, but with a perfection truly surprising. Professor Mezzofanti introduced himself to me by addressing me in Hungarian; he paid me a compliment so well turned, and in such good Magyarul, that I was surprised and astonished to the last degree. He then spoke to me in German; first in good Saxon, and afterwards in the Austrian and Swabian dialects, with a purity of accent that raised my astonishment to the height; I could not help laughing at the change which the countenance and language of this extraordinary professor put upon me. He spoke English with Captain Smith, and Russian and Polish with prince Wolkonsky, with the same ease and volubility as he did his native dialect, the Bolognese. I could not quit his side afterwards. At a dinner given by the Cardinal Legate, Spina, his eminence made him sit by me at table; after having *jargonné* with him in several languages, all of which he spoke much better than I did, it occurred to me to address him suddenly with a few words in Walachian. Without the least hesitation, or appearing to notice the change, my polyglot immediately answered me in the same language, and went on at such a rate, that I was obliged to call out to him, 'Softly, softly, M. Abbé, I cannot follow you, I am quite at the end of my Walachian.' It was more than forty years since I had either spoken, or even thought of this language, with which I was very well acquainted in my youth, when I was serving in a Hungarian regiment, garrisoned in Transylvania. Professor Mezzofanti was not only well acquainted with this language, but informed me on this occasion that he knew another, which I had never been able to learn, although I had much better opportunities of doing it than he, having had soldiers in my regiment who spoke it. This was the language of the Zigans, or of that tribe which the French improperly call *Bohemiennes* [gypsies], and at which designation the brave and true Bohemians (the inhabitants of the kingdom of Bohemia) feel very indignant. But how could an Italian Abate, who had never been out of his native place, learn a language, which is neither written nor printed? A Hungarian regiment, during the wars of Italy, had been quartered at Bologna; the professor discovered a Zigan in it, put himself under his tuition, and with the facility and happy memory he derives from nature, soon acquired this language, which is believed to be only a dialect (apparently altered and corrupted) of some tribes of the Parias of Hindostan."

England Fifty Years ago. "In seventy years," says the Annual Register, "the people of Great Britain have advanced full eight millions in number. In twenty-five years, the number of inhabited houses in England and Wales alone have advanced one half. Fifty years ago, the very existence of canals was a matter of incredulity. Fifteen millions of public wealth have now been profitably absorbed by these mighty ducts; and at least half as much more is at this hour destined for their formation. Fifty years ago, there was hardly a steam-engine in the kingdom. There cannot now be less than twelve thousand—a creation of power equal to

at least a quarter of a million of horses; an energy, which, in a single day, would have raised up the great pyramid of Egypt. Fifty years ago, our annual export of manufactured cotton did not amount to a quarter of a million in value; it has now swollen to nearly thirty millions. In the same period, our exported woollens, in defiance of Saxon, Prussian, Spanish, and American competition, have advanced more than two millions. Fifty years ago, our imports of raw silk were only three hundred thousand pounds weight; they are now nearly three millions. Fifty years ago, our export of iron was hardly twelve thousand tons; it is now about ten times as much. Fifty years ago, our exports of linens were about four millions of yards; they are now nearly forty millions. Fifty years ago, the whole value of our exported produce, both native and foreign, was just fifteen millions of money; the value of British produce exported, alone, is now more than fifty millions. A hundred and twenty years ago, says old Tucker, there were only two or three vessels in Scotland, above two hundred tons; our whole tonnage is now more than a quarter of a million, employing twenty thousand souls. A hundred and fifty years ago, says Chalmers, the whole navy of Britain did not amount to a hundred thousand tons; it is now at least three millions of tons, employing about two hundred thousand souls."

Incombustibility of Wood. It is affirmed that a professor at Munich, of the Academy of Sciences, has discovered a method of rendering wood incombustible. He has combined caustic alkali in solution with a certain earthy substance, washed and sifted, and applied on the wood, to which it gives a nitreous surface, which renders it also impervious to water, and to all kinds of humidity. The Architectural Committee of the Theatre Royal at Munich has made trial of this method on two small buildings, one of which was prepared according to the professor's plan, the other not. Fire having been lighted in both, the one was burnt, the other received no injury. The expense of the application was only two francs for 100 feet.

Polish Coin. The Emperor Nicholas has decided that the coin in Poland shall always bear the effigies of the Emperor Alexander, to whom the kingdom is indebted for its restoration; a grand and important work, which he intended to complete whenever the general circumstances of Europe became more favorable. The execution of this noble design remains entrusted to his successor, who has testified an almost religious anxiety to comply with his most secret wishes. The gold and silver coin will present on one side the likeness of the late emperor and king with a laurel crown upon his head, and with this inscription, in the Polish language,—"Alexander I. Emperor of Russia, restorer of the kingdom of Poland (1815);" on the other side in the midst of a crown of oak, is inscribed the value of the piece; beneath the crown these words, "Nicholas I. Emperor of all the Russias, reigning king of Poland." The copper money will not be changed.

Sounds. It is known that sounds are heard with more distinctness and at greater distances in severely cold weather, than at other times. At Port Bowen it was found that two persons could keep up a conversation with great facility between two stations at the measured distance of 6696 feet, or about one statute mile and two tenths, the thermometer at 18 below zero.

Natural Mummy. The body of a man has been found in a bog on the lands of Gallagh, in the county of Galway, Ireland. The bog was about ten feet and a half deep, and the body lay about nine feet below its surface. It had all the appearance of a recent death when first discovered, excepting that the abdomen was quite collapsed; but, on exposure to the atmosphere, it decayed rapidly. The face was that of a young man of handsome features and foreign aspect; and his hair, which was long and black, hung loosely over his shoulders. The head, legs, and feet were without covering, but the body was clothed in a light dress, covering also the limbs as far as the knees and elbows. This dress was composed of the skin of some animal, laced in front with thongs of the same material, and having the hairy side inwards; and it is not impossible it might have been that of the moose deer. He had no weapon; but near him, at each side of the body, was found a long staff or pole, which, it was supposed, he had used for the purpose of bounding over the streams; and as the body was found near a rivulet, it was further conjectured by the peasantry, that the man had met his death accidentally in some such manner. The antiseptic power of bogs is well known, and the frequent discovery of human bodies in a high degree of preservation, in those of Ireland, has been often recorded. The finding of this body would not, therefore, require particular notice; nor would it probably have excited much attention at the time, but for the singularity of the costume; and this notice is the more necessary, as the dress no longer exists, having been buried with the body, an instance of thoughtlessness of which the better informed in Ireland are ashamed. The antiquity of these remains is shown by the great depth of bog under which they lay; but as the growth of bog must depend on various circumstances, as situation, humidity, soil, &c. that fact alone can give us no certain criterion of its age. On this point, perhaps, the rude dress in which the body was clothed, is more likely to afford more satisfactory ground for conjecture. That it belonged to a period antecedent to the arrival of the English, may be concluded from the evidence of Girald Bury, who says, the Irish were but thinly clad in woollen garments, barbarously shaped, and for the most part black, because the sheep of that country were usually of that color; and, from the spirit of that author's work, we have little reason to suppose, that if any portion of the Irish in his time had been clothed in skins, he would have failed to notice it. From these circumstances, it is conjectured, that the body was that of one of the Belgic inhabitants of Ireland, as it was in a district which they unquestionably inhabited, and the close skin dress was generally used by them.

Singular Bird. Stevenson, in his Travels in America, says, that "A bird, at Guayaquil called *quiriquinqui*, at Esmeraldas and on the coast of Choco *huaco*, and at Quito *beteado de oro*, is a great enemy to snakes and other venomous reptiles and insects, on which it feeds. It is a species of vulture, about the size of a hen, and is easily domesticated; its color is a bright brown, variegated with stains of pale yellow. It flies about the woods, or runs along the savannas in quest of its food, and attacks the snakes, opposing its wing to them as a shield; when the animal is somewhat exhausted by striking at the bird, it seizes the reptile near the head, and, biting it, rises on its wings, and afterwards

alights, and observes if it be dead; if not, it again bites it, and sometimes soaring aloft with it, lets it fall, and immediately drops down after it; when dead, the bird devours it. The natives affirm, that to this bird they owe the discovery of the herb which they call *huaco;* they observed that the bird, after fighting with a snake, would sometimes search for the herb, and eat it; hence they supposed it to be an antidote for the poison, which experience has proved to be correct."

Education in Portugal. Portugal contains eight hundred and seventy-three elementary schools; in two hundred and sixty-six of which, Latin is taught, and in twenty-one, Greek and Rhetoric; in twenty-seven, Philosophy, natural and moral. At Coimbra, there is a university, directed by six of the faculty, and a preparatory college for students. The university and college together contain, annually, from one thousand two hundred and eighty to one thousand six hundred students. In 1819, all these establishments were attended by thirty-one thousand four hundred and one pupils. Besides these national institutions, there are several others, where youth are educated for particular professions; such as the Marine and Commercial Academies at Porto, which contained three hundred and fifteen students in 1820; and the Academy at Lisbon, in which there were three hundred and fifteen students in 1821. The Commercial Academy at Lisbon is attended annually by one hundred and fifty pupils. In the same city, there are, the Royal College of Nobles; the Royal Academy for the Arabian Language; the Royal School of Civil Architecture and Drawing; a Royal School for Sculpture, another for Engraving; an Institution for Music, and several other public institutions of less note. The Military School for Mutual Instruction, to which are admitted the children of citizens, had two thousand five hundred and eighteen scholars in 1818, and this number has much increased since. The Royal Academy of Sciences at Lisbon has published, annually, memoirs not less learned than useful, on every branch of knowledge. The Portuguese have lately formed several literary societies, among which are, the Patriotic Literary Society, and the Society of Encouragement, at Lisbon. The annual average of books printed in Portugal, between 1805 and 1819, amounts to ninety-four. But liberty has conferred new energies on the press and genius of Portugal; and the publications, within the two last years, have been trebled, besides the increase of journals and newspapers.

Natural Curiosity. Some time since, as the workmen of Messrs. Fletcher, brush-manufacturers, of Stockport, were cutting up a large sycamore tree at their manufactory near Chesterfield, the sawyers, on opening the timber, found in the central part of it an enormous toad of beautiful colour, and alive. On examining the timber, it was found perfectly sound above and below. The tract it occupied was about thirty inches long, and from three to four inches wide, and the part was cased with a dark barky substance, and in some places quite smooth. What effect the atmospheric air had upon it was not observed, for it immediately disappeared amongst the rubbish. This part of the tree was of very large dimensions, and no communication whatever appeared to exist with either root or branches; a little discolouring might be traced, which is not uncommon in this description of timber, but each extremity was perfectly sound and closed.

Magnetism by Percussion. Mr. Scoresby has instituted a series of experiments, to determine magnetism by percussion with more precision; and some of his results deserve attention. When a bar of soft steel, six inches and a half long, and a quarter of an inch in diameter, held vertically, and resting upon freestone, was struck seventeen blows with a hammer, it acquired the power of lifting six and a half grains; twenty two blows did not augment the force. When the bar rested vertically upon a parlour-poker, previously deprived of magnetism, forty-two blows gave it the power of lifting eighty-eight grains, and ninety blows, with a larger hammer, augmented the lifting power to one hundred and thirty grains. The poker was also rendered magnetic. Farther hammering rather diminished than increased the power. On inverting the bar, a single blow nearly destroyed the magnetism; two blows changed the poles. Hammering the bar in the plane of the magnetic equator also destroyed the polarity. The magnetism by percussion was augmented when the length of the bar was increased.

Skeleton of a Mammoth near London. The entire skeleton of a large mammoth was within a few years discovered near London, at Ilford, in the county of Essex, near Stratford and Bow. It lay buried at the depth of about sixteen feet, in a large quarry of diluvial loam and clay, which is excavated for making bricks. Mr. John Gibson, of Stratford, diligently collected and preserved as much as possible of this skeleton; and he invited Professor Buckland and Mr. Clift to assist him in disinterring the remainder of the bones, which he had purposely left in their natural position in the quarry. These gentlemen found a large tusk and several of the largest cylindrical bones of the legs, also many ribs and vertebræ, with the smaller bones of the feet and tail lying close upon one another. They were imbedded in tenacious clay, being part of the great superficial covering of diluvial clay, sand, and gravel, which is spread over a large portion of the counties of Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk, and along the whole east coast of England, at irregular intervals, and is almost every where occasionally discovered to contain similar remains of antediluvian animals to those at Ilford.

Death of a supposed Witch. In the department of the Drome, a woman, not long ago, was killed, under the impression that she was a witch. This woman was paid by the peasants of her neighbourhood for telling them good fortune, or for abstaining from doing them any harm. She lately went to the farm of a peasant, and asked a reward for conjuring the danger which threatened his cattle. He refused her request, and treated her pretensions with insult. Soon after, he lost some of his cattle, and his wife and children fell ill. He immediately ascribed these calamities to the supernatural influence of the hag; but so far from being terrified at her power, he took his gun, repaired to her house, and deliberately shot her dead. The man acknowledged the act of which he was guilty, but declared that he shot the devil under the form of the wicked hag.

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Cambridge: Printed at the University Press, by Hilliard, Metcalf, & Co.

THE UNITED STATES

REVIEW AND LITERARY GAZETTE.

VOL. I. FEBRUARY, 1827. No. 5.

REVIEW.

Adventures of a French Serjeant, during his Campaigns in Italy, Spain, Germany, Russia, &c. from 1805 *to* 1823. *Written by Himself.* Philadelphia. H. C. Carey & I. Lea. 1826. 12mo. pp. 300.

THIS work, though making its first appearance in England, and in the English language, purports to be the narrative of Robert Guillemard, a "French Serjeant," who was an actor in many of the great military operations, which have convulsed Europe since beginning of the nineteenth century. If a genuine account of the adventures of a French soldier, it seems rather strange, that he should present it to the world in a foreign country and foreign language, unless indeed the English booksellers are more liberal than the French. However this may be, the Serjeant's story seems to be considered in England and in this country, as in the main to be depended on. The work is similar in character to the "Adventures of a Young Rifleman," of which we lately took notice, but surpasses it in interest. The Serjeant is a man of more understanding than the Rifleman, and surveyed the great events which were taking place around him, with more accuracy and more intelligence. He began his military life in 1805, being forced into the army by the conscription. "The newspapers," he remarks, "spoke of nothing but the emulation of the young conscripts, who, on all sides, took arms of their own accord, presented themselves before they were called, and covered every road on their march to join the different corps to which they were appointed. I confess, that I was at first rather ashamed at finding myself so cold amidst the general enthusiasm, the extent of which,

however, I was soon enabled to appreciate, as I afterwards found the means of appreciating so many other kinds of zeal with which an army and a nation become inflamed, without even thinking of the matter."

He was soon embarked on board the French fleet, designed to assist in the invasion of England, was present in the battle of Trafalgar, and supposed to be the man who gave Nelson his death-wound. He accompanied admiral Villeneuve, who was taken prisoner in the action, and allowed to return to France on parole; witnessed his death at Rennes, which, according to this writer's account, was the work of assassins, though the current report at the time was, that he had killed himself. After this our Serjeant served in Italy, Germany, and Spain. In Spain he was taken prisoner, and sent, with many other prisoners, to the island of Cabrera, near Majorca. The island afforded them nothing but wood, and they subsisted on supplies sent them almost daily. Their habits and mode of life on this desolate spot, are set forth with much spirit. The very day after Guillemard's arrival, he was engaged as second in a duel, of which he had been the occasion, by taking lodgings, according to a friend's invitation, in a hut built to hold four persons, who were grievously incommoded by his admission. The roof was little better than a sieve, and the rain, which fell in torrents during the night, did not contribute to pacify his comrades' grumblings. One of the tenants came to high words with our hero's friend for introducing a stranger among them, and it was agreed, that the quarrel should be settled the next day.

"The sun had just risen, when Ricaud roused me to request I would act as his second. I was not in one of those beds from which one rises with reluctance. Our dressing arrangements were soon made, and as we had entered our hut the evening before head-foremost, and were unable to turn ourselves, we crawled out one after another, feet-foremost, resting upon our heels and elbows.

"After drinking some rum with Ricaud and his antagonist, I tried to bring about a reconciliation; but they told me that it was of no use, and both declared that the thing must be done. I was too well acquainted with military customs to make any attempt at combating a reason so peremptory. Besides I had no great fears of the result of the duel; I presumed that the shadow of a sword, sabre, or pistol, was not to be found in the whole island; and I fancied that these worthies were going to have a game at fisticuffs, in imitation of the ancient Romans, to whom they already bore so much resemblance. But I soon saw that a determined mind will always find means to accomplish its purposes. Before setting out,

Ricaud said, that as he was the person insulted, he had the choice of weapons, and wished to fight with *scissors*. 'You know,' said Lambert, a corporal of a regiment, I have forgotten the name of, 'that I am unacquainted with the point, so that if we wish to fight on equal terms, let us draw the *razor*.' This sadly puzzled me, for I had no idea of the matter. Ricaud was determined to have the scissors; Lambert would not give up the razors, so that they were forced to draw lots, when the latter gained his point.

"He left us and returned in about a quarter of an hour with a pair of English razors. During his absence Ricaud had instructed me concerning the manner in which they were going to fight, and the kind of duels that daily took place at Cabrera. Sometimes they fixed the halves of scissors at the end of long sticks, and used them as swords; at other times they used knife blades, razors, and sometimes even awls and sailmaker's needles.

"We took two sticks about an inch thick, and three feet long, and prepared to fix the razors on them. But as we had not what was necessary for the purpose, we went to the bazaar to buy some articles. This was the market for the prisoners. It was situated at a spot honored with the name of the Palais Royal, surrounded by ten or twelve huts, and containing as many stalls, some in the open air, others with a slight covering, with one end fixed to the ground, and the other supported by two poles. Here were sold bread, some salt fish, scraps of cloth, thread, needles, wooden forks and spoons; the various produce of the industry of the prisoners; pepper, twine, and other articles in the smallest quantity, for one could buy a single thread, a scrap of cloth no bigger than one's hand, and even a pinch of snuff, three of which cost a sous. I remember a Polish officer who owed nine pinches, and the shopkeeper refused to give him any more credit.

"We bought two bits of twine, and after fixing on the weapons, we hastened to the cemetery. It was on a hill about a quarter of an hour's walk from the Palais Royal. Since the arrival of the prisoners at Cabrera, they had uniformly chosen this spot as a place of rest for those who had sunk under their misery, or who had fallen by the hands of their companions; it was there that they also met to settle their differences in single combat.

"When we reached the ground, I again, for form's sake, spoke about making the matter up. When I saw they were determined on fighting, I told them that as I was the first cause of the quarrel, it was for me to uphold it, and take Ricaud's place. Neither he nor his adversary would agree to this, and I saw myself forced at last to give them up the weapons, which I had carried till now. Ricaud threw off his waistcoat; and as Lambert had nothing but pantaloons on, he was soon ready. They put themselves in a fighting attitude, and both displayed great coolness and courage. Lambert was

much the stronger of the two, and my friend required all his skill to parry the thrusts that were aimed at him; the razor flourished round his head and shoulders without intermission, and struck him at last on the chin. He made a furious thrust in return, but fortunately it did not reach its object fully, though it made a pretty scratch on Lambert's nose. We rushed between them, when blood began to flow; we separated them, and made them shake hands; as their wounds were not of much consequence, we all returned to breakfast together in front of our hut." pp. 94—96.

He soon built a hut and took possession of it with three other prisoners, who had agreed with him to attempt to escape from Cabrera as soon as an opportunity should offer.

"My companions and myself took care to have always more than one day's provisions in advance, and this surplus we endeavoured to increase by every means in our power, so that we might have a supply in case we were so fortunate as to escape; and this hope made our privations less painful.

"Meanwhile, every one was busy at Cabrera; we had tailors, shoemakers, public criers, artisans in hair, bones, and tortoise-shell, and some who cut out with their knives little figures of animals in wood; and about two hundred men, the wreck of a dragoon regiment, raised in Auvergne, were quartered in a cave, and made spoons of box-wood. The latter had only one pantaloon and one uniform among the whole corps, and these articles seemed ready to leave them very speedily, and were delivered successively to one of their number appointed to receive their provisions. All the articles I have enumerated were sold at low prices, to the crews of the brig and gun-boats, and to some Spaniards, whom our singular mode of life, or the hope of making a good speculation, attracted to our settlement.

"But the most abundant articles with us, were professors of all kinds. One half of the prisoners gave lessons to the other half. Nothing was seen on all sides, but teachers of music, mathematics, languages, drawing, fencing, above all, dancing and single-stick. In fine weather, all these professors gave their lessons at the Palais Royal, quite close to each other. It was quite common to see a poor devil half naked, and who had often not partaken of food for twenty-four hours before, singing a very gay air of a country dance, and interrupting it from time to time, for the purpose of saying, with infinite seriousness of demeanour, to his pupil dressed in the remains of a pair of drawers, 'That 's right, keep time with your partner, wheel round, hold yourselves gracefully.' A little farther on, a teacher of single-stick was showing off his acquirements, and endeavoured to excite the emulation of his pupil by such phrases as, 'That will do; I am satisfied with you; if you go on with the

same success; in less than a fortnight you may show yourself in company.' A scrap of paper, about as large as one's hand, was placed as a sign, and the most eminent of all our professors had no better.

"I was also desirous of doing something; but I had no notion of either giving or receiving lessons. After reflecting a great deal, I thought that on account of the want of occupation in which many of the prisoners were placed, a theatre must be eminently successful, and I was astonished that no one had thought of it before. Indeed some scenes had been performed, but it was in the open air, and had not been thought of as an object of speculation. My ideas were quite grand compared to such things. I resolved on being at one and the same time, if necessary, author, actor, director, and machinist, and to make my companions partners in my labors and the fruits of it, which were to be employed in accomplishing our favorite object.

"I could not think of establishing my theatre in the old castle, which was shut every evening, and where in fact it would not have been allowed by the hypocritical Estebrich; I thought of a vast cistern that was falling to pieces, with the pipes long ago broken off, and part of the roof fallen in. I was lowered into it by means of a cord I had bought on purpose, and I found about a foot of water, or rather mud, at the bottom. The first thing to be done was to clear it away, and this was the most troublesome part of the whole business. I wished at first to make a pump, but I soon gave up the idea. I had still sixty francs, and prevailed on Señor Estebrich to get me four leather buckets from Palma; I made a ladder, hired four prisoners at two sous each per day, and got the cistern dry on the third day of our labor. To season it, I made a huge fire of pine wood, got sand and stones conveyed to it during a whole day, and made an elevation that extended about a third of the cistern, intended for the stage; I procured some ochre and red lead; I daubed the walls yellow, with a red border; hung all round garlands of leaves, which I also made use of as a screen between the stage and the spectators; and I finished my labors by writing, not indeed on the curtain, for I had none, but on the bottom of the stage, *Castigat ridendo mores.*

"I had long before this fixed upon the play with which my troop was to commence their operation. It was the *Philoctète* of Laharpe. I had formerly played the character, and still remembered it, as well as fragments of a variety of plays. I wrote them out as well as I could, and when I forgot the lines, I filled up the vacancy in prose. Darlier engaged to play the character of Ulysses. Chobar that of Pyrrhus, and a pioneer of the line, with a stentorian voice, and no small portion of sense, assumed the character of Hercules. At length, a public crier went through the camp, and gave notice

that the same evening *Philoctète* would be performed, with the after-piece of *Marton et Frontin*. I had transcribed this little piece pretty correctly, and performed it along with Chobar.

"About three hundred persons could find room in my cistern, and as I had put the places at two sous it was completely crowded; the company descended into it by the ladder I had made; and a confidential man was placed on the first step to receive the money, which he put into a little cloth bag that was tied round his neck. The theatre was lighted up by torches of pine wood, borne at different distances by the attendants of the theatre, and they lighted fresh ones in proportion as the others were consumed. All the allusions to our situation in the tragedy were noticed, with a tact that would have done honor to the taste of a more brilliant assembly. At the *début*,

> 'Nous voici dans Lemnos, dans cette île sauvage,
> 'Dont jamais nul mortel n'aborda le rivage,'

we were covered with shouts of applause; and I thought they would bring down the roof of the cistern when I pronounced this line,

> 'Ils m'ont fait tous ces maux; que les dieux le leur rendent.'

I was obliged to repeat it, and to stop for some time, to allow the agitation of the audience to be calmed.

"Such a successful beginning was well calculated to encourage us; I labored incessantly, and wrote out several plays that I recollected, and we performed them all in their turn. Our funds increased amazingly, as well as our general comforts. We left half of our profits to the general fund, and divided the rest. Ricaud had already procured himself decent clothing. I had already bought a curtain for my theatre; I had obtained ropes, nails, a hammer, and even a hatchet, for which a Spaniard had made me pay a most exorbitant price; all these objects were intended to aid us in our theatrical arrangements, but they could also be of use in our grand project, which we had not lost sight of; every evening we carefully locked them up in our hut. I was very desirous also of obtaining some arms, a sabre at least, for each of us; but I tried in vain, and did not press this matter much, for fear of becoming suspected; so that our tragic heroes were forced to be satisfied with wooden sabres." pp. 104—108.

From Cabrera, after a while, he made his escape, and again joined the French army. He afterwards served in Russia; was taken prisoner at the battle of Borodino, and sent into Siberia. Here he remained till the fall of Bonaparte, when he was sent back to France. Upon the return of Bonaparte from Elba, he joined his standard; was exposed to many dangers from the royalists after his second fall; assisted Murat to escape from

Toulon to Corsica; accompanied him in his attempt upon the kingdom of Naples; returned, after its fatal issue, to Corsica; lived here, till he was tired of a quiet life, among the mountains; then surrendered himself to the garrison at Ajaccio; was tried by a court martial; acquitted; joined the French troops in Corsica; returned with them to France; was afterwards engaged in the French invasion of Spain; was discharged at its close, and returned to his native village. Our readers, we think, will be pleased with this book. The Serjeant's stories are told with a good grace, are amusing, and probably true.

The Canon of the Old and New Testaments ascertained; or, the Bible complete without the Apocrypha and Unwritten Traditions. By ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER. Princeton.

IT is very gratifying to the friends of biblical literature to receive such frequent evidence through the press, that those, who, at our different universities, are appointed to preside over its interests, are not negligent of their charge. Cambridge and Princeton, and more especially Andover, have each contributed, through their several professors, in an eminent degree, to the advancement of theological science. They have produced original treatises, honorable to the country, on a variety of topics, and have reprinted many of the most valued works of the modern theology of England and Germany. Since the very correct and beautiful edition of Griesbach, from the Cambridge press, there has been a succession of valuable books, soliciting the attention of the student, and aiding him in his researches. Cambridge has given us, among others, the "Theological Repository," as creditable for the learning and talent displayed in it, as any book our literature has produced; a reprint of Gerard's Institutes of Biblical Criticism; Wakefield's Translation of the New Testament; Sparks's Collection of Tracts and Essays, in six volumes; Willard's Hebrew Grammar; Everett's Evidences of Christianity; Milton's Treatise on Christian Doctrine, &c. Princeton has sent out within a year or two, Hodges's Collection of Theological Treatises, on a plan similar to Sparks's; Dr. Alexander's book on the Evidences, and his late work on the Canon of Scripture. And Andover has performed its part in giving us a Hebrew Grammar, by Stuart; a translation of

Gesenius's Hebrew Lexicon, by Gibbs; a translation of Jahn's Archæology, by Upham; Wahl's Lexicon of the New Testament, Greek and English, by Robinson, and Winer's Greek Grammar; Ernesti on Interpretation; Storr and Kett's Elementary Course of Biblical Theology; a reprint of Newcome's Harmony, &c. These and many others of a similar character, have, within a short time, been furnished to the public demand, to say nothing of a host of pamphlets and books on the controverted topics of christianity, which, whether they be regarded as able or weak, true or false, fair or sophistical, have contributed, in no small degree, to excite the public mind on the subject of religion generally, and have distributed throughout the community much valuable biblical knowledge. They will, indeed, be long remembered for the influence they have had in kindling a spirit of religious inquiry, and advancing the cause of sacred learning.

The work of Dr. Alexander on the Canon of the New Testament, appears to us to be sufficiently well adapted to answer the purpose he had in view, namely, to give a compendious summary of the whole subject, and in such a form as to be level to the capacities of all descriptions of readers. His work is, in the strictest sense, a compilation, according to his own acknowledgement, and, when he has closely followed such men as Jones, Prideaux, and Lardner, we cannot but be satisfied with his labors. Very many of the topics treated of in this book are, it is true, still open to discussion as critical questions, and with the views of our author, on many of them, we cannot coincide; but all the principal points, and which affect the truth of all the most important of the Jewish and Christian Records, are, of course, beyond dispute, and with his statements all will cordially agree. We should be inclined to say of it, however, that it seems rather intended as an introductory volume, for the use of theological students, than for the general use of the reading community. For common readers, the book is too long and minute, and abounds too much in the technical phraseology of divinity; familiar and intelligible enough to those who have begun the study of theology, and have proceeded in it some way, but repulsive to the general reader, and demanding the aid of a dictionary; an aid, too, which common dictionaries will fail to render. But, perhaps, this difficulty is not so great as we have supposed.

Dr. Alexander's subject falls into two natural divisions, which he, in common with other writers on the subject, has adopted; the first part treating of the canonical authority of the books of the Old Testament; the second, of the canonical authority of the

books of the New Testament. These parts are subdivided into sections. In regard to the labor and space devoted to the different subjects embraced in these divisions, we cannot but think, that too much of both has been allotted to the discussion of the Oral Traditions of the Jews and the Apocryphal books of the Old Testament; and, in particular, that too much pains has been taken to depreciate the latter, and to drive them from the humble place they are yet permitted to retain in the common Bible. For our own parts, we could wish never to have in our hands a Bible without the Maccabees, the Wisdom of Solomon, and Ecclesiasticus. We have often lamented, that the modern practice of the churches has become so fixed, that we never hear, and may never hope to hear, from the pulpit, the many fine passages that are to be found in these books. Let them not be quoted as of equal authority with the canonical books; let them never be read as such, but merely for the sake of the noble moral sayings, and the many beautiful passages of religious poetry with which they abound. We can see no evil that would, at this time of the world, ensue. By the ancient Christians,* they were publicly read, and they are tolerated by the articles of the English Church, and lessons are appointed to be read from them. And we must think it a pity, that our clergy, of all denominations, still refuse to do what is *permitted* (we believe in every instance) by the authorities they usually subscribe to, and what was done by their fathers. It is a most sound and judicious observation of Dr. Jortin, when, speaking of the Apostolical Constitutions and the other apocryphal books of the New Testament, he says, "If their authority should only appear ambiguous, it would be our duty to reject them, lest we should adopt as divine doctrines the commandments of men; for, since each Gospel contains the main facts of christianity, and might be sufficient to make men wise unto salvation, there is less danger in diminishing than in enlarging the number of canonical books; and less evil would have ensued from the loss of one of the four Gospels than from the addition of a fifth, spurious one." The course we think advisable, in regard to the Apocryphal books of the Old Testament, would not contradict the spirit of this remark. We would only have them read publicly for the edification of the people, and, in regard to

* Jerome, as quoted by Lardner, says, "The church reads, and allows to be read, Judith, Tobit, and Maccabees, but does not receive them among the canonical scriptures, and that they and the Wisdom of Solomon and Ecclesiasticus may be read for the edification of the people, but not as of authority for proving any doctrine."

authority, treated precisely as they now are. And it should be considered by those who strenuously object to the reading of these books of the Old Testament, that they not only read, but quote, as of equal authority with the rest of the Bible, books and parts of books of the New Testament, of which it always has been, and probably always will be disputed, whether they are canonical, or not; namely, the Epistle to the Hebrews; Epistle of James, which Luther called "an epistle of straw;" the Second Epistle of Peter, which Joseph Scaliger calls a "a fiction of some ancient christian, misemploying his leisure time;" the Second and Third Epistles of John; the Epistle of Jude, and the book of Revelation. These books are indeed worthy of the Apostles, to whom they have been ascribed, but none can be ignorant, that their genuineness was disputed in the primitive church, and is so to this day.

But to return to our author. The principal object of Professor Alexander being to show, which books are canonical and which are not, he very properly introduces his work with a statement of what he considers as meant by the term, *canonical.* The necessity of this being determined is obvious. If no book is to be received as of authority, to be regarded as belonging to the Bible, but such as is canonical, it must, first of all, be settled, what the meaning of this important term is. This the author does after the manner of Lardner, by quoting examples of the use of the word by the earliest fathers of the church. From these, it is very evident, that the words, *canon* and *canonical*, were employed to designate the books which they received, as the *rule* of their faith and conduct as christians; according to the original meaning of the Greek word, *κανὼν*, a rule. It was also used as signifying a *catalogue* of such books as were deemed of the highest authority. The canon of scripture with them, meant, that catalogue or list of books, which they received as containing a true account of the christian faith. Dr. Alexander's quotations go to show this. But he has inadvertently added an idea, which does not belong to the word in question, that of inspiration. He has used, all along, the term, *canonical*, as if it embraced necessarily the idea of inspiration, and were equivalent to the term, *inspired.* In the beginning of the third paragraph of the first section, he says, after having just defined *canon* to mean a rule simply, "The word, *canon*, however, was early used by the christian fathers to designate the *inspired* scriptures." This, we presume, was an oversight, for none of the quotations immediately subjoined, show, that the fathers did use the word to designate the inspired scriptures. If

we do not greatly err, the terms, *canonical* and *inspired*, are frequently used as if they were convertible terms. Dr. Alexander's idea of inspiration, we doubt not, is, in common with most christians, that, not only the sense and substance, but the very words of what the authors of the books of the Bible wrote, were inspired, that is, were communicated in a miraculous manner by the Holy Ghost. But this is a most important addition to the meaning of the word, *canonical*, and wholly inadmissible. A book of the Old or New Testament having been shown to be canonical, that is, to have been received as a rule of faith and conduct, from the earliest times to the present; a separate and distinct process must be gone through, to show, that that book was written by the Holy Ghost, that is, was inspired. If we could prove of any one of the Gospels, Matthew for example, that it was at the very first received as the undoubted work of Matthew, one of the twelve, and was then submitted to, as a sufficient rule of faith, we ought unhesitatingly to receive it, though, at the same time, we might not be able to show, that every word and idea contained in it had been divinely communicated to the Apostle. If it is replied, it must be thus inspired, because the scripture itself asserts, that all its books are inspired; the answer is, this is assuming the very point in question. It is disputed, whether such *is* the doctrine of scripture, and may still be disputed as long as it has been. These remarks we throw out, merely because we think it important, that every author should strictly adhere, in the course of his work, to the definitions of important terms, that were established in the beginning.

As to the proper method of settling the canon of the New Testament, or determining what, and how many books shall be received as of authority, Dr. Alexander has, in common with most writers on the subject, adopted the only satisfactory one, *the testimony of history*. "We must have recourse," he says, "to authentic history, and endeavour to learn what books were received as genuine by the primitive church and early fathers. The contemporaries and immediate successors of the Apostles are the most competent witnesses in this case. If, among them, there is found to have been a general agreement as to what books were canonical, it will go far to satisfy us respecting the true canon; for it cannot be supposed, that they could easily be deceived in a matter of this sort. A general consent of the early fathers and of the primitive church, therefore, furnishes conclusive evidence on this point, and is that species of evidence which is the least liable to fallacy or abuse. The learned Huet,

has, therefore, assumed as a maxim, that every book is genuine which was esteemed genuine by those who lived nearest to the time when it was written, and by the ages following in a continued series." This certainly is the only proper method, and, we may add, the only possible one, unless we can believe, that certain famous councils of old were miraculously empowered to select and sanction those books, which all christians and all after ages should receive.

It is obvious, that the general consent of all history is the only adequate foundation for the authority of a book either of the Old or New Testament. If we can satisfy ourselves from history, that the books composing the Bible were written by the persons whose names they bear, which persons, we are convinced from their own testimony and the testimony of others, are worthy of belief when relating either what they themselves witnessed or heard from the mouths of others, then our faith in such books is reasonable, and stands on a firm foundation. It rests on the same ground precisely on which we receive the works of the ancient writers of every nation,—an uninterrupted chain of human testimony. There cannot be a stronger or better. And until we have abandoned our faith in the reality of the persons and writings of Cicero, Tacitus, Livy, Cæsar, we need not hesitate to believe firmly in the persons and writings of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. Nor, indeed, till long after that, for the testimony of history to the existence and works of these Evangelists, is vastly more full and minute than that which forms the basis of our faith in any of the contemporary pagan writers. "We do not believe," says Le Clerc, "in the Gospel of St. Matthew because we are assured by an oracle from Heaven, which has told us, that this book is truly an Apostle's, but on the same account that we believe that the Æneid is truly Virgil's, and the Iliad truly Homer's. For, in truth, we do not believe in Jesus Christ, but because we are persuaded that the history we have of him is true. And how do we know that this history is true? Because eyewitnesses have written it, and have suffered death to maintain the truth of their testimonies. And how are we certain, that there were eyewitnesses, and that they suffered death, rather than deny what they said? By history; that is to say, by the testimony of men who affirm it to us constantly, from the time of the establishment of the christian religion to the age we live in." Unless we suppose a miracle in the case of every individual, convincing him that every book of the Bible is genuine, and contains a true account of what it professes to relate, or, in other words, is

canonical, we must rely solely on the evidence of history, and receive the Bible in the same way as we do other books. And this, according to Professor Alexander, as just quoted, is the true way of settling the canon of the New and Old Testaments. "The early christians," he says, "pursued this method of determining what books were canonical. They searched into the records of the church before their time, and from these ascertained what books should be received as belonging to the sacred volume. They appealed to that certain and universal tradition, which attested the genuineness of these books. Irenæus, Tertullian, Eusebius, Cyril, and Augustine, have all made use of this argument in establishing the canon of the New Testament."

The results of Dr. Alexander's inquiry, are, that the books of the Old Testament and of the New, as we have them in our Bibles, with the exception of the apocryphal books, are all of them entitled to the place they occupy, as canonical, and are the only canonical books that have descended to us. He states, briefly, the objections that have been raised by eminent critics against some of the Gospels and Epistles; but regards them as wholly incapable of support. As we should say, that, in doing this, he has attached too much importance to the arguments of Michaelis against the Gospels of Mark and Luke,—if, considering that the book was intended for popular use, they had not better have been wholly omitted,—so we should think, that too little notice has been taken of the reasons that have been urged against the genuineness of the Epistle to the Hebrews. After a very brief examination, he seems to admit all of the seven catholic epistles,—of which four, James, the Second of Peter, and the Second and Third of John, have been disputed,—as of undoubted authority. The book of Revelation, he is decisive in regarding as a genuine work of the Apostle John. Since, however, from the remotest antiquity objections have been raised and maintained against some of the other books of the New Testament, which have been found to involve considerable difficulty, some have thought that a distinction should be observed among them. The canon which Dr. Lardner has drawn from the Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius, who flourished at the latter end of the third, and beginning of the fourth century, has always seemed to us worthy of attentive consideration. According to him, the canon should consist of two classes. "The first should consist of those books which he (Eusebius) assures us, were then universally acknowledged, and had been all along received by all catholic christians. These are, the Four Gospels, Acts of the Apostles, thirteen epistles of Paul, First Epistle of

Peter, and the First of John. These only should be of highest authority, from which doctrines of religion should be proved. In the other class should be placed those books of which Eusebius speaks, as contradicted in his time, though well known; concerning which there were doubts, whether they were written by the persons whose names they bear, or whether the writers were apostles of Christ. These are, the Epistle to the Hebrews, the Epistle of James, Second of Peter, Second and Third of John, Jude, and Revelations. These should be reckoned doubtful and contradicted, though many might be of opinion, that there is a good deal of reason to believe them genuine. And they should be allowed to be publicly read in christian assemblies for the edification of the people; but not be alleged as affording alone sufficient proof of any doctrine." It seems, that, at the Council of Trent, there were those, who wished the above distinction to be drawn between the different books of the New Testament. In Paul Sarpi's history of that council, we find, says Lardner, "that one of the doctrinal articles concerning sacred scripture, extracted or pretended to be extracted out of Luther's works, was this; 'That no books should be reckoned a part of the Old Testament beside those received by the Jews, and that out of the New Testament should be excluded the Epistle to the Hebrews, that of James, Second of Peter, Second and Third of John, Jude, and Revelation.'" And, he adds, there were some of the bishops in that council, "who would have had the books of the New Testament divided into two classes; in one of which should be put those books only, which had been always received without contradiction; and in the other, those which had been rejected by some, or about which, at least, there had been doubts." That Luther's judgment was like that above ascribed to him, is at least very probable, if we may judge from the decision with which he speaks in regard to the book of Revelation. "Not one thing only," he says, "fails me in this book, so that I hold it neither for apostolical nor prophetical; I put it almost upon the same rank with the fourth book of Esdras. In former times, many of the fathers rejected this book. Let every one make of it what his own spirit suggests. My spirit can make nothing of it." Yet Sir Isaac Newton says; "I do not find any other book of the New Testament so strongly attested, or early commented upon as this." And Dr. Priestley, who has never been thought to have allowed himself too little latitude on these subjects, observes, in his notes on this book, "I think it impossible for any intelligent and candid person to peruse it, without being struck in the most forcible

manner, with the peculiar dignity and sublimity of its composition superior to that of any other writing whatever, so as to be convinced, that, considering the age in which it appeared, none but a person divinely inspired could have written it." While with such authorities, in former and modern times, there has existed such difference of opinion in regard to this book, and, we may add, in regard to the other books mentioned above, we will not say, that it is wholly improper that a distinction should be maintained between those books which have been disputed, and probably always will be, and those whose genuineness and canonical authority has never been called in question, or suspected, and we may feel confident never will be.

We have not multiplied extracts, because the book of Dr. Alexander is published in such a form as to be accessible to all who may feel any disposition to acquaint themselves with the subject which he discusses; but we will present our readers with a page of the author's introduction, as a favorable specimen of his style, and as containing weighty reasons why his own, or some book on the subject he treats, should be read by christians generally.

"I think, therefore," Professor Alexander observes, "that the importance and necessity of this inquiry must be evident to every person of serious reflection. But to some, it may appear, that this matter has been long ago settled on the firmest principles; and that it can answer no good purpose to agitate questions, which have a tendency to produce doubts and misgivings in the minds of common christians, rather than a confirmation of their faith. In reply to the first part of this objection, I would say, that it is freely admitted that this subject has been ably and fully discussed long ago, and in almost every age until the present time, and the author aims at nothing more in this short treatise, than to exhibit to the sincere inquirer, who may not enjoy better means of information, the substance of those discussions and proofs which ought to be in the possession of every christian; his object is not to bring forth any thing new, but to collect and condense in a narrow space, what has been written by the judicious and learned on this important subject. But that discussion tends to produce doubting, is a sentiment unworthy of christians who maintain, that their religion is founded on the best reasons, and who are commanded to give to every man a reason of the hope that is in them. That faith which is weakened by discussion, is mere prejudice, not true faith. They who receive the most important articles of their religion upon trust, from human authority, are continually liable to be thrown into doubt, and the only method of obviating this evil is to dig deep and

lay our foundation upon a rock. If this objection had any weight, it would discourage all attempts to establish the truth of our holy religion by argument, and would also damp the spirit of free inquiry on every important subject. It is true, however, that the first effect of free discussion may be to shake that easy confidence which most men entertain, that all their opinions are correct; but the beneficial result will be, that, instead of a persuasion having no other foundation than prejudice, it will generate a faith resting on the firm basis of evidence.

"There is undoubtedly among christians too great a disposition to acquiesce, without examination, in the religion of their forefathers. There is too great an aversion to that kind of research which requires time and labor; so that many, who are fully competent to examine the foundation on which their religion rests, never take the pains to enter on the investigation; and it is to be regretted, that many, who are much occupied with speculations on points of theology, waste the energies of their minds on subjects which can yield them no manner of profit, while they neglect entirely, or but superficially attend to points of fundamental importance."

We much prefer this work of Dr. Alexander on the Canon to his former volume on the Evidences. It appears to us to be more thorough and complete. But the fact of its having arrived in so little time to a second edition, shows, that it has the popular favor, and that a short work on the subject was much needed. Yet, with all our respect for Dr. Alexander as the author of these two works, we cannot avoid expressing our surprise, that one of our most respectable colleges (if we have been rightly informed) should throw aside the work of Paley. We can conceive of a book better calculated than Paley's, in some respects, for a college class, but we do not think that such an one has yet been written.

Jicotencal. Filadelfia. Imprenta de Guillermo Staverly. Two Volumes. 1826. 18mo. pp. 471.

We have been principally induced to notice this book on account of its belonging to the Spanish literature of America. As a story, we cannot give it the praise of being very skilfully contrived, although it is written with about the same degree of talent as the mass of modern works of the kind. It has, however, the merit of containing pretty just and enlightened notions on political government and other important subjects, and to incul-

cate these, we suppose, was the principal aim of the writer. He has generally stated them with clearness, and expressed them with force, and his work, if read by those who speak his language in the Southern republics of America, may be useful. Next to the public journals the readiest and most effectual way a writer can take to disseminate his opinions on these subjects, is by ingeniously mingling them with the contents of works of fiction. Heavy treatises on civil rights, and regular discussions of the question of religious freedom, would hardly be taken up by that large proportion of readers, whose only object is amusement, or who look upon books as a quiet and innocent expedient to get rid of their time. By frequent references to important principles scattered throughout the works which naturally come into the hands of this class of readers, and brief and eloquent illustrations of them on proper and interesting occasions, the rudiments of an opinion are sometimes communicated to those who never expected to trouble themselves with reflection on such subjects. It is true, that the form of fictitious narrative is by no means a suitable one for the ample and free discussion of important doctrines. The expedient is an absurd one in itself, and it is no wonder that all the attempts in this way have been such decided and shocking failures. But it must also be admitted, on the other hand, that this species of composition is a very convenient and effectual medium for the insinuation of opinions, which readers in general are not prepared or not inclined to receive in a more direct manner. By means of reflections arising naturally and unobtrusively out of his subject, delicate allusions, inferences rather suggested than drawn, and speeches put into the mouths of his personages, artfully suited to their characters and to the circumstances in which they are placed, a popular author may do much for his favorite opinions. The friends of toryism in Great Britain would have owed no thanks to the author of "Waverley," had he published a book professedly in defence of its doctrines. But when he wrote his "Woodstock," he wielded in their favor an influence more powerful, perhaps, than any other that could be employed, if we except those personal favors and preferments, which, both in England and our own country, are the surest instruments of political conversion.

"Jicotencal" is a tale founded on the story of the expedition of Hernan Cortes, which ended in the conquest and colonization of Mexico and the neighbouring provinces, afterwards formed into the viceroyalty of New Spain. Among these provinces, that of Tlascala was then, as now, one of the most fertile and populous. Its inhabitants lived under an aristocratic form of govern-

ment; the Spanish historians of the expedition of Cortes, call it a republic; but it seems to have contained, at most, no larger infusion of the democratic principle, than the feudal system of Europe, which it somewhat resembled. The caciques had grown too powerful and independent to live under a monarchy, and, many years before the arrival of Cortes, had dissolved this form of government, divided the kingly power among themselves, and ruled the nation by the decrees of a council, composed of the territorial lords. But the common people were the vassals of these lords, and, like the retainers of all petty sovereigns, devotedly attached to their masters. No form of government can be better calculated for a warlike people, and, accordingly, the inhabitants of Tlascala excelled all their neighbours in courage and military skill. The Spanish general was fortunate in early concluding an alliance with this nation, after some bloody, but not decisive hostilities. He effected this principally by offering to assist them against the Mexicans, whom they hated, and whose power they had long defied and resisted. With the aid of the Tlascalans, he succeeded in conquering Mexico; and his allies were permitted to enjoy, until the late emancipation of the Spanish American provinces, the immunities which Cortes had procured for them from the court of his own country, as the reward of their early submission and their valuable aid. They were exempted from all services and duties to the crown of Spain, except the annual acknowledgment of a handful of Indian wheat for each person in the intendancy.

Among the Tlascalan chiefs, who figure in the expedition of Cortes, was Xicotencatl, or Jicotencal, a cacique of one of the four districts into which the country was divided, and the commander-in-chief of the armies of the republic. He had from the first opposed in the council, with all his eloquence and influence, the alliance with the Spanish general; he was at the head of the troops who gave him battle in the short war that preceded the treaty; he was selected by the council to settle with him the conditions of the peace, and, by their command, he accompanied him with a large body of Tlascalan troops to Mexico. Herrera says that "he never loved the Spaniards," and while at the siege of Mexico, according to the same historian, upon some disgust with the arrogant and oppressive assumption of authority on the part of the Spaniards, he left the army, and, with several of his friends, withdrew to Tlascala. Cortes, glad of a pretext to destroy a man whom he suspected and hated, sent to Tlascala, had him seized, brought back to the camp, and executed on a high

gibbet, in sight of the Indian army, while an interpreter proclaimed aloud the cause of his punishment. His countrymen, by whom he was beloved and venerated, cut his garments in pieces, and carried them away as sacred relics.

This personage the author has chosen for the hero of his story. He is represented, as he probably was, a sincere and sagacious friend of his country, who opposed the alliance with Cortes, because he foresaw from it the destruction of the liberties of his nation, and the degradation of his race. Nor is the author without warrant from history for ascribing to him, along with his countrymen in general, a magnanimous, direct, and simple character, which both despised the practice of treachery and was slow to suspect it in others. It seems like an anecdote of Grecian or Roman greatness of mind, to read that this officer sent provisions to the famishing troops of Cortes, and waited until they had refreshed themselves before he would give them battle.

From the example of Tlascala the author has attempted to inculcate the political lesson of the danger of suffering other nations to interfere with the affairs of our own; an interference which, whatever may be the pretext, is never exercised for the good of those who are its objects, but always for the aggrandizement of those who exercise it. He has undertaken to trace the policy by which a few of the powerful men of a nation are at first corrupted, the majority gradually gained over to their views, and finally those, whose talents and whose virtues make them formidable to the enemies of their country, are crushed in the ruin of that country's liberties. Such is the political tendency of the tale; it has also a love-plot for the youths and maidens.

In framing this, the author has taken some liberty with the historical account of Jicotencal. The five hundred women of that warrior are a sad stumbling-block in the way of a novelist, who wants to make him a hero and a lover. The author has, therefore, very judiciously given him but one, the beautiful and gentle Teutila, a native of the neighbouring province of Zocothlan. Before the alliance with Tlascala, Cortes,—hearing that she was beautiful and affianced to Jicotencal, and judging that if he could get her into his power, she might be of use to him in the prosecution of his designs,—contrives to decoy her into his camp, and detains her in captivity. After the peace, he carries her a prisoner to Tlascala, and refuses to yield her up to Jicotencal, alleging, that, as she did not belong to his nation, he had no right to demand her liberty. The lovers suffer, of course, a great many distresses, and submit to a great many mortifications and insults, until at last

Cortes, finding that nothing could be made of his captive, makes a virtue of delivering her up to her uncle Teutile, the Mexican general. Jicotencal succeeds in obtaining her from Teutile, carries her to Tlascala, and is united to her according to the picturesque ceremonies of his native country. In the mean time, he continues to serve in the wars of the republic, even though on the side of Cortes, constantly endeavouring to bring back his countrymen to a sense of their true interests, and a just estimation of the character and designs of the Spanish adventurers. At length Cortes takes advantage of a breach of military discipline, which he had himself provoked, to put him to death. The news is conveyed to the unhappy Teutila, who, after the first strong transports of grief, conceives the resolution of ridding the world of the murderer of her husband and the enemy of her country. She repairs, in company with one of her relations, to the camp before Mexico, sends to Cortes soliciting a private audience at a certain hour, for a Tlascalan lady of distinction, and receives a favorable answer to her request. At the appointed moment, she proceeds to his quarters, having first swallowed a mortal poison, the operation of which she intended should follow close upon the execution of her design, and leave only her lifeless corpse to the fury of the Spaniards. An accident detains Cortes from the interview until the poison has began to produce its effect, and thus preserves his life. At length he enters. What follows is a translation from the author's words, and will serve as a sample of the work.

"The spectacle of the unhappy Teutila, struggling with the agonies of death, subdued at once the bold bearing of her cruel enemy, and even *his* ferocious serenity could not support the sight of this innocent creature's sufferings. With the paleness of death on his countenance, his hair erect, his mouth open, his eyes glaring with amazement, his arms half raised, not daring either to advance or to go back, he stood trembling, yet rooted to the ground in astonishment, his looks denoting too well the mortal anguish that was at his heart. At last, covering his face with his hands, he exclaimed, in a hoarse and faltering voice,

"'What is it that I behold?'

"The sound recalled Teutila to herself. Her eyes wandered about the room in search of Cortes, and at length rested upon him.

"'At last thou art here. I am not then so unfortunate.'

"Father Bartholomew and Donna Marina shrunk back at beholding his look and attitude of horror. Teutila again spoke;

"'Murderer! most detestable monster that hell ever vomited forth! thou art going to receive the reward of thy unutterable guilt from the hands of —'

"But her strength failed the heroic matron, and her limbs, already reached by the action of the poison, refused to obey her will. Falling back into the seat from which she had attempted to rise, she continued, in a more composed tone,

"'Listen, accursed one. The wife of Jicotencal —'

"A convulsive shudder passed over the frame of Hernan Cortes at the utterance of that name—

"'The widow of the brave and heroic general of Tlascala had sworn to avenge with thy death the foulest murder that the most detestable tyranny ever committed. Alas! she was not permitted to see that the shedding of thy black and infamous blood by her hand, was a punishment unworthy of crimes like thine. Heaven has taken into its own hands the work of vengeance; the anguish with which thou writhest in my presence, tells thee, foul and bloody assassin, the fate that awaits thee in this life, and that which is preparing for thee in the other. Yes, monster, in the accident which frustrated my design, I behold the justice of Heaven. It is jealous of its victim, and wills not that aught should come between it and the deserved sentence. Take this instrument, which my ignorance would have opposed to the terrible arm of an avenging God.'

"Teutila threw the dagger towards Hernan Cortes, who started back with horror.

"'Be content, my friend,' continued Teutila, speaking to Donna Marina; 'the ghost of Jicotencal haunts the wretch even at this moment, and soon will that of Teutila assist in tormenting him.'

"Immediately she was seized with new and severer pangs, yet milder, with all their violence, than those which wrung the soul of Cortes. He went through the hall like a madman, sometimes striking his forehead with his fists, and sometimes tearing his hair, until the sound of Teutila's voice arrested him, as if by magic, and fixed him motionless as a statue. At last the strength of Teutila began to abandon her, the paleness of death showed itself in her countenance, a cold sweat covered her serene forehead; she opened for the last time her beautiful eyes, and, fixing them on Cortes, who was unable to withdraw from her his own, she exclaimed with all her force;

"'Be thou accursed, foul murderer of my Jicotencal!—Jicotencal—Jicotencal—'

"These were her last words. As they were uttered, the strong, shuddering agitation of Hernan Cortes struck fear into the bystanders. At length, a little more composed, he threw himself into a seat, while Marina, on her knees, beside the corpse of Teutila, held one of the hands pressed to her heart, and grasped closely within both her own. Father Batholomew was leaning against the wall for support, and trembled like a boy. A silence

like that of the grave reigned for a long time in the apartment; it was broken at last by a deep, heavy sigh, that escaped from the bosom of Cortes. Marina then arose from her place, and, taking the hand of Cortes, and putting herself in the same attitude as when she knelt by the body of her friend, she said;

"'My lord, it is already time that thy great heart should be restored to virtue. Look on that cold and motionless corpse; the serenity and purity of the soul which animated it, have left their seal on the material and unintelligent part. Believe your humble slave, the consolations which a virtuous mind finds in itself, are so pure, so delightful, so unmingled with anxiety and disgust, that it might seem almost impossible that all should not passionately love virtue. Reflect, I beseech you, on the last moments of this unhappy lady. When fate had frustrated all her designs, when she saw the vengeance she had meditated disappointed, and the sacrifice she had made of her life useless, virtue, fruitful in consolation, suggested to her mind an idea that sweetened the bitterness of death. I speak not to you of the sufferings which accompany guilt; a voice, to which mine is feeble, is telling of them to your own bosom. Avoid, then, this great misery, and embrace a happiness that invites you. You have only to seek it in sincerity of purpose. Leave the rest to your own greatness of soul, and you will soon become as much the object of admiration in the career of virtue, as you have been the object of terror in that of victory.'

"'Thou art in the right, Marina,' answered Hernan Cortes; 'how dearly it costs to become a conqueror! If, before entering upon that career, the adventurer could behold the pains and sorrows with which it is filled, difficult indeed would it be to collect the courage to embrace it. But it is so hard to go back!—'

"Father Bartholomew de Olmeda, who, till then, had preserved the silence of a novice through all the scene, availed himself of the returning tranquillity of Hernan Cortes to offer his spiritual counsels. With pious eloquence he represented to him that an evident miracle of Divine Providence had preserved him from the dagger of Teutila, with the intention of warning him, that his own life was as much exposed to the stroke of the unsparing axe of death as that of any other man, and that, therefore, he should redouble his zeal for the faith of God, and regulate his conduct by his holy commandments. This discourse produced an effect directly opposite to what the good ecclesiastic intended, since it quite extinguished the spark of natural feeling which Marina had found means to awaken in the bosom of Cortes. Recovering his ordinary air of superiority and tranquillity, he rose, saying,

"'My friends, let us have done with this. This melancholy scene has already continued too long. The path which leads to the temple of fame is filled with great obstacles, but it is so much

the more glorious to overcome them. It is, perhaps, pleasanter to live quietly and peacefully in a corner; but such is not my destiny. To-morrow we march to attack Mexico.' " pp. 239—247.

This scene seems to us to be drawn with considerable power, but the author has not been quite successful in the attempt to ally the feverish thirst of revenge with the peace and serenity of virtue.

Jicotencal, his wife, his father, and the Mexican general Teutile, are very unprejudiced, enlightened, and philosophic savages, and, in their notions of government and religion, approach very nearly to the modern *liberales* of Spain. The character of Cortes is more fairly, although very unfavorably represented. This adventurer, though possessed of uncommon courage, wonderful fertility in expedients, surprising presence of mind, great insight into men's natures, and great skill in swaying their passions to his own purposes, and, though not destitute of some sense of at least the outward beauty and dignity of virtue, as all must see who read the minute accounts which are left of his expeditions, was yet greedy, treacherous, and cruel without bounds. The author of "Jicotencal" seems to have made ample allowance for the partiality of his countrymen in their views of the character of Cortes, and has busied himself, without remorse, in bringing out and placing in a strong light its darker features.

The territories of Spanish America, which were colonized amid a series of sanguinary wars with the natives, have now emancipated themselves by struggles as long and bloody as those by which they were added to the Spanish crown. It is natural to compare the character of these wars, undertaken for such different purposes. If ever a war can have a favorable effect upon the morals of a people, it must be one for national liberty; and if any war can debase and degrade its character more than another, it must be one of rapine and plunder. The expeditions of Hernan Cortes were expeditions of which gold was the motive, and they were conducted in a manner worthy of the sordid spirit to which they owed their conception. The most insatiable rapacity, the most unfeeling cruelty, the most refined treachery, were practised without scruple, when they seemed likely to further the object of these adventurers. As if avarice did not prompt to atrocities enough, the blindest bigotry and the most rigid intolerance were called to its aid, and those who were not butchered for the sake of gold were butchered for the sake of religion. With their hands stained by all sorts of crimes and their hearts conceiving all sorts of covetous and bloody projects, these bold men kneeled before

the crucifix with unaffected devotion, and "received the blessed sacrament with much zeal and tears." * The colonies planted under these unhappy auspices paid dearly for the sins of their founders, and were scarcely permitted by the mother country to rise above the barbarism of those tribes, into whose territories they had intruded. At the beginning of the present contest with Spain, both parties seem to have taken up the customs of war where Cortes left them, and the cruelties committed by them upon each other, were too horrible to be related. It was reserved for the Patriots to introduce the milder maxims of modern warfare, and to show the better influence of their new institutions, by issuing a solemn proclamation putting an end to this horrible rivalship of atrocity, emphatically called the *war of death.*† It might almost seem as if a nobler race of men had grown up in those countries. In the midst of their political storms, they have taken care to found institutions for the purpose of forming the minds of those, who are soon, under better auspices, to take the place of the men who threw off the Spanish yoke. In the mean time, more enlightened notions of government are diffusing and perfecting themselves, and a tolerant spirit is fast displacing the old bigotry. Indeed we are morally certain, that in such a contest of an oppressed nation with its despotic masters, its character cannot fail to elevate and purify itself. The circumstances in which it is placed nourish within it a spirit of generous daring, of disinterested submission to hardships, and sacrifice of private advantage to the general good, in short, of that self-denial, which is the parent stock on which grow all the virtues. Those who lived through our own Revolution, witnessed this process, and history is full of examples to the same effect. The instance of the French Revolution is, it is true, an exception to this rule, if indeed it can be fairly brought within the principle we assume. But that event stands alone in history. It has not its fellow in all the revolutions of the ancient or the modern world. It was not like those risings of the people in which the Grecian commonwealths had their birth, nor like that by which Rome became a republic. It was not like those which gave liberty to Switzerland and to Holland; it was not like the revolution which beheaded Charles I., nor like that which called over the Prince of Orange. It was not like the revolt of Corsica, nor like our own revolution, nor like that of the Spanish American republics, nor like that of modern Greece. It is an anomaly in political history, and its only parallel is to be found in those paroxysms of religious frenzy, that

* Herrera. † Guerra à muerte.

disgrace the history of modern ages, in which the order of society has been broken up, and the blood of men spilt like water. It stands in the group of revolutions, as a warning, not against resistance to despotism, but against carrying political excitement to that pitch of delirium, which confounds all principles of morality and slights all obligations of duty. Yet now that the calamities of that revolution have passed away, France is enjoying its benefits,—as the deluge that drowns a country enriches its soil.

One cause which tends greatly to improve the character of a people thus struggling for its liberties, is the relation in which it stands to the nations that surround it. If that struggle take place in an enlightened period of the world, it cannot fail to learn from its neighbours many important truths, many valuable principles, many laudable customs, which, in the days of its degradation, could never have found admittance. It may be farther behind the age than more settled governments, but it is likely to overtake it with a faster, because freer pace than they. Its anarchy, the very looseness of its temporary government is, for a while, in its favor; the incomplete fabric lets in light on all sides, and it is well, perhaps, if the struggle be not soon over, for then it becomes the better instructed before it finally adopts the institutions by which it is to be governed. In the mean time, it sends out its inquiries, observes and compares the institutions of other nations, and profits by the lessons of their experience. A class of adventurers from other countries, enroll themselves under the banners of the nation that fights for freedom, who, although enthusiastic, hair-brained, and visionary, if the world please, are yet, like all enthusiasts, disinterested, full of noble sentiments, and capable of noble actions. The virtues of these men are admired and copied, and impress something of their character upon the nation. We should never fear, therefore, that too much of our sympathy will be given to an oppressed and suffering people, struggling to break the long-worn chain of its bondage, since we may be certain that, ere the struggle is at an end, that sympathy will be amply deserved. The pity we at first give to its misfortunes will, at length, grow into admiration for its moral qualities. We shall see it laying aside the vices of its servitude, because it has no longer any occasion for them, and assuming the virtues of a free nation, because its condition calls them forth. War is, without doubt, under all circumstances and all aspects, a tremendous evil, but it is, perhaps, the best school in which the character of a nation, emerging from slavery and degradation, could be formed. Its calamities are the throes that precede the living and perfect birth.

It is the new and strong stimulus which breaks up old habits of mind, and removes old and mischievous associations into forgetfulness. Its dangers, emergencies, and responsibilities, are the discipline by which the minds, that are to guide the new career of their nation, are to be formed to greatness. What would become of such a nation if its chains were to be taken off quietly, and it were at once permitted to govern itself, without the apprehension of danger from its old masters to serve as a bond of union, until its government and civil institutions were finally adopted and settled? It would hardly be ruled, at first, more wisely and equitably under the new system of things, than under the old.

Essays upon Popular Education, containing a particular Examination of the Schools of Massachusetts, and an Outline of an Institution for the Education of Teachers. By JAMES G. CARTER. Boston. Bowles & Dearborn. 1826. 8vo. pp. 60.

MR. CARTER shows uncommon interest in the important subject of these essays; he has long devoted himself to it, and made it the object of deep study and extensive research. His "Letters to the Hon. William Prescott," published two or three years since, on the free schools of New England, show him to be, not only well acquainted with their origin, their history, the important bearings they may have upon our national character, the defects, or rather the injurious plans of instruction, which every where prevail in them, but also that he has carefully investigated the science of education generally, and knows well the principles by which it must be directed, in order to act beneficially and with effect. Nor is Mr. Carter a visionary, inexperienced theorist, engaged merely in ingenious speculations on this subject. We understand, that he is well acquainted with it practically, that he has taught in our academies, examined many of the free schools of our country towns, and that he has been much employed as private instructer to young gentlemen of distinguished and wealthy families; so that he gathers his knowledge from facts, and has had every opportunity of trying the accuracy of his principles by actual observation and experiment. For all these reasons, his opinions are certainly entitled to great respect and attention.

It is astonishing how little public inquiry has been hitherto devoted in our own country, to the means of extending popular

education. Abroad, in Great Britain particularly, it has long excited every where the most intense interest. Their public prints have been full of it; parliament comes not often together without having some bill to settle, or report to hear, relating to it. It has formed, we may say, without exception perhaps, the most frequent article of discussion in the highest of their literary journals. Separate independent pamphlets, on inquiries connected with it, are continually issuing from the press; and in this truly useful employment, of aiding in the general diffusion of knowledge all over the community, bringing it home to the minds of the poor and humble, encouraging every improvement in the art of popular instruction, their greatest statesmen, as well as their finest and most intelligent writers, are warmly engaged, devoting to it much of their inestimable time, and all their splendid acquisitions. How different is it here! We believe that Congress has never been called upon to act, in any way, on on the subject. Our politicians have been busy about every thing else. Our scholars and men of letters are engaged in other departments, which, though more showy and alluring, are, we venture to say, of infinitely less importance. Able inquiries into it are seldom any where seen among us; and such a pamphlet, as the one now under our consideration, is a rare phenomenon indeed.

This is the reason, probably, why the public in general do not see clearly, or are not sufficiently alive to the great national importance of popular instruction. We are not kept sufficiently on the alert to observe what is depending upon it. We all know how much education has to do in forming the character of an individual. We are seldom apt to think, that the whole community receive their impressions, and are made good or bad, virtuous or vicious, intelligent, enterprising, and peaceful, or inefficient, weak, and factious, in precisely the same way. Mr. Carter estimates, that nineteen twentieths of our population are obliged to get all their instruction from our country free schools. How important an influence, then, must they have in the formation of our national character, and how necessary is it for our legislature to take them under its close protection; supply their defects; look well to their judicious and efficient management; raise their standing in public estimation, and qualify them better for the high rank which their extensive influence ought to give them.

In our frame of government, we are trying a grand political experiment, which, in the hands of other mighty and opulent nations, has totally failed. It has not only failed, but led on to a

state of disorder more terrific and appalling, than any despotism that can be imagined. On what, then, rest our hopes of safety? How are we to be exempt from the common fate of republics? What is to rescue or save us from popular outrage, corruption, anarchy, faction, and misrule, which hurry a people on to ruin more surely and with more inevitable speed, than any regularly established tyranny, however arbitrary it may be, or even if it be of a severe military character? We answer, it is to be done only by the universal diffusion of intelligence. Let government place this within the reach, and, as far as possible, force it upon the attention of every class of youth in the community. We speak not now of the general happiness which it is almost sure to carry with it; but it is the only thing which can prepare men for the enjoyment of liberty, and secure to them the possession of it. An ignorant people can never govern themselves. It requires no small share of intelligence to know what true political liberty is, how far it may be extended, and where it must stop. An ignorant people can never be a free people. It has been every where found, that, when unrestrained by absolute authority, they naturally press on to licentiousness, a state more degrading than servitude, until, weary of the fruitless exercise of their own destructive powers, they are glad to lay them down at the feet of some favorite usurper, who has won them by the easy arts of popular intrigue; and the yoke, which such a people tend voluntarily to assume, is incomparably more oppressive and galling than any which mere despotic sovereignty could possibly impose upon them.

Much has been written about the checks and balances in our frame of government working miracles in its support, and securing us forever against its decline. But how is this? We now believe the only good effect of them is to retard the progress of legislation, so as to let light and intelligence come in. Surely there can be no conflicting interests necessarily interwoven in these several branches of authority. They are all agents for, and representatives of the great mass of the community who choose them. The senate of Massachusetts, it is true, is said to be founded on wealth, in order to protect it from violence and unjust appropriation; yet who does not perceive this to be in a great measure nominal? It ought not to have, and we hope it may never have a constant influence in regulating the measures of legislation, or in giving a tone to the laws. If there be any such influence springing from it, we believe it to be often directly the opposite of what was originally intended. The senate may become at some day the representative of the laboring classes purely; for wherever riches are accumulating, the

population of the poorer classes is increasing and crowding together in still greater proportion, and the wealthy, who are not the only voters, may be far out-numbered. So that, when competition for superiority shall actually arise between these rival classes, we may depend upon it, that the commons, who can very easily rally to act in concert in such places, will send their own tribunes to the capitol to represent them; and we have some slight experience to show us, how possible and indeed practicable all this is. We have not much to hope, then, from our checks and balances alone. It is an intelligent and enlightened community, knowing their own rights and respecting the rights of others, which must make those effectual, and to which we are to look for the protection and durability of our political institutions.

It was not our intention to go into an argument in favor of free schools as the instruments of popular education, because we believe their importance is generally every where acknowledged, although they have ceased to awaken that lively interest which they most truly deserve, and which is indispensably necessary in order to make them as extensively useful as they may and ought to be. But there is one point touched upon by Mr. Carter, which we must bring fully before our readers, for it cannot be too often repeated; and that is, the exact coincidence of these institutions with all our purest and best republican feelings. Nothing can more entirely harmonize with them. Those feelings may, and ought to be implanted early in the mind of childhood. They will then be fixed at a time, when impressions are the most deep and durable. If our free schools were raised in public estimation, as we shall soon see may be done very easily and with little additional expense, the children of the affluent, of those in easy circumstances, and of the poor and humble, will be brought together, and taught to associate, and mingle intimately with each other on the most perfect level of equality, where merit alone forms the title to rank. This will be sure to make them true to their political institutions. We are all republicans by nature; our education from infancy may be made to keep us so. Principles thus early imbibed are not speedily to be unsettled. Our national condition may change, our form of government may change, our political character may also in some respects change, but we shall be a republic still, essentially and for ever. With all their defects, the schools of which we speak, have in fact drawn forth talents from the humblest stations, and given them the first impulse, which ultimately carried them to the highest and most elevated. They tend to make the proud and wealthy willing that

the people should rule, and convince the people, that the proud and wealthy can in no way necessarily have any permanent advantage over them. If there were among us a haughty hereditary aristocracy, who wished to keep their families distinct, and prevent native genius of humble origin from mingling with, or rising superior to them, their first blow must be aimed at the free schools of our country. But we ought to cite the few remarks which Mr. Carter has made upon this interesting topic.

"If our ancestors were stern republicans, this institution did more than any and all others, to make them so, and to keep them so. While the best schools in the land are *free*, all the classes of society are blended. The rich and the poor meet and are educated together. And if educated together, nature is so even-handed in the distribution of her favors, that no fear need be entertained, that a monopoly of talent, of industry, and consequently of acquirements, will follow a monopoly of property. The principle, upon which our free schools are established, is, in itself, a stern leveller of factitious distinctions. Every generation, while the system is executed according to the true spirit of it, as conceived by our ancestors, will bring its quota of *new men* to fill the public places of distinction,—men who owe nothing to the fortunes or the crimes of their fathers, but all, under the blessing of God, to their own industry and the common schools. I say the *principle* in itself, because it has never been carried into full operation, and probably never will be.

"Its tendency, however, is not to level by debasing the exalted; but by exalting the debased. And it is a more effectual check against an aristocracy of wealth, and consequently of political influence, than would be a national jubilee and the equal distribution of property once in fifty years, without such a principle at the foundation of our system of public instruction. 'Knowledge is power,' says Lord Bacon; and so is property power, because it will procure knowledge. If we suppose society divided into two classes, the rich and the poor, the property of the former class, if there were no such institution as the free schools, would procure such immense advantages of education, as to bring second, third, and any rate talents, into successful competition with those of the first order, without such advantages.

"This use of property puts upon it its highest value. And it would not be politic, if it were possible, to destroy it. But it should seem, that this use ought to be limited; and that some of our institutions, at least, ought to have the tendency to put all upon the footing, on which nature and the God of nature left them. And just in proportion as you lose sight of, or abandon the true principle of the free schools, you lose sight of, and abandon all the moral,

political, and religious blessings which result from them. You check the diffusion of knowledge through all classes of people. You stop the circulation through the extremities of the body politic of the very life-blood, which must nourish and sustain them. You may preserve and amuse yourselves with the name of free institutions, and of a republican government, but you will not be blessed with the reality. You may incorporate in your constitution, if you like, the articles, 'that all men are born free and equal,' and 'that all are eligible to the highest offices;' but this is not freedom, while ninety-nine hundredths of the community have not the means of fitting themselves or their children, for discharging the duties of those high offices. As well might you tie the legs, and pinion the arms of a man, and tell him he has as fair a chance to win the race, as one who is free and trained to the course. Something like this our ancestors must have felt, who established the free schools; and something like this their posterity must feel, if they would cherish and preserve them." pp. 20—21.

Confining our remarks to the State, whose schools are the subject of Mr. Carter's examination, we observe, that the house of representatives supposes itself, whether truly or not, peculiarly to represent the people. It holds the public purse, and has the ordering and the appropriation of assessments all over the State. Is it not strange, then, that it should enable so small a portion of them to go to the support of those schools on which so much of its character depends? This is a tax, too, mainly upon the rich, and almost entirely for the assistance of the poor, for the rich send their children elsewhere. It is a tax, however, which they ought, and which they are generally willing to pay, because, like every other judicious tax, it strengthens good government, and thus secures to them the enjoyment of their property, which otherwise might be in danger of violation or encroachment. How is it, then, that almost all the late measures of the legislature have tended to lighten this useful and indeed indispensable tax? While the demand for knowledge, like the demand for every thing else, increases rapidly as society advances in opulence and improvement,—the proportional number of teachers for the common schools has been made less, and their requisite qualifications strangely diminished. They were far greater and more, under the colony laws, than they are now. The knowledge of Latin and Greek, which were then requisites, and are now dispensed with, are not, it is true, of much consequence alone; but the possessor of these will be likely to have other more valuable attainments, and a mind, in some measure, properly disciplined for the purpose of instruction. At the present time, nothing is

necessary for the common-school teacher, but some slight recommendations, which almost any one of common sense may obtain, and, of those who do obtain them, the cheapest, and therefore the most incompetent and the worst, is surest of success. How much has this sunk, and is still sinking the character of our free popular education? It has had the doubly bad effect of leading the weak, the ignorant, and the presumptuous to offer themselves as candidates for this truly responsible and important station; and of withdrawing those who are really able and meritorious instructers from situations, where their services must be so miserably paid. The monies appropriated to it are every year less and less, the qualifications of the teachers thus continually diminishing; and yet the committees, whom the towns appoint, although disposed to employ better ones, are under the sad necessity of accepting such as offer themselves, however meanly they may think of their scholarship or their manners, simply because for the poor compensation, which they are allowed to make, they can get no others. Where will the legislature order this to stop?

All the consequences which might have been fairly anticipated from this state of things, are now beginning to be fully seen and felt. The country schools are every where degraded. They stand low even in the estimation of their warmest friends. It is thought a mean thing for a man of competent estate, or for any but the mechanic, the artisan, or the laborer, to send their children to them for their education. The pupils participate in this degradation. It must and will affect their characters; for these are colored by the characters of those around them. Thus, independently of the poor instruction which they now get, they suffer a disadvantage, because their best associates, those who might do much to elevate their views and refine their manners, are taken away from them, as if they were an inferior order of beings. Thus it is, that feelings and sentiments, not in perfect harmony with our peculiar political principles, may be early taught and deeply settled. Strong lines of demarkation are drawn between classes of naturally equal rank and merit. The pure republican nature of the free schools is, in short, wholly destroyed. Nor does the evil rest here. The rich, the enlightened, the influential, all indeed, who are of any weight and power in our country, have withdrawn the interest they had in them, and transferred it elsewhere. The seminaries, which require private pay, and which, therefore, exclude necessarily nineteen twentieths of the community, absorb all this interest. Innumerable academies have thus sprung up.

in different parts; new private schools are continually called for; and the evils, which Mr. Carter has very happily described in the following passage, are now felt and seen all over the State of Massachusetts.

"Take any ten contiguous towns in the interior of this commonwealth, and suppose an academy to be placed in the centre of them. An academy, as I have before observed, commonly means a corporation, with a township of land in Maine, given them by the State, and a pretty convenient house, built generally by the patriotic subscriptions of those who expect to use it; the instructer being supported, chiefly or altogether, by a separate tax on the scholars. In each of these ten towns, select the six individuals, who have families to educate, who set the highest value on education, and who are able to defray the expenses of the best which can be had, either in a private school among themselves, or at the academy, which, by the supposition, is in their neighbourhood. Now of what immediate consequence can it be to the six families of each town, or to the sixty families of the ten towns, whether there be such a thing as a free school in the commonwealth or not! They have a general interest in them, to be sure, because they have themselves been there instructed, and the early associations of childhood and youth are strong; and they have a sort of speculative belief, if it be not rather an innate sentiment, that free schools make a free people. But how are their own particular, personal, and immediate interests affected? Without any libel upon human nature, these are the main springs to human actions. These are the motives, which find their way soonest to the human heart, and influence most powerfully and steadily the opinions of men, and the conduct founded upon and resulting from them.

"As soon as difficulties and disagreements, in regard to the free schools, arise, as they necessarily must, upon various topics; such as the amount of money to be raised, the distribution of it among the several districts, the manner of appropriation, whether it be to the 'summer schools' or to the 'winter schools,' to pay an instructer from this family or from that family, of higher qualifications, of this or that political or religious creed, or a thousand other questions which are constantly occurring; if any of our six families happen to be dissatisfied or disgusted with any course which may be adopted, they will, immediately, abandon the free schools, and provide for the education of their children in their own way. They may organize a private school, for their own convenience, upon such principles as they most approve. Or, they may send their scholars, at an expense trifling to them, to the academy in their neighbourhood. Well, what if they do? The free schools remain, all taxes are paid, cheerfully, for their support,

and the number of scholars is lessened. What is the evil of their sending their children somewhere else to be educated? We should, at first, suppose, that it would be an advantage; inasmuch as the amount of money to be expended would be left the same, and the number of pupils to receive the benefit of it would be considerably diminished.

"But the evils of this course, and of the general policy of the State government, which has led to it, are very serious ones. When the six individuals of any country town, who are, by the supposition, first in point of wealth and interest in the subject, and who will generally be also first in point of intelligence and influence in town affairs, withdraw their children from the common schools; there is, at the same time, withdrawn a portion of intelligence from their direction and heartfelt interest from their support. This intelligence is needed, to manage the delicate and important concerns of the schools. And this heartfelt interest is needed, to lead the way to improvements, to stimulate and encourage larger and larger appropriations, and to insure vigilance in their expenditure. Patriotism and philanthropy are dull motives to exertions for the improvement of common schools, compared with parental affection. And this quickening power has gone off to the academies or somewhere else, with the children, who are the objects of it.

"Look at the operation of this influence of the academies upon the free schools, on a still smaller scale. Examine the condition of the latter in the very towns, where academies are placed; and where, if their influence be a happy one, we should expect to find the common schools in the best condition. What is the fact? From observation and from information collected from authentic sources, the assertion may be hazarded, that the condition of the free schools will be found, on examination, to be worse, far worse, in those towns, than in any others. And it is for this plain reason; because those, who can barely afford the expense of tuition, will send their children to the academy, which the State or benevolent individuals have built up for their accommodation, and give themselves no farther trouble about the free schools, but to pay the tax-bill for their support when it is presented." pp. 30—32.

With the slender means appropriated to their support, and the little interest taken in them, it is no wonder that errors of instruction, the most perverse and injurious, should every where prevail in our common schools. It is impossible to describe the bad effects, which may thus be produced. Base prejudices are fastened upon the mind, which it can never entirely remove. Children acquire a thorough distaste for education, and thus shut themselves out for ever from those enjoyments, which are the most elevating, as well as productive of the highest good. The pleasure

of learning is naturally great even to the infant mind. The existence of strong early curiosity proves this incontestably. A disposition to examine, to find out, to know, is among the first which the expanding intellect puts forth. There must be a degree of pleasure, too, in the judicious exercise of every one of the faculties, which Heaven has bestowed upon us, that of the most useful, probably, being the most interesting and delightful. To what admirable account might not this be turned, in all our schools for education! To what feeble, and indeed ruinous account, is it not actually turned in the schools of which we are speaking! Let any body go into one of these, and mark the uninteresting discipline of the master, the listless languor and weary indifference which every where reigns, the unmeaning gaze with which the pupils pore over and recite their lessons, and the joy, or rather the bounding exultation, with which they greet even a momentary respite from what they think their slavish toils. What is the reason of all this? They are called on to study what is far beyond the reach of their intellects, and what their instructer, if he be able himself to comprehend, which, even to them, often seems doubtful, has neither the means nor the ability to teach them, and, if he did, would, nine times out of ten, be useless to them. We cannot stop now to point out, particularly, these profitless, unintelligible studies; nor is it necessary that we should. In the "Letters" before referred to, Mr. Carter has exposed the principal ones, and, in our review* of these "Letters," we were at pains to dwell at considerable length upon what we still think the greatest and most abusive of them; to these we must refer those of our readers, who have any doubts on this subject. There is no chance for their removal, or for improvement in them under the present state of things. The instructers are incapable of it. The committees, who have the ordering and management of the doings of the schools, are in general also incapable of it, and commonly follow the instructer's advice. Old errors will thus hold their ground. The slight public scrutiny, to which they are exposed, will never make them, nor the evils of them, sufficiently known. New ones, though of precisely the same character, will be likely to creep in, and thus our schemes for the universal diffusion of intelligence, instead of improving, like every thing else, as society advances in opulence, are in fact on the decline, or at best but stationary.

If the standing of the free schools were raised to its proper elevation, as we shall presently see may be done with the utmost

* "United States Literary Gazette," Vol. I. page 165.

ease, and by the simplest act of legislation, every one of these evils will be lessened. The higher classes of people will again lend a strong hand to their support. A somewhat greater amount of money, it is true, must be appropriated to them, than now is. But the whole expense of common education in the commonwealth, will be far less, because large numbers of the pupils, who are now driven to the academies or private schools, will be withdrawn from them, and their bills therefore saved. There are many who will thus receive some direct aid in the education of their children, from the taxes which they are obliged to pay, and which now benefit them only remotely and contingently. This education, too, may, for a variety of reasons, be far superior to what it has been. The parents will have it under their immediate care and supervision. The conduct of the free schools will be watched by men of the highest intelligence; their influence over the pupil's mind easily ascertained; and the vices in their management, or modes of instruction, speedily corrected. At least we may have incomparably more to expect from their improvement, than we can possibly hope for now. There will be some prospect of better things.

And how, then, are these schools to be most effectually rescued from their degradation, and raised to the rank they deserve? We have said, that the remedy was perfectly plain and easy. No intricate scheme, nor refined, tedious, elaborate process of legislation is necessary for the purpose. Simply raise the qualifications of the teachers. The character of the schools will follow those, whatever they may be, and rise as they rise, or fall as they fall, and in exactly the same proportion. These are Mr. Carter's remarks on this subject.

"The character of the schools, and, of course, their political, moral, and religious influence upon the community, depend, almost solely, upon the character of the teachers. Their influence is strong or weak, just in proportion as the instructers are skilful or ignorant, energetic or feeble; it is in this direction or that direction, just as they are imbued with one or another principle. So that whatever is done to elevate the character of teachers, elevates, at the same time, and in the same degree, the character of the schools which they teach, and enlarges and strengthens their influence upon the community. And whatever is done or suffered to lower the character of the teachers, must sink, at the same time and in the same degree, the character of the schools, and destroy or pervert their influence upon society. Many other considerations must be taken into account in organizing a perfect and an energetic system of public instruction. These are some of them; a generous

appropriation of money to the purpose, a proper classification of scholars, an efficient and independent tribunal to ensure competency in teachers, and to overlook, examine, and report to the public, whether their duties have been faithfully performed, and, lastly, good books. But all of these objects, though highly important, are subsequent in their nature to the preparation of teachers. And no one of them can be attempted, with a reasonable expectation of accomplishing it to the greatest advantage, till good teachers are provided and ready for the work." pp. 43, 44.

On this point we have something more than mere theory or reasoning, however powerful these might be. Actual experiments are before us, of the perfect truth of Mr. Carter's remarks. We allude to the situation of some of the free schools in several of the large towns. The free classical school in Boston, particularly, which is under the care of a teacher of deserved reputation, holds, perhaps, the highest rank in our country, and gentlemen of wealth, intelligence, and personal power, are ambitious of procuring admittance to it for their children, although they must there associate intimately with the poor and humble, because it is thrown open gratuitously to the youth of merit in every class of society, however low and destitute may be their condition in life. Such establishments do infinite honor to the republican feelings of the city and of the state to which they belong. And something of this character, though certainly not so high, may and ought to be given to every one of the free schools in our country. It is remarkable, that, in acts of political generosity like this, the contrast should be such, and so strongly marked as it is, between the villages, where the utmost equality is supposed to prevail, and the large wealthy towns, where the distinction of ranks is suspected and railed at. The very reverse would be commonly anticipated. It shows how false, unjust, and ungenerous, are all those suspicions and intimations. Innumerable facts, as well as the equalizing, elevating nature of our political institutions, ought to destroy them. They cannot, indeed, long continue.

But how are the instructers to be most surely and efficiently qualified for their important business? The plan of Mr. Carter, which we believe to be so far original with him, as to justify the closest association of his name with it, seems to us equally simple and satisfactory. It is to found an institution to be devoted exclusively to this peculiar purpose.

Let some individual, or individuals, first start and get such an institution under way. Then let the State take it under its immediate patronage and support. Let private and public interests

be thus mingled and made to co-operate, in order that by the former it may be regularly, efficiently, and profitably governed, and that, by the latter, it may be aided in its earliest efforts, and afterwards supervised so as to exclude party politics, local prejudices, narrow, bigoted, sectarian views on any subject, from ever having an influence in its administration. We consider this union of interests, though not particularly mentioned, nor we believe alluded to, by Mr. Carter, who seems to have merely a private institution in view, to be of vital importance to its establishment and utility. If it were left to be got up by the State alone, it must be delayed, and would probably fall through, as many excellent plans have done, from the variety of the projects proposed, and, even if it were thus established, would be almost sure to be irregularly, inefficiently, and unprofitably managed, and might, at some future day, become the abode of favoritism, of mere sinecures and placemen. If, on the contrary, it were only a private establishment, the evils, which we have alluded to, might still gradually creep in.

An institution founded and governed by an individual will be sure of harmony among all its superintending teachers. If there be one of these who does not agree with the others, in any of its measures, and who cannot convince them that he is right, nor be convinced himself that he is wrong, he will be discharged. This could not be so, were it founded, and governed, and its officers appointed solely by the State. Many of them might have very discordant views, and there would be no little difficulty in making them all act in perfect unison. It is needless, however, to state the embarrassments and the evils, as well as the delays, which must result from this mode of establishing the institution.

But a mere private institution, unassisted by the government, will not be suited to the great purpose for which we particularly want it. It will never prepare nor educate, to any considerable extent, the teachers of the free schools, although it may teachers for other situations. The former cannot afford to pay for being thus judiciously instructed. The state must lend them its aid. They are unable to do without it. With the slender funds allowed to them, they can give very little for unrequired, unsolicited qualifications, however valuable these may be, and how much soever they may desire them, as many no doubt do. It would be a most unproductive investment of their money so to employ it. Cheap instructers are every where sought for. Those, who, from their want of intelligence or acquirements, cannot find profitable employment elsewhere, are necessarily procured. Ought such

to be allowed to assume the high responsibility of forming the intellectual character certainly, if not the moral and religious character, of the great mass of the population? We are condemned to it, unless the government, in some way, steps in to our relief. Let it, then, lend its aid to some enterprising individual, who will start such an institution as we have described, and claim as a compensation therefor, the right, in some measure, of supervision and control. This right should be co-extensive with the means furnished. If there be enough to procure some general instruction for all our common-school teachers, the public ought to have the power of overseeing the investment of it, and of knowing well that it is prudently, and economically, and impartially appropriated. It is by no means to be a mere gift, gratuitously bestowed upon the institution. A full compensation is to be previously made, and before any portion of the fund be paid, the legislature, by their committee, should ascertain that the services, which are to form this compensation, have been rendered fairly and properly.

The plan of the institution, as we have already intimated, and its site, ought to be left entirely to the individual who shall undertake it. If the legislature interfere, or have any thing to do with either of these, there may be conflicting interests, as well as conflicting schemes, to reconcile. Almost every member of influence, who is friendly to it, and we hope all are so, will have some views of his own to propose, or some new modification of those proposed by others, so that, from the very multitude of its warm supporters, there must be much delay, if not a total failure at last, and the measures, which ultimately succeed in such cases, are not always sure of being the best. Let an individual, who has long devoted his attention exclusively to the subject, and who must have the strongest partiality for the place, which will be the most productive to the institution, and thus the most profitable to himself, do all the planning alone. Mr. Carter has in fact done it, we believe. In these Essays he has slightly sketched the outline of a project, which he promises soon to lay before the public more at large. We hope he will do it immediately. There cannot be too much promptitude in the execution of a scheme like this. The principal features of it, thus briefly drafted, we intended to give to our readers entire, and in the language of Mr. Carter. But we have now room to state only two of the most important of them; these are, the library and the school for children and youth; the latter is to be connected with the institution, and to form a sort of

experimental, or rather, we should say, practical department in the system of its instruction.

"A library should, of course, be selected with particular reference to the objects of the institution. It would naturally and necessarily, contain the approved authors on the science of education in its widest sense. It would embrace works of acknowledged merit in the various branches of literature and science intimately connected with education; such as anatomy and physiology, the philosophy of the human mind and heart, and the philosophy of language.

"Physical education forms a very essential part of the subject, and should be thoroughly understood. This branch includes the developement of all the organs of the body. And works upon the physiology of children should be added to the library. Books on gymnastics, containing directions for particular exercises adapted to the developement of the several organs, belong to the library of the accomplished instructer as well as to that of the surgeon. Indeed, if the former properly use them, they will enable him to give a firmness to the parts of the body, which may, perhaps, supersede the necessity of the interference of the latter to set them right in manhood.

"The philosophy of the infant mind must be understood by the instructer, before much progress can be made in the science of education; for a principal branch of the science consists in forming the mind. And the skill of the teacher in this department is chiefly to be seen in his judicious adaptation of means to the developement of the intellectual faculties. Every book, therefore, which would aid in an analysis of the youthful mind, should be placed in the library of the proposed institution.

"The human heart, the philosophy of its passions and its affections must be studied by those who expect to influence those passions and form those affections. This branch of the subject includes the government of children, especially in the earliest stages of their discipline. The success of the teacher here depends upon the good judgment with which he arranges and presents to his pupils the motives that will soonest move them, and most permanently influence their actions. The mistaken or wicked principles of parents and instructers, in this department of education, have, no doubt, perverted the dispositions of many hopeful children. If successful experience has been recorded, it should be brought to the assistance of those, who must otherwise act without experience.

"Lastly, the study of the philosophy of language would be essential to the scientific teacher. The term, *language*, is not here understood to mean a class of words called Greek, or another class of words called Latin, or even that class of words which we

call English. It means something more general, and something which can hardly be defined. It embraces all the means we use to excite in the minds of others the ideas, which we have already in our own minds. These, whatever they are, are included in the general definition of language. This is a great desideratum in our systems of education. We do not possess a language by which we can produce *precisely* the idea in a pupil, which we have in our own mind, and which we wish to excite in his. And impatient and precipitate teachers often quarrel with their pupils, because they do not arrive at the same conclusions with themselves, when, if they could but look into their minds, they would find, that the ideas with which they begin to reason, or which enter into their processes of reasoning, are altogether different. Every book or fact, therefore, which would do any thing to supply this desideratum, or enable the teacher better to understand precisely the idea which he excites in the mind of his pupils, should be collected in the instructer's library."

"A school of children and youth of different ages, and pursuing different branches of study, would form an essential part of the institution, In the early stages of the education of children, the discipline should consist almost wholly of such exercises as serve to develope the different faculties, and strengthen all the powers of the mind. And in the subsequent education of youth, when the discipline comes to consist partly in the developement of the mind, and partly in the communication of knowledge, the course of instruction would be the same, whether the pupil were destined to be a teacher or not. The objects of the institution do not, therefore, become peculiar, till after the pupil has acquired a certain degree of freedom and strength of mind; nor till after he has made the acquisition of the requisite amount of knowlegde for the profession of teacher. Though a pupil would necessarily imbibe a good deal of clearness and method in his intellectual exercises, by submitting the direction of them to a skilful instructer, the study of the science of teaching cannot properly begin till he changes relations with those about him; and, instead of following a course prescribed by another, and exhibiting the powers of his own mind without an effort to take cognizance of them, he assumes to look down upon humbler minds, to direct their movements, and to detect and classify the phenomena of their subtle workings.

"After the young candidate for an instructer, therefore, has acquired sufficient knowledge for directing those exercises and teaching those branches, which he wishes to profess, he must then begin his labors under the scrutinizing eyes of one who will note his mistakes of government and faults of instruction, and correct them. The experienced and skilful professor of the science will observe how the mind of the young teacher acts upon that of the

learner. He will see how far and how perfectly they understand each other, and which is at fault if they do not understand each other at all. If the more inexperienced teacher should attempt to force upon the mind of a child an idea or a process of reasoning, for which it was not in a proper state, he would be checked, at once, and told of his fault; and thus, perhaps, the pupil would be spared a disgust for a particular study, or an aversion to all study. As our earliest experience would in this manner be under the direction of those wiser than ourselves, it would the more easily be classed under general principles for our direction afterwards. This part of the neceesary course in an institution for the education of teachers, might be much aided by lectures. Children exhibit such and such intellectual phenomena; the scientific professor of education can explain those phenomena, and tell from what they arise. If they are favorable, he can direct how they are to be encouraged and turned to account in the developement and formation of the mind. If they are unfavorable, he can explain by what means they are to be overcome or corrected. Seeing intellectual results, he can trace them, even through complicated circumstances, to their causes; or, knowing the causes and circumstances, he can predict the result that will follow them. Thus every day's experience would be carefully examined, and made to limit or extend the comprehension of the general principles of the science. Is there any other process or method than this to arrive at a philosophical system of education? If any occurs to other minds, it is to be hoped that the public may soon have the benefit of it." pp. 51—55.

We need say nothing in favor of these two parts of the plan of Mr Carter. They must recommend themselves to the minds of all our thinking readers; it seems to us, that, if judiciously managed, they are sufficient of themselves to secure to the institution a most successful and salutary influence. The only doubt which can arise, will be on the first; for some may suppose, that it is refining too much, and carrying the qualifications of the teachers of our common schools a little too far. But let it be remembered, that education has been confined too long to the school room; that the instructer ought, at least, to acquaint himself with every branch of it, both of the body and of the mind; that he may have an agreeable influence over his pupils, in their hours of relaxation and play, as well as in those which are to be devoted to serious study. It is by reasoning on things as they are, and have been, rather than as they should be, that people are apt to err. The whole system of free-school education ought to be reversed. It cannot be done at once, nor speedily. All great improvements must be slow; and Mr. Carter here looks

forward to the time, when those in popular education which are of much utility, will be gradually seen, and at last thoroughly understood to be such. It is in this way, that the above remarks of his are to be considered.

We have left ourselves little room to speak of the probable advantages of such an institution. They are great, and at present certainly, must be incalculable. Its object is to teach the art of teaching. In an early number of the "United States Literary Gazette," we claim the merit of having been the first to call public attention to the singular fact, that instructers are the only class of people in the community, who are not in some way regularly educated for their profession. This is the more singular, considering the great number of them, and the invariable regularity of their employment. There is no single calling, which requires nearly so many persons,—probably all the learned professions together do not; and the demand for them is sure, and increases rapidly, and becomes higher as society advances in wealth. Yet, with all its indescribable importance, not a day, nor an hour, is given to direct mental preparation for this business, although the humblest artisan thinks it necessary to devote whole years of apprenticeship to qualify himself for his. What can be the reason of this? It is, we believe, because the true object of education is overlooked or mistaken. The instructer is apt to think it amply sufficient, if he be in the possession of stores of knowledge himself, and have the talent of freely opening them to others. Nothing can be more erroneous than such an idea. Learning is not intelligence. That may belong to a very stupid, unprofitable member of society; while this is sure to give a man weight, influence, and high character, wherever he may be placed, and how little soever may be the extent of his erudition. It is not inert knowledge, which the pupil wants. It is not the forced, struggling, reluctant discipline of thought, which is ever to be imposed upon him by his tutor. But awaken his curiosity; lead him thus to love the voluntary exercise of his intellectual powers; interest and engage him in the pursuit, and he is sure to acquire vigor, energy, and enterprise, which will qualify him better to meet the rubs of life, than all the erudition in the world without them; and will, moreover, give him a power over erudition, which he cannot possibly gain in any other way. In these remarks, we are conscious of stating what is not new, and what we ourselves have already stated long ago. The numerous, uncured popular errors on this subject must form our only apology for the repetition. To correct these, as Mr. Carter says, will be one of the greatest object of the institution.

Another great advantage of it must be, that it will tend to equalize the education of the free schools all over the commonwealth. At present, it is not only far from being uniform, but is also most variable and irregular. One town has immensely the superiority over another; the same town will have different privileges at different times; and even the different districts of the same town are never on a perfect equality in this respect. Such inequalities in the general diffusion of education are not likely to be relieved, but, on the contrary, are much heightened by the multitude and the variety of our academies and private schools. Every pupil may find one of these suited exactly to his circumstances in life. Sensible parents of humble condition, who can barely afford to give up their children's time, will yet labor to rescue them, if possible, from the degrading influences of the common schools, where they are sure of seeing them in bad company, if not under bad tuition, and contrive to place them at some cheap seminary, where they know they will have better associates, although they are not capable of ascertaining that the plans of education are in any measure superior, which is frequently not the case. There is the greatest diversity, too, at all these establishments, in the course of study, the modes of instruction, the discipline, and even in the elementary books which the pupils are called on to procure. The teachers, not being bound to any rules of management, nor having thought seriously on the subject, are obliged to follow each the natural bent of his own unenlightened genius; and thus some may be unduly severe, others be weakly indulgent, and most of them act without being able to assign any satisfactory reasons even to themselves, for their whole plan of conduct.

This is not all, nor indeed nearly the worst of it. Changes are frequently made, particularly at the common schools, in every thing; changes in the instructers, in the modes of instruction, in the course of study, in the discipline, and sometimes even in the books, which must be at the pupils' expense. The evils of these changes are most apparent. No general plan of education can be invariably pursued for any length of time. Regularity and uniformity are impossible. There is nothing of the nature of system, on which we know the success of all intellectual efforts so materially depends. The first aim and effect of such an institution as we have pointed to, must be to introduce every where in our country, some general plan of common education. This will tend to equalize it universally. It will be sure of producing order, uniformity, regularity, system. Without this last, we know how

unavailing is even the most enterprising industry. Even an ardent passion for learning may thus run to waste. The pupil, whose desire of intellectual labor is not steadily directed, and whose course of study is subject to continual fluctuations, resembles a man of irregular habits, who is often changing his profession or trade; though active, ingenious, and even energetic, he loses much time, is always restless and uneasy, and rarely brings about any great results. The total want of any common system, not only in the internal management of the free schools, but also in the control and supervision of them by the towns, must be obvious to the most careless and superficial observer. There are very few things, excepting the general character of the elementary books, in which they all agree. This general character, we think, to be bad, involving those errors of education, which we have briefly alluded to before. It is singular, that the only measures or plans of study, in which they entirely harmonize, should be the most injurious.

But the greatest diversity, irregularity, and change arise in the internal government of schools, or in the master's mode of keeping order and enforcing obedience to his commands, because this must depend entirely upon his disposition, or his peculiar natural temper, unless he has first coolly prescribed to himself certain rules for administering his laws, from which he will never allow himself on any occasion to depart. It is upon this subject, too, that parents' apprehensions are the most serious, and that they justly feel great anxiety and concern. They are unwilling to send their children to schools where there is weak indulgence or insubordination, for they can learn little in such places, but to be unruly, wilful, and assuming. They ought to be, and always are, still more averse to putting them into the hands of a teacher of a severe and irritable temper, who rules principally by corporal chastisement; the child's spirit may thus be broken, bad feelings given him, and he will surely acquire an early hatred for study, for books, for every thing, in short, which wears the appearance of instruction or of learning. Now it is in adjusting and regulating properly this, that we are to expect the greatest benefit from the proposed institution. We believe it will tend not only to equalize, and render uniform and invariable the modes of discipline every where in the schools, but also to introduce one far superior to that in common use, and, in all respects, more agreeable to parents, to pupils, and to instructers. We know such to be the natural result, in fact, of all the late improvements in the art of teaching. They tend to soften the reign of terror, which so long exclusively prevailed in the school room. They

banish from it cruelty and suffering, both corporal and mental, since these may be as injurious or as ineffectual in their influence on the pupil's mind, as they are painful to parental feelings. They show us, that there are better springs of action, even in the infant's bosom, than fear, and that these may be made to act most powerfully in support of early intellectual effort. If learning, when judiciously guided and governed, be in reality a delightful employment, which, as we have already intimated, we hold to be as clearly demonstrable, as any proposition founded merely on moral reasoning can be, we know not why this should not give a new character to the common discipline of our schools, and indeed to the common principles of education every where. It is this alone which will render obedience easy, or willing, or in any great degree profitable to the student. It is this, too, which will lighten the laborious duty of the instructer; for as his business is now conducted in most places, it must be as irksome to him, if he have common sensibility, as it is wearing and unprofitable to his most reluctant pupil. Our readers will perceive, that this improvement in the internal discipline of the schools, can arise only from an improvement in the usual elementary books, or in the usual modes of teaching by them. We cannot expect it to take place immediately or soon, however highly favored it may be. But it is the result towards which all useful inventions in the art of instruction certainly tend. We believe that the proposed institution will do much to carry it, in some degree, into our common schools, although it may long fall far short of its full and perfect operation.

We have thus attempted to show, that the proposed institution will naturally tend to raise the tone of free education throughout the country,—equalize it every where, render it uniform, regular, free from capricious, unreasonable fluctuations, and gradually introduce the only effectual mode of governing or of exercising power over the scholars, and insuring their obedience, which is, to make instruction pleasing to them. On this subject, we are not willing to be thought enthusiastic; but may we not expect more, and other benefits from it, than those, which we have enumerated? Will it not help to diffuse more generally a knowledge of the science and of the art of education? There is scarcely any one, to whom this knowledge can be superfluous or unimportant. Yet at present they are so little known, even to those most deeply interested in them, that many need be told, that such a science and such an art are in existence. May we not hope from it something more than this? Will it not be likely

to multiply facilities of instruction, and to suggest improvements even in the best systems, which have hitherto been established? Here is an industrious body of young men, in the full vigor of intellect, brought together for the sole purpose of examining this subject. They will be likely to look into all the treatises which have been written upon it; trace out their errors; collect and put together every thing that is valuable in each of them; and discuss questions which are connected with them, and which they suggest, in such a manner as shall lead to a careful investigation of the fundamental principles, by which education is to be successfully directed. They are supposed to have always by them skilful, practical, experienced superintendents to guide and direct them. With these, and with each other, they may be in fair, though earnest competition. The school, too, which is to form a most important department in the institution, will always furnish an opportunity of trying the accuracy of every one of the measures proposed, by actual observation and experiment, which must take place in the presence of the whole institution. The instructers will be sure thus of gaining an interest in their employment, which they could not otherwise have. When actually engaged in educating, a confidence will be reposed in them by parents and by pupils, which they do not now possess, but which is most essential to the success of all their well judged efforts. They will thus acquire the entire control and direction of the schools, and the appointment of the elementary books, independent of the committees whom the towns appoint for this purpose; for, although no law confers these powers upon them, common consent will. They must acquire, too, a high, a well merited, and an important rank in the community. This they once indeed had. They have long since deservedly lost it. It is most essential, however, that the teachers of our free schools should be admissible into the best, the most refined and intelligent classes of society; because they may make there valuable acquisitions for themselves, which will go into their course of instruction, and color materially the manners and behaviour, as well as the whole intellectual education of their pupils. This would be of incalculable advantage to all those concerned in it. It would help, too, to carry into effect, and turn to great practical account, the truly republican nature of the free schools.

But we must dwell upon this theme no longer. The only apology we have to offer for treating it so much at length, is its confessedly great importance, and the little interest, which, until within a very few months, it seems to have excited in our literary

journals, or in the minds of sensible public-spirited men. The necessity of the States' appropriating money to this purpose, or ordering the towns to do it, has in this country, we believe, never been formally denied. The only shadow of argument, which we have ever seen brought against it, arises from a mistake or a misconstruction of those leading, indisputable principles in political economy, that things naturally tend to find their own level; that the supply of the wants of a prosperous or opulent society will be in full proportion to the demand; and that government ought never to interfere in the direction of private interests, or to aid in the profitable appropriation of private property, because individuals will do this much better themselves. It is said, that, on these maxims, the supply of education will regulate itself, and that statesmen should not trouble themselves to guide it, much less to levy a high and most unequal tax for its support. Nothing can be more false and abusive than such an application of those great and admirable principles. If so understood, they must go to the abolition of every tax, however slight, or however important it might be. Smith, the profound author of them, did not think them so to be applied, for he was the master advocate of great national institutions for popular and general instruction, and has devoted a large department in his inestimable work on the Wealth of Nations, in defence of them. Those maxims can be applied with propriety only to the investment of capital for pecuniary profit or emolument. Every body must be convinced that the individual owners can dispose of this most productively to themselves, because they can see their own little interests quicker, and more keenly, than any legislature, however wise or impartial. Not so, however, with education. This stands on a far different footing. The ignorant know not, and are wholly incapable of estimating its value, until it is too late to acquire it. It is here alone, we believe, that a government can rightly and profitably step in to the direction of its subjects, and point out to them their truest interests. We think it bound to aid them in the acquisition of intelligence, and, as far as possible, force them to it. Our own, we have said, must owe to this alone its power of self-preservation. This is no modern opinion. It was held by the most renowned statesmen of antiquity. The latest great historian of Greece tells us, in a passage referred to by Mr. Carter in these Essays, that Lycurgus resolved the whole business of legislation into the education of youth.

MISCELLANY.

MICROMEGAS.

TRANSLATED FROM VOLTAIRE.

In one of the planets which revolve round the star called Sirius, lived a young man, of fine understanding, whom I had the honor being introduced to, during his last visit to the little ant-hill, which we call the earth. His name was Micromegas. His height was about eight leagues, or twenty-four miles. The algebraists, who are a class of men of great service to the public, will immediately fall to calculating, and will find, since Mr. Micromegas is twenty-four miles high, and the little creatures who dwell on this earth, measure but about five feet and a half, and our globe is only nine thousand leagues in circumference; they will find, I say, that the globe which gave him birth, must be just twenty-one million six hundred thousand times larger round than our earth. My readers may stare, but, nevertheless, what I say is perfectly agreeable to the laws of nature. The territories of certain potentates in Germany and Italy, which you may travel round in half an hour, if placed side by side with the great empires of Turkey, Russia, or China, would give but a faint idea of the prodigious difference of size, to be found in the works of nature.

Allowing him to be of the height abovementioned, all our sculptors and painters will agree, that he must have measured fifty thousand feet round the waist; and this being the case, no one can deny that his figure was fine. His understanding was highly cultivated, and his knowledge very extensive; he was, moreover, the author of several rare inventions. While he was studying at a Jesuit college, according to the custom of his country, and had but just reached his two hundred and fiftieth year, he discovered, by the mere force of his genius, fifty of Euclid's theorems. In this, he beat Blaise Pascal by eighteen problems, who, as his sister says, found out thirty-two in his childhood, and, afterwards, as we all know, became an indifferent geometrician, and a very bad metaphysician.

At the age of four hundred and fifty years, when his beard was just beginning to grow, he dissected an immense number of insects less than an hundred feet in length, and too small to be discerned by ordinary miscroscopes. He was much interested in this study, and wrote a capital treatise on the subject, which

brought him into trouble; for the high priest of his country, who was a great stickler about trifles, and a perfect ignoramus, discovered in his book, several propositions which he denounced as suspicious, and savoring strongly of heresy. In consequence of these unlucky propositions, he persecuted the author bitterly. The matter in dispute was, whether the substantial form of the flea was the same as that of the snail. Micromegas defended his own side of the question with spirit. The quarrel lasted two hundred and fifty years. At last, the high priest had the book condemned by lawyers, who had never read it, and the author was forbidden to appear at court for the next eight hundred years.

This sentence did not trouble him much, as he was already disgusted with the trifling pleasures and bickerings which occupied every one's attention there. He wrote a lively song, in ridicule of the high priest, for whom he cared not a fig, and determined to spend the time of his banishment in travelling from planet to planet, in order to complete his education.

People, who journey only in chaises and carriages, will undoubtedly be astonished at his travelling equipage. We, poor ignorant creatures, cannot conceive of the existence of any thing different from what we have been accustomed to, on the little pile of dirt, which makes our world. Our traveller was perfectly acquainted with the laws of gravitation, and made use of them to effect his own purposes. Sometimes by the help of a sunbeam, sometimes by the aid of a comet, he and his servants continued to pass from globe to globe, as a bird flies about from branch to branch. After running through the milky way, and visiting many different parts of the universe, he lighted at last upon the planet Saturn. Though he was by this time accustomed to novelties, all his wisdom and experience could not prevent him from smiling, when he first beheld the smallness of that globe and its inhabitants; for Saturn is but about nine hundred times larger than our earth, and its inhabitants are dwarfs, only six thousand feet high, or thereabout. So that, at first, he and his servants made themselves very merry at the appearance of the little creatures. But, as our Sirian was a man of sense, he soon perceived, that a thinking being is not ridiculous because he is only six thousand feet high. He, therefore, made himself familiar with the Saturnians, after their first astonishment at the sight of his gigantic figure had subsided. With one of them, a man of superior talents, and secretary of the Saturnian Academy, he contracted an intimate friendship. For the satisfaction of my readers, I will here relate an interesting conversation, which took place, one day, between Micromegas and the secretary.

After the former had lain down, to allow the Saturnian to approach his face; "I must confess," said he, "that nature is full of variety." "Yes," replied the secretary, "nature resembles a flower-bed, in which—" "Ah," said Micromegas, "we will dispense with your flower-bed." "It is," resumed the secretary, "like an assembly of blonds and brunettes, whose dresses—" "What do I care about your brunettes," answered the other. "It is, then, like a gallery of paintings, where—" "No, no," said our traveller, "nature is like nature. Why do you seek for objects to compare her with?" "In order to please you," replied the secretary. "I do not wish to be pleased," replied Micromegas, "I wish to be instructed. Tell me, in the first place, how many senses people have in your globe." "Seventy-two," said the Saturnian, "and we are always complaining of the smallness of the number. Our imagination goes beyond our wants. We find, notwithstanding our seventy-two senses, our ring and our five moons, that our sphere of action is much too limited; and in spite of our curiosity, and the great number of passions which spring from our seventy-two senses, we are constantly tormented with ennui." "I readily believe you," said Micromegas, "for in our globe we have nearly a thousand senses, and still are haunted with an undefined desire, an inexplicable restlessness, constantly suggesting to us that we are creatures of small account, and that the universe contains orders of beings far more exalted. I have travelled a little, I have seen beings far inferior to my own race, and others as far superior; but I have seen none, who had not more desires than wants, and more wants than means of satisfying them. I may, perhaps, one day, reach a country where no man complains, but hitherto I have not been able to learn where it lies."

The two companions then wandered into the regions of speculation; but after much reasoning, equally ingenious and inconclusive, were obliged to return to facts. "What is the length of life here," said the Sirian? "Alas, very short," replied the little citizen of Saturn. "That is just the case with us," returned the Sirian. "We are always complaining of its briefness. It is clear that such is the universal law of nature." "Our life is limited to five hundred of the sun's revolutions," said the Saturnian secretary. (These amount to about fifteen thousand years, according to our way of reckoning.) You see that we die, almost as soon as we are born, our existence is a point, our duration an instant, our globe an atom. We have scarcely begun to learn, before death overtakes us, and puts a stop to our acquisitions. As for

me, I hardly dare lay any plans. I am a drop of water in the ocean. I am ashamed, in your presence especially, of the ridiculous figure I make in the world."

Micromegas replied, "If you were not a philosopher, I should fear that I might add to your affliction, by informing you that life in our planet is seven hundred times longer than in yours. I have been in worlds where life was a thousand times longer than in my native planet, and have found myself still in the region of complaint. But there are some men of sense every where, who accommodate themselves to their situation, and return thanks to the Author of nature. Under a system of admirable uniformity, he hath filled the universe with variety. For example, all thinking beings differ, yet each resembles the rest in the gift of thought and desire. Matter exists every where, yet in each globe it has peculiar properties. How many of these properties do you compute in the matter of your planet?" "If you speak of the properties," said the Saturnian, "without which, this globe could not remain such as it is, we reckon three hundred, as extent, impenetrability, mobility, gravitation, divisibility, and so on." "This small number," replied our traveller, "appears sufficient to answer the purposes of the Almighty, in the creation of your little habitation. Every where his wisdom is admirable; every where differences are visible, but every where proportion is equally manifest. Your globe is small, and your inhabitants are so likewise, you have few sensations, your matter has few properties. All this is the work of Providence. Of what color does your sun appear on examination?" "Of a yellowish white," said the Saturnian, "and when we divide one of his rays, we find that it contains seven colors." "The color of our sun is reddish," returned the Sirian, "and we reckon thirty-nine primitive colors. There is not one sun among all that I have approached, which resembles the rest, as, among you, every man's face differs from his neighbour's." After several questions of this sort, he inquired how many existences, essentially different, were known to the Saturnians. He was told, that the number was limited to thirty, comprehending God, space, matter, beings possessed of extension and sensation, &c. The Sirian, who came from a globe where three hundred were known, and had discovered three thousand others, in the course of his travels, astonished the philosopher of Saturn, prodigiously, by the extent of his knowledge. At last, after imparting to each other a little of what they knew, and a great deal of which they knew nothing, after reasoning together during one revolution of the sun, they resolved to keep each other company in a short philosophical excursion.

Our two philosophers were just on the point of launching into the atmosphere of Saturn, with a very pretty apparatus of mathematical instruments, when the mistress of the Saturnian, who had discovered what was going on, came, in tears, to remonstrate with her lover. She was a pretty little brunette, only four thousand feet in height, and charming as an angel, notwithstanding her diminutive figure. "Ah! cruel one!" cried she, "after I had resisted your suit fifteen hundred years, and only begun to return your affection, within the last century, you run away from me, to travel with a giant of another world. You love nothing but knowledge, you never had any regard for me, you are no true Saturnian; if you were, you would never desert me. Where are you going? what do you seek? Our five moons are less wandering, and the ring which surrounds our planet is less changeable than you. Alas, my happiness is gone for ever. I shall never love any body else." The philosopher embraced her, and, in spite of his philosophy, shed some tears. The lady fainted, and, on her recovery, to console herself for her loss, accepted the addresses of a young *petit-maître*.

Meanwhile, our two philosophers began their journey, by springing on the ring which encircles the planet Saturn. Next they visited his moons. A comet happening to pass very near the last of these, they leaped upon it, with their servants and their instruments. After accompanying its flight for about an hundred and fifty millions of leagues, they encountered Jupiter's satellites, and soon after, Jupiter himself. Here they concluded to stop, and having landed, remained on this planet a year. During this period, they made many interesting discoveries, which I think it most prudent, on the whole, to say nothing about. On quitting Jupiter, they traversed a space of an hundred millions of leagues, and skirted along the planet Mars, which, as we all know, is five times smaller than our little globe. Seeing its diminutive size, our philosophers were afraid that they should not be able to find a suitable place there to rest themselves, and continued their journey, like travellers who disdain to stop at a little village inn, and push on to the next town. But they had reason to repent of their imprudence afterwards; for a long time elapsed before any thing appeared in sight. At last they perceived a little glimmering, which turned out to be our earth. To confess the truth, it appeared very pitiful, in the eyes of people who had just come from Jupiter. Fearing, however, that they should have cause to repent a second time, they resolved to disembark. In order to do this, they ran down the tail of the comet, and finding an aurora borealis in readiness, boldly com-

mitted themselves to it, and landed on the northern coast of the Baltic sea, the fifth of July, seventeen hundred and thirty-seven.

After reposing a while, their servants cooked a couple of mountains for their breakfast. When they had finished their meal, they set about examining the country, going at first from North to South. The ordinary paces of the Sirian and his people were about thirty thousand feet in length. The pigmy native of Saturn followed him, all out of breath; but he was obliged to take a dozen steps, for each of the other's strides. Figure to yourself a little short-legged cur trotting after a captain of grenadiers. As these strangers walked very fast, they made the tour of the earth and returned to the place from which they had set out, in thirty-six hours after crossing the Mediterranean sea, which they hardly noticed, and the other little pond, which, under the name of the Great Ocean, surrounds our mole-hill. The dwarf was never more than half leg deep, and the other scarcely wet his ankle. They did all they could, in going and returning, to discover whether this globe was inhabited. They stooped, lay down, and felt about every where, but their eyes and their hands were not proportioned to the size of the little beings who crawl about here, and they perceived nothing, which could make them suspect that we and our brethren had the honor to exist.

The dwarf, who was somewhat hasty in his judgments, decided that there were no living creatures on the earth. The reason he gave, was that he had seen nobody. Micromegas politely represented, that this reasoning was inconclusive. "For," said he, "your little eyes cannot distinguish certain stars of the fiftieth magnitude, which I see very clearly; do you therefore conclude that these stars do not exist?" "But," said the dwarf, "I have felt very carefully." "But," replied the other, "your perceptions are obtuse." "This world," said the dwarf, "is so badly constructed, so irregular, and of such a ridiculous shape, that it is a perfect chaos. Look at these brooks; not one of them runs straight. See these ponds; they are neither round, square, nor oval, nor, in fact, of any regular shape. And then these little projections, which roughen the surface of the ground, and scratch the soles of my feet! (This is the style in which he spoke of our rivers, seas, and mountains.) Consider the form of this planet; how flat it is towards the poles, how obliquely it revolves around the sun, so that the regions near the poles must be barren wastes. In fact, one reason why I think this globe uninhabited is, that men of sense would not stay here." "It may be," said Micromegas, "that the people who dwell here are not over-

burdened with sense. But I must confess, that I cannot imagine this world was made for nothing. Every thing here appears to you irregular, because in Saturn and Jupiter, every thing is made by rule and line. This world may have a plan, which seems to you confusion, because you cannot comprehend it. In the course of my travels, I have constantly met with variety."

The Saturnian replied, and the dispute would never have ended, if Micromegas, in the heat of the discussion, had not accidentally broken the thread of his diamond necklace. The diamonds fell to the ground; they were pretty little stones of different sizes, the largest of which weighed about four hundred pounds, and the smallest fifty. The dwarf picked up some of them; and perceived, on bringing them near his eyes, that owing to the manner in which they were cut, they were excellent microscopes. He selected a small one, of an hundred and sixty feet in diameter, which he applied to his eye, and Micromegas chose one of twenty-five hundred feet in diameter. They found them excellent, but could not at first discover any thing. At last, the Saturnian saw something scarcely perceptible in the waters of the Baltic. It was a whale. He took it up, very dexterously, with his little finger, and putting it on his thumb-nail, showed it to the Sirian, who could not help laughing a second time, at the excessive littleness of the inhabitants of our globe. The Saturnian was now convinced that this world was inhabited, and immediately concluded that its population consisted of whales; and as he was very fond of reasoning, he began to consider from whence so little an animal derived its power of motion, whether it had ideas, will, free agency. Micromegas was much embarrassed. He examined the animal very patiently, and the result of his investigation was, that there was no reason to believe it possessed of a soul. The two travellers were disposed to conclude that there was no such thing as mind in our world; when they discerned, by the aid of the microscope, something larger than a whale floating on the waves of the Baltic. We know, that at this very time, a company of philosophers was returning from the polar circle, where they had been to make observations. The newspapers said that their vessel was cast on the coast of Bothnia, and that they saved themselves with difficulty; but we cannot always, in this world, see the inside of the cards. I am going to relate the true state of the case, without adding any thing of my own, which is no small merit in an historian.

[*To be continued.*]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WYOMING.

"Dites si la nature n'a pas fait ce beau pays pour une Julie, pour une Claire, et pour un St. Preux; mais ne les y cherchez pas." *Rousseau.*

Thou com'st in beauty on my gaze at last,
"On Susquehannah's side, fair Wyoming,"
Image of many a dream in hours long past,
When life was in its bud and blossoming,
And waters, gushing from the fountain spring
Of pure enthusiast thought, dimmed my young eyes,
As by the poet borne, on unseen wing,
I breathed, in fancy, 'neath thy cloudless skies,
The Summer's air, and heard her echoed harmonies.

I then but dreamed,—thou art before me now
In life, a vision of the brain no more:
I 've stood upon the wooded mountain's brow,
That beetles high thy lovely valley o'er,
And now, where winds thy river's greenest shore,
Within a bower of sycamores am laid,
And winds, as soft and sweet as ever bore
The fragrance of wild flowers through sun and shade,
Are singing in the trees, whose low boughs press my head.

Nature hath made thee lovelier than the power
Even of Campbell's pen hath pictured; he
Had woven, had he gazed one sunny hour
Upon its smiling vale, its scenery
With more of truth, and made each rock and tree
Known like old friends, and greeted from afar;
And there are tales of sad reality,
In the dark legends of thy border war,
With woes of deeper tint than his own Gertrude's are.

But where are they, the beings of the mind,
The bard's creations, moulded not of clay,
Hearts to strange bliss and suffering assigned,
Young Gertrude, Albert, Waldegrave,—where are they?
We need not ask. The people of to-day
Appear good, honest, quiet men enough,
And hospitable too—for ready pay—
With manners like their roads, a little rough,
And hands whose grasp is warm and welcoming, tho' tough.

Judge Hallenbach, who keeps the toll-bridge gate
And the town-records, is the Albert now
Of Wyoming; like him, in church and state,
Her Doric column,—and upon his brow
The thin hairs, white with seventy winters' snow,
Look patriarchal. Waldegrave 't were in vain
To point out here, unless in yon scare-crow
That stands, full-uniformed, upon the plain,
To frighten flocks of crows and blackbirds from the grain.

For he would look particularly droll
In his "Iberian boot" and "Spanish plume,"
And be the wonder of each Christian soul,
As of the birds that scare-crow and his broom.
But Gertrude, in her loveliness and bloom,
Hath many a model here, for Woman's eye
In court, or cottage, wheresoe'er her home,
Hath a heart-spell too holy and too high
To be o'erpraised even by her worshipper, Poesy.

There 's one in the next field—of sweet sixteen—
Singing and summoning thoughts of beauty born
In heaven, with her jacket of light green,
"Love darting eyes, and tresses like the morn,"
Without a shoe or stocking, hoeing corn.
Whether, like Gertrude, she oft wanders there
With Shakspeare's volume in her bosom borne,
I think is doubtful. Of the poet-player
The maiden knows no more than Cobbett or Voltaire.

There is a woman, widowed, gray, and old,
Who tells you where the foot of Battle stept
Upon their day of massacre. She told
Its tale, and pointed to the spot, and wept,
Whereon her father and five brothers slept,
Shroudless, the bright-dreamed slumbers of the brave,
When all the land a funeral mourning kept.
And there wild laurels, planted on the grave
By Nature's hand, in air their pale red blossoms wave.

And on the margin of yon orchard hill
Are marks where time-worn battlements have been,
And in the tall grass traces linger still
Of "arrowy frieze and wedged ravelin."
Five hundred of her brave that Valley green
Trod on the morn, in soldier-spirit gay,
But twenty lived to tell the noon-day scene;
And where are now the twenty? Passed away.
Has Death no triumph-hours, save on the battle day?

F. G. H.

June, 1821.

WEEP NOT FOR THE YOUTHFUL DEAD.

WEEP not for the youthful dead,
Resting in their peaceful bed!
They are happier than we,
Howsoever blest we be.

They have left a doubtful scene,
While their hearts were young and green,
Ere the stain of guilt was deep;—
Wherefore, wherefore do ye weep?

They have never known the stings,
Which dissevered friendship brings;
Envy, Hatred, Passion, Pride,
All lie buried at their side.

Far across the shipwreck foam,
They have found a peaceful home,
Where the blessed spirits keep;—
Wherefore, wherefore should ye weep?

'T is, ye say, a heavy pain,
Preying on the heart in vain,
Thus to see the green bud froze,
When just opening to a rose.

Yet shall Consolation come,
Stooping from her starry home,
Bringing dew upon her wings,
From the deep, eternal springs.

He had just begun to climb
Up the weary mount of Time;
Weep not his untimely end,
If he sunk, 't was to ascend.

She was young, and soft, and fair,
So her sister seraphs are!
Wherefore, then, should Sorrow bow?
She is with the seraphs now.

Happy they who die in youth,
Ere the fountain springs of truth
Have been sullied by the rains,
Leaving dark and deadly stains.

Their renown is with the brave,
All their faults are in the grave,
And the flowers, that round them bloom,
Chase the darkness,—hide the gloom.

—g—

CRITICAL NOTICES.

New England's Memorial, By NATHANIEL MORTON, Secretary to the Court, for the Jurisdiction of New-Plimouth. Fifth Edition. Containing, besides the Original Work, and the Supplement annexed to the Second Edition, Large Additions, in Marginal Notes, and an Appendix; with a Lithographic Copy of an Ancient Map. By JOHN DAVIS, Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and Member of the Massachusetts Historical Society. 8vo. Boston. 1826.

WE congratulate the public on the appearance of this volume. The original work was deservedly held in high estimation; but it was too concise to satisfy the wishes of the reader. It now appears in a respectable form, and with very valuable improvements. It happily fell into good hands. The editor was familiar with the early historical writers of New England, and has judiciously availed himself of their aid, to illustrate the brief Memorial. Had more original matter been derived from unpublished manuscripts, it would have heightened the value of this improved edition. What the editor says of the former *Continuation* of Morton, may, by some readers, be thought applicable to his own; "A more copious supplement might have been expected, considering the ample materials in the keeping of Mr. Cotton." We are thankful, however, for so much. The Appendix to this edition contains many valuable documents, which, together with the Marginal Notes, constitute nearly one half of the volume. The Notes might possibly have been enriched from MSS. to which the editor had access. Whether he ever saw the Collections of the late Rev. Dr. Fobes, of Raynham, made, as we long ago understood, for the express purpose of composing a history of the Colony of Plymouth, we do not know. They are not quoted; and we therefore conclude they were not seen. The Hinckley MSS. deposited in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, are very sparingly used. More from this source were desirable. For this deficiency, if it be one, no inconsiderable compensation is found in what the editor has collected from well authenticated tradition, from oral testimony, and from the mines of a fraternal antiquary of Plymouth. To the editor himself, also, we owe much for his own illustrations of places and persons, of manners and customs, pertaining to the Old Colony. Born in Plymouth, connected with descendants of the Pilgrims, and conversant with the most intelligent inhabitants, he has had the best

opportunities and means of obtaining a thorough knowledge of his subject. Nor, while adverting to his qualifications for the office which he undertook, may we omit the notice of his antiquarian taste, his diligent research, his early entrance upon this work, and his resolute perseverance to its completion.

The editor's biographical illustrations of Morton, author of the Memorial, and of Cotton, its continuator, of Robinson, Brewster, Bradford, Alden, and other primitive worthies, are pertinent and valuable. His candor is worthy of great commendation; it is worthy of a philosopher and a Christian. He is not blind to the failings of our forefathers; but he never exaggerates them. He looks back through the vista of two hundred years, and sees men and things as they were. While he discerns defects in the civil and ecclesiastical polity of the first age, he is not censorious of either. He was too well acquainted with the Fathers of New England, to represent them otherwise than as eminent for wisdom and virtue, for patriotism and piety. Their faults, he knew, were, for the most part, the faults of the age; their virtues, honorable to any age, and worthy of the imitation of their posterity. To them, he knew, we are indebted, under Divine Providence, for our free governments, for our well-organized churches, for our literary institutions, and for the love of liberty and learning, which has been transfused into the blood of their descendants. He appears as a judge, weighing the evidence, and solicitous to give an impartial judgment; rather than as an advocate, laboring to make the worst of the case, substituting suspicions for facts, and keeping out of sight the principal testimony. Examples of a candid review of characters and transactions are presented in the editor's remarks upon Standish, Dudley, Cotton Mather, and others, and upon the treatment of the Quakers, and of Miantonomoh, the Sagamore of the Narragansets.

We select the last example, because it is in this case that the fathers have been sometimes adjudged without a hearing, and condemned without mercy. In the war made by Miantonomoh upon the Mohegans, the Naraganset sagamore was defeated and taken prisoner. Uncas, sagamore of the Mohegans, applied to the Commissioners of the United Colonies for advice how to proceed against him. It appears from the Records of the Commissioners, and from Winthrop's Journal, that Miantonomoh, in coming suddenly upon Uncas, "with nine hundred or a thousand men," without denouncing war or complaining to the English, had violated an agreement previously made between them at Hartford; that he had murdered one of Uncas's men, whom he

had promised to send to him; and that he had plotted a conspiracy against the English. One of "the reasons of the proceedings" of the Commissioners, as stated by Governor Winthrop, was; "It was now clearly discovered to us, that there was a general conspiracy among the Indians to cut off all the English, and that Miantonomoh was the head and contriver of it." The case having been laid before the Commissioners; the facts, in their judgment, "fully proved;" and "these things being duely weighed and considered;" they gave it as their opinion, that Uncas could not be safe while Miantonomoh lived; that he ought to be put to death, but in Uncas's jurisdiction; and that if Uncas should refuse to do it, then Miantonomoh should be sent in a pinnace to Boston, there to be kept until further consideration.

It could not escape the notice of the editor, that, of the eight commissioners, Governor Winthrop, of Massachusetts, was president; and that of their number were Edward Winslow, of Plymouth, Edward Hopkins, Governor of Connecticut, and Theophilus Eaton, Governor of New Haven,—all of them eminent for wisdom and integrity. What, then, from these premises, is the conclusion of the reviewing editor? Instead of reversing the judgment of this venerable council, after the lapse of nearly two centuries, he says, with equal justice and candor; "If sad necessity required the sacrifice, there seems a revolting obliquity in the manner of its accomplishment; but with the solemn views before us which have been recited, we must not lightly indulge in censure. All the circumstances and considerations, which those venerable men have left on record, should be attentively and soberly examined and weighed, before judgment is pronounced." This advice of a respected judge is recommended to the observance of future annotators and historians.

Impatient as we were to see this volume, we bid it a hearty welcome. The editor had a right to take his own time; and his official duties and literary services bespeak our indulgence. If, in the Augustan age, it was required that an epic poem should be "pressed to the ninth year;" it is but reasonable, that a writer on Antiquities be allowed thrice that number of years, for the finishing stroke. All the ancient and modern critics agree, at least, in this one sentiment; *Finis coronat opus.*

A Discourse on the Character and Services of Thomas Jefferson, more especially as a Promoter of Natural and Physical Science. Pronounced, by request, before the New York Lyceum of Natural History, on the eleventh of October, 1826. By SAMUEL L. MITCHILL, a Supporter of his Administration three years in the House of Representatives and five in the Senate of the United States; Member of the American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia, &c. New York. G. & C. Carvill. 1826. 8vo. pp. 67.

SEVERAL circumstances conspire to make this Discourse worthy of particular attention. In the first place, it is the last of the eulogies, which, at the time we are writing, have been given to the public; in the second place, it has not been included in the voluminous collection of these compositions lately made; in the third place, it is somewhat out of the common track of such discourses; and, in the fourth place, it is, if not the most eloquent, at least the most entertaining of all which the occasion has called forth.

The obligations which those, who cultivate the natural sciences, are under to the late Mr. Jefferson, are not confined to the actual contributions made by him to the amount of knowledge on these subjects. The example of an eminent statesman, devoting his intervals of leisure to studies of this kind, did much to recommend them to the community at large, and to incite those, who possessed ampler opportunities than himself, to enter upon the vast, and, then, almost wholly unexplored field, that lay before them in the United States. His attention to these subjects was even made use of as a reproach against him; but there his adversaries were in the wrong. It is delightful to see a politician unbending himself in this way, and to know that he has a taste and a feeling for something else than the manœuvrings of his party. There is something very unamiable in the character, and hard and dry in the conversation, of the mere politician. He is continually thinking of majorities, and minorities, and plans to manage the community, and every thing he says is apt to have some relation, direct or indirect, to his political projects. Men, occupied with these concerns, should have, likewise, in order to prevent them from becoming excessively narrow and selfish in their views, and ferocious in their feelings, some other pursuits of importance in their own estimation, to which the distinctions of party do not reach, and in which they can take a sincere and active interest, in common with all their fellow citizens. It is but just, therefore, that the Lyceum should pay its tribute to the memory of this distinguished associate. Its members might differ about the value of his political services and the extent of

his political abilities, but not about his merits as an encourager and lover of those sciences, for the cultivation of which their institution was founded. It is to this part of his character, that the worthy and learned author of the Discourse has almost wholly confined himself, contenting himself with signifying his approbation of his political measures, by simply putting at the head of the long string of titles which follow his name in the titlepage of the work, that of Supporter of Mr. Jefferson's administration.

The author observes, that the reading of the Declaration of Independence, for sententious brevity, strong expression, and regular disposition of the topics, always puts him in mind of the Litany. So far the parallel holds very well, and is sufficiently decorous; but in running it further, he has contrived, with great ingenuity, to run it down, and to furnish a comparison quite after the manner of the celebrated one drawn by Captain Fluellin between Harry of Monmouth and Alexander of Macedon.

"In this [the Litany] miserable sinners invoke the Father of Heaven; in that [the Declaration of Independence] suffering subjects submit facts to a candid world. In the former, the One in Three is entreated to spare from all evil and mischief, those who have been redeemed; in the latter, a worldly prince, for a continuance of cruelties, is denounced as a tyrant, and unfit to be the ruler of a free people. In the Litany, the church supplicates blessings and comforts from a Being willing to grant them; in the Declaration, the nation puts at defiance the power that neither pities nor forgives." p. 8.

Who will deny, after this, the truth of the position laid down by Captain Fluellin, that "there is figures in all things."

The mention of the Declaration of Independence is followed by a careful analysis of Mr. Jefferson's celebrated work, the "Notes on Virginia," in which the orator points out what is valuable, and shows what is mistaken. He excuses Mr. Jefferson for maintaining the theory, that the Potomac would eventually be the great channel of internal navigation for the United States, on the ground, that he could not have foreseen the digging of the Great Canal. According to him, also, Mr. Jefferson must have been seized with a singular oblivion, when he pronounced the natural bridge over Cedar Creek to be "the most sublime of nature's works." "He certainly forgot," observes Dr. Mitchill, "the mountains of Himmalaya in Tibet, the stormy ocean, the sun and his accompaniment of planets, and the starry firmament at night."

The author of the address then proceeds to speak of the scientific labors and studies of Mr. Jefferson during his mission to

France, of his Report on Weights and Measures, made soon after he was appointed Secretary of State; of his election to the Presidency of the American Philosophical Society; and his Memoir on the discovery of the bones of the Megalonyx. He consoles us for the calamity of the extinction of this and other species of animals, by the following judicious reflection; "It is, as I should suppose, because in the judgment of the All-Wise it ought to be so; we ought reverently to submit to the decision." What a lesson of philosophical resignation to those discontented naturalists, who repine at the loss of the Palæotherium and the Iguanodon, and others with equally formidable names; who lament that they cannot have the pleasure of seeing the enormous Megalosaurus crawling on the shore, the long-necked Plesiosaurus swimming in the water, and flocks of Pterodactyls, or winged lizards, flying in the air.

The remainder of the Discourse is occupied with an account of Mr. Jefferson's agricultural inventions, the acquisition of Louisiana, and the collection of intelligence respecting its climate, soil, productions, and inhabitants; the expeditions of Lewis and Clarke; the excavations for fossil skeletons at the Bigbone Licks; the plan of a national university; and the literary labors of Mr. Jefferson's old age, and various other topics, all which are handled in the author's characteristic manner. Having despatched these subjects, he gives a poetical dialogue between Pythagoras and Sappho, respecting the doctrine of transmigration, which, he observes, had Mr. Jefferson lived to see it, would have delighted him exceedingly. Whether the merit of being the author of this poetical effusion belong to the Doctor or not, is not said, but, from the modest silence he has observed, we presume it to be his own. The philosopher inquires of the poetess, which she should prefer, that her soul should inhabit, when the time of its transmigration should arrive, a jewel or a flower? Sappho, very prettily and philosophically, decides in favor of the latter, alleging, that the diamond is inanimate and without sensation, but that the rose is an organized and sensible being, capable of being a lover and a parent.

Several papers, on different subjects, are given in the Appendix, among which is a very interesting one. It is an account of the method pursued by Colonel Benjamin Hawkins, under the authority of the United States, to introduce civilization among the Creek Indians. Hawkins was a Senator in Congress, who, during the administration of Mr. Adams, was, by his own desire, sent among them as agent of the United States. He first laid

his scheme before the men of the tribe, who derided and insulted him. He then turned to the women, taught them the arts of *spinning* and *weaving*, and made them, in a good degree, independent of the men, whom he succeeded at length in civilizing by their means.

The Populous Village; a Poem. Recited before the Philermenian Society of Brown University, September, 1826. Providence. 8vo. pp. 18.

THERE is something unpretending, both in the titlepage of this poem and in the poem itself. It is not only printed without the author's name, but does not even show the fact, which we have chanced otherwise to learn, that it was publicly delivered at the anniversary of the very respectable literary society by which it is published. This lack of blazonry is by no means usual in such cases; and in these days, we think such a singularity is truly commendable. It certainly prepossessed us favorably; and a perusal of the poem has given us pleasure. There is no labored and abortive attempt at the sublime or beautiful, and no elaborate dashing. The poem displays good taste and a chastened imagination. There is no small portion of wit, and here and there a passage of pungent satire, which, nevertheless, shows that the writer rather strove to repress than to indulge his caustic vein. This may be ascribed, perhaps, to professional reasons; for it is no secret (to us at least) that the author is a clergyman. And he certainly evinces much more discriminating observation of common occurrences, and more thorough insight into the practical workings of human nature, than are often exhibited by gentlemen so sequestered from the busy world.

The design of the poem is to present a contrast to the well-known "Deserted Village." The writer was aware, that his theme was less poetical than Goldsmith's; and, at the close of the poem, thus expresses that conviction, in the following apostrophe.

"And thou, sweet Poet! who, in pensive strains,
Didst weep deserted *Auburn's* poor remains—
Mourn for the well-loved friends no longer found,
And wide-spread desolation all around—
Where thou hadst hoped that life's concluding day
Should gently fade, like summer's parting ray—
Lo! here thy restless spirit, hovering o'er,
May find the *Auburn* that was lost before.
Hail, happy bard! thrice happy in thy theme;
For lamentations well the song beseem;

Whilst I, ill-fated bard, must toil, and sing
Such themes as thriving trade and business bring;
And strengthening walls, and the swift rattling wheels,
Smooth-browed content, and laughter's loudest peals,
And wealth reclining on her well-filled store,
And high repletion, that demands no more:
Such themes as scarce to poesy belong—
Themes that confound the melting strains of song.
Then hail! thou wandering spirit, and be blest!
Rest! sainted Poet, bard anointed—rest!" p. 18.

The following extract will assist in showing how far the writer has overcome the difficulty of which he speaks in the lines just quoted.

"There stands the *Inn*—a lodge where kings might rest;
And oft some exiled king has been its guest;
Where wandering princes luxury might find,
Nor miss the villas that they left behind.
There journeying merchants, yeomen of the soil,
And learned trav'lers oft relax their toil;
The rattling wheels bring in, at evening time,
The tide of guests from every state and clime:
Roused by the porter at the early dawn,
Refreshed by sleep, again the tide rolls on.
No bloated landlord meets you at the door,
Whose rank excess steams forth at every pore;
No sooty bar-room there, on every side
With broken chairs and two-legged stools supplied;
Whose narrow windows but exclude the day,
If yet through cobwebs it might find its way;
Whose wainscot, from the ceiling to the floor,
With 'strayed or stolen,' or 'stop thief,' stuck o'er;
But splendid drawing-rooms, with carpets strown,
And seats and sofas like the softest down.

* * * * * *

Cast o'er the guests your scrutinizing view—
No lounging, drinking, wrangling, bedlam's crew,
Where the stale song with witless toasts is crowned,
And the loud horse-laugh and the slap goes round;
But minds well furnished, with experience fraught,
On high eventful themes exchanging thought;
And sure the circling sun sees, from the skies,
No spot where themes of higher moment rise—
A people's glory risen—and rising yet—
No splendor waning, and no glory set." pp. 9, 10.

After a touching description of the "faithful pastor," and the intercourse between him and his flock, we find these lines;

> "How have we seen the purest of delight
> Kindle and spread on many a bridal night!
> Amidst the gay-dressed group, the happy pair,
> Smiled on by eager swain, and blushing fair;
> The bridegroom joyful that this day has come—
> The bride still pressed with lingering thoughts of home—
> Parental cares, so oft foreboding ill—
> Parental hope, that bids those fears be still,
> E'en wrinkled brows with smiles unwonted shine
> As in the sports of youth the grandsires join:
> The reverend pastor, fondly bent to call
> Heaven's choicest blessings on his children all;
> His hand not much conversant with the gold,
> Which children of this world intensely hold;
> Pardoned the more, if now his heart might be
> Some trifle lighter for the marriage fee." p. 15.

There is nothing turgid, mystical, mawkish, or affected in this poem; and this negative praise can be justly bestowed on very little of the occasional poetry of the present day. The writer is evidently an admirer of Pope, Goldsmith, Cowper, and Burns; and is entirely free from those peculiar faults of some later writers, which are so often imitated.

The principal faults of the piece are such as arise from want of practice in composition. The execution sometimes comes short of the conception. In a few instances, the definite article is improperly omitted, and also the relative pronoun. Occasionally correct pronunciation is sacrificed to meet the demands of the metre, and we notice the word *petit* used, in two or three places, instead of *petty*. On the whole, however, the poem is respectable, and will not be read without pleasure.

Continental Adventures; a Novel. In Three Volumes. Boston. Wells & Lilly. 1826. 12mo.

THE author of "Waverley" has been selected, by universal consent, as the standard, by comparison with which all the other novelists of the day must stand or fall. The influence of his extraordinary power has been certainly exhibited in the visible improvement of literary taste; for we find that those, who but a few years ago enjoyed a complete monopoly of the public favor,

have at length abandoned the department of historical romance to this strong and successful intruder, and have opened and explored new paths for themselves. He has performed the same service for the novel-reading world, that was performed by the English novelists of the last century; by extricating truth and nature from extravagance and absurdity; by exhibiting mankind as they are, not as romance would have them; by making heroes no longer such to their *valets de chambre;* in short, by teaching these important personages to think, speak, and act like individuals in real life. It is a service, not unlike that by which Kemble and Talma wrought such miracles for the drama; when they divested the Coriolanuses and Brutuses of the stage of their gold-laced coats and full-bottomed wigs, and presented them to the astonished audience in the severe simplicity of the ancient costume. These triumphs were not easily accomplished, because both were preceded by conflicts with long-established and inveterate prejudice; and we are bound in justice to admit, that the former victory can hardly be considered as complete, while thousands of copies of the "Scottish Chiefs" are annually sold, we wish it were in our power to say consumed, in the New England states.

The work before us is evidently the production of a person of talent, the effect of which is, in some degree, injured by a fondness for coarse humor. It exhibits an attempt to interweave the description of a real tour, with fictitious incidents and characters. This Mezentian process has been often attempted with various degrees of success; though we have seldom been fortunate enough to find the descriptive part rendered more interesting by its union with the fictitious. The writer has accordingly devoted his attention and power almost exclusively to the narration of the tour; while the incidents are often awkward and improbable, and the characters such as every diligent novel-reader must have frequently encountered. The description of the tour through France and Italy is rather hurried, and not very satisfactory. That of the mountain scenery of Switzerland, on the contrary, is animated and glowing, and often eloquent.

We have too much regard for our readers to give them an outline of the story; not that it is absolutely indifferent, but because we have generally found such sketches exceedingly fatiguing. We must, however, protest against the practice of extending a novel through three volumes of tolerable dimensions, sustained, as it may be, by the custom and authority of fair-dealing bakers, in their praiseworthy measure of thirteen to the dozen; for there is an exaction for the liberality in the one case, which is dispensed with in the other.

The following is a description of the effect of a snow-storm on the mountain of St. Bernard.

"The mule now tottered among broken slippery rocks—now plunged into the drifting snow—from which it extricated itself with great difficulty. But what was my horror, when I suddenly found by the motion, that the animal was going down a steep declivity—'Down, down to destruction!' I thought—for well did I know that St. Bernard was on the very pinnacle of the Alps, the highest habitation of the old world—how then could the way to it be *down?* I convulsively grasped the bridle, and stopped the mule—the next step might be my last—might precipitate me over a precipice, hidden by snows, into a bottomless abyss—on the very brink of which, perhaps, I now stood. I could not see one foot before me—yet what was to be done? To turn back was impossible—to stand still sudden death; cold, icy cold, had already benumbed my lips, and crept to my very heart—yet to go on—my very soul seemed to shrink from the horrible death that seemed to await me. The next step might plunge me into destruction! Oh, the horrors of that moment!—in solitude and darkness, and amidst the howling storm—alone—lost on the pathless precipices of the Alps! I called loudly and repeatedly for help—but no sound was returned except the redoubled roar of the storm. Desperately nerving myself with courage, I urged the mule forward—expecting every uncertain step the animal made, would precipitate us to destruction. But still a few paces—still a few paces more—and then it stood stock still—snorting and immovable.

"Now—now I felt myself on the utmost slippery verge of that tremendous precipice—down which the smallest motion would hurl me to destruction. Shuddering with horror, my head turned giddy—and my senses nearly deserted me, as I still grasped the bridle, and determined to wait there for succor—in the faint hope that the assistance my friends would surely send out to seek me, as soon as they reached the convent, might find me before I perished. But cold, icy cold, seemed to freeze my blood, and I felt I could not long resist it. At this very moment, when despair seized me, I fancied I heard a human voice—I cried with the loud voice of despair—but in vain; I listened again—no sound did I hear, and my heart sunk within me. All was silent. Then again I heard the sound—again I shouted repeatedly and incessantly—and, after an interval of agonizing suspense, voices—human voices behind me greeted my ear—and two travellers on foot, attended by a guide, carrying a sort of horn lanthorn, came up to me."

Vol. I. pp. 83, 84.

Cornelius Nepos, de Vitâ Excellentium Imperatorum. From the Third Edition of J. H. Bremi. With English Notes. Boston. Cummings, Hilliard, & Co. 1826.

This book affords abundant evidence, that the original editor, Bremi, was thoroughly acquainted with the language of it; and that he had just notions of what is necessary in a work, designed for the use of students who have made but little progress in the Latin. The present editor has shown his judgment in selecting the edition of Bremi for republication in this country; and his qualifications for the business he undertook, in the improvements he has made on his predecessor; and in the entire adaptation, which now characterizes this performance, to the use of instruction.

The notes of this edition of Cornelius Nepos relate, generally, to grammar and language, as they should do, in works of this description. Any one, who has remarked to how little extent peculiarities of style and idiom are marked by instructers, will not be disposed to blame the editor in this respect. He very justly remarks; "Inconsiderable as many questions in grammar may appear, yet, for those who are ignorant of them, there is no accurate knowledge of the ancient languages, and, consequently, no intimate acquaintance with the spirit of the ancient writers." There are a few notes only on the the text, and boys, when they read Cornelius, can hardly be expected to perceive many distinctions usually involved in such notes, which, to be clear, require long familiarity with the language, and a habit of accurately marking words and phrases. Some notes, however, of this kind are properly introduced; and an instructer will find no difficulty in occasionally explaining a different reading, so as to be understood even by students but little advanced. There is, indeed, an obvious advantage in this; as a habit of discrimination is thus gradually formed and cherished, which may lead to important results, not only in the acquisition of the Latin language, but in the discipline of the mind.

The Lives of Cornelius Nepos are, in every respect, proper to be put into the hands of boys. Considered in reference to the acquisition of Latin, we know of no book to be preferred to them. The narrative is clear and concise; the connexion of the parts of each life easily traced, even by small boys; and the Latinity is undoubted. The variety of expression in this author is, likewise, very great; nor is there any book which can be of more use than this, in preparing boys for the composition of Latin themes,—a branch of instruction, which, in many parts of our country, has been too much neglected; and the want of which, more perhaps than any other cause, has prevented that full and

obvious advancement in the knowledge of the Latin language, which it should seem the time and attention devoted to it, ought to have effected.* Wherever a better course is pursued, the beneficial effects have been manifest. We would add, that this volume is typographically correct, that is, as nearly so as ought to be expected or required; and its whole execution affords evidence of the progress of sound instruction in our country. We can most fully recommend it to all those, for whose use it was intended.

Northern Regions, or Uncle Richard's Relation of Captain Parry's Voyages for the Discovery of a Northwest Passage, and Franklin's and Cochrane's Overland Journies to other Parts of the World. Boston. Munroe & Francis. 12mo. pp. 256.

We are pleased with the plan and the execution of this abridgment of the journals of Parry, Franklin, and Cochrane. Much of what is most valuable in these books, and others of the same class, is as interesting to children as to men, and, when separated from the wearisome repetitions of a formal journal, will afford nearly the same entertainment as a well written fiction. Fictitious narratives, at least the better sort, derive their power to please from a judicious combination of the most interesting scenes of real life, and a similar principle of composition gives to works like the one before us the charm of fiction and the value of truth. The narratives here abridged are also of a character peculiarly attractive to children. They delight in the description of situations which try the strength and resources of the mind, in the picture of perils, hardships, and wants, which call forth courage, fortitude, and ingenuity. Witness the eagerness with which they peruse such stories as "Robinson Crusoe;" and as the truth of a tale in the opinion of every one, and more especially in that of a child, adds much to its interest, the adventures of the real Robinsons, which this book discloses, can hardly fail of proving highly agreeable to them.

The admiration of the masculine virtues, so strong in the minds of children, requires a careful guidance. Left to itself it frequently centres on worthless objects, and leads to an in-

* In the Preface of the "Dictionnaire François-Grec," by Planche, a work of very great merit, of which a new edition was published last year in Paris, there is the following passage, which deserves the consideration of our instructers. "Les réformateurs modernes... tentèrent d'introduire dans les classes une méthode, toute nouvelle; on supprema les thèmes, pour l'étude des langues mortes, en général, et pour le Latin en particulier: on voulut tout rapporter à la version: mais l'expérience démontra bientôt quels fruits l'on devait attendre de ces dangereux essais, et on fut obligé de revenir, au moins pour le Latin, à l'ancienne méthode, que chaque jour on apprécie davantage."

jurious imitation of ill chosen models, mistaking foolhardiness for courage, a contempt of discipline for an independent spirit, and man's vices for manliness. Works of this sort therefore, which exhibit strong qualities exerted for worthy ends, are peculiarly fitted to give a right direction to the forming character of a child, to withdraw his regard from the counterfeit and fix it on true models of manly spirit.

Diary of an Ennuyée. Philadelphia. E. Littell. 1826. 8vo. pp. 295.

THIS book purports to be the production of an English lady of rank, written for her amusement, and without any view to publication, during a residence of some months in Italy. It is one of the best written books of travels of the lighter sort, that we have seen for a long time. The author displays a lively sensibility to the natural beauties of this lovely country, and to its splendid works of art. The sketches of character scattered through the volume are happy. The style, too, for a book of this sort, is uncommonly well finished. A tone of deep melancholy breaks out at intervals, occasioned merely by the ill health of the writer, which becomes continually worse, till death puts a stop to her narrative. The author does not descant on the political state of the country, nor does she overflow with classical reminiscences. The charms of the climate and scenery, the vivacity and talent of the people, the monuments of genius which overspread the land, form the subject of her book, and, described as they are with the spirit and warmth of true feeling, make a highly interesting narrative.

INTELLIGENCE.

Extract from his Log-book, furnished by a gentleman of Salem, Mass. "April 28, 1826, Lat. 11° 47′ N. Long. 51° 46′ W. For some few days past, a reddish powder has been accumulating on our sails and the windward part of our masts and spars. This is common in crossing the northeast trades, and I have often noticed it when five, six, and eight hundred miles from the weather or African coast; but on this passage, we have not been nearer than between thirteen or fourteen hundred miles, and the dust seems to have been added to, since we have been seventeen or eighteen hundred miles from it. There is, I think, a greater quantity than I have ever before seen.

"N. B. This dust remained on the ship's masts until they were painted, two or three months after."

Turkish Anecdote. A letter from Cairo, in a journal of January, 1824, contains a whimsical exemplification of Turkish manners in the provinces, and the absurdity of attempting to honor distant authorities, by the distinctions of civil society. A diploma of honorary member of the Society of Frankfort was presented to the Pacha, at the divan (or council). The Pacha, who can neither read nor write, thought it was a *firman* (despatch) from the Porte. He was much surprised and alarmed; but the interpreter explained to him that it was written in the *Nemptchee* (German) language, and contained the thanks of the *ulemas* (scholars) of a German city named Frankfort, for his kindness to two Nemptchee travelling in Egypt.

But the most difficult part was yet to come; it was to explain to him that he had been appointed a *member* of their society; and the Turkish language having no word for this purely European idea, the interpreter, after many hesitations and circumlocutions, at last succeeded in explaining "that, as a mark of respect and gratitude, the society had made him one of their *partners*." At these words the eyes of the Pacha flashed with anger, and with a voice of thunder he roared that he would never again be the *partner* of any firm; that his *partnership* with Messrs. Briggs and Co. in the Indian trade, cost him nearly 500,000 hard piastres; that the association for the manufactory of sugar and rum, paid him nothing at all; and, in short, that he was completely tired of his connexions with Frank merchants, who were indebted to him 23,000,000 of piastres, which he considered as completely lost. In his rage he even threatened to have the interpreter drowned in the Nile, for having presumed to make offer of a mercantile connexion, against his positive orders.

In the end the Pacha was pacified, and "All's well that end's well"; but it had been better, it seems, if, according to the customs of the East, the society of Frankfort had sent the Pacha the unquestionable civility of a present, that he could have applied to some use.

Every-day Book.

St. Augustine. A report states, that in one of the convents on Mount Lebanon, a MS. of the Universal History of Orosius of Tarragonia, with Notes in the handwriting of St. Augustine, has been found and sent to Rome.

Leipsic Fair. Three hundred and ninetyone booksellers met at the last Easter fair at Leipsic; and two thousand three hundred and seventyfour new works, written in German or in the ancient languages, sufficiently proved the prodigious activity with which the sciences are cultivated. To these must be added atlasses, romances, dramatic pieces, musical compositions, &c. making the whole number amount to two thousand seven hundred and fortynine.

Ancient Sepulture. A very ancient place of sepulture has lately been discovered on the mountain Schonberg, near Fribourg, in the Brisgau. From the brief notice of the matters found in the tombs, which is given in the German journals, we should ascribe these antiquities to the early Franks, if not to the more early Suevi, who inhabited the territory at the period of Roman conquests in Germany.

A hunded and thirtyseven graves are stated to have been ransacked, (twice as many more, formed of large flat stones, remaining, as we

understand, unopened,) and a multitude of skulls, ornaments, daggers, arrows, spears, swords, &c. found. The arrows and spears are of iron; the swords half iron and half steel; the daggers very fine steel, which resists the file. Colored glass, some of it of the brightest sky-blue ever seen, set in silver; red and purple beads, and large pieces of amber, are among the curiosities, of which an account is preparing, with lithographic plates, by M. Schneiber of Fribourg.

Schools of Mutual Instruction in Denmark. The Lancasterian schools are increasing every year in Denmark. The government has established, at Ekkernfœrde, a school, expressly meant to provide instructers according to this method for the whole of Denmark.

Deaf and Dumb in the Canton of Vaud. From a paper read by Professor Gindroz, at the Cantonal Society of Public Utility, the facts of which are drawn from the official returns of 122 clergymen, it appears that, in 67 parishes, there are no deaf and dumb, while the other fiftyfive have 152. Estimating the population of the Canton at 155,000, this gives one deaf and dumb person in 1000 individuals. The district of Mondon, in a population of 6602, has 43 deaf and dumb; that of Payerne, 25 in 6095; that of Aubonne 20 in 6638; and, finally, that of La Vallee, 12 in 3988. It would be a curious examination to endeavour to discover to what physical causes this marked difference is owing. Of these 152 deaf and dumb persons, 66 are found to be very susceptible of instruction, 70 appear incapable, either on account of age or natural imbecility, while with 16 something may be done, but with very dubious success. *New Monthly Mag.*

Adhesion of Glue. From some late experiments on the adhesion of glue, by Mr. Bevan, it appears that a force of 715 lbs. was required to separate two surfaces of dry ash-wood of one inch in diameter In two pieces of soft deal, well glued together, the wood yields in its substance before the glue. *Christian Observer.*

Burmese Cannon. Among the ordnance captured at Bhurtpore, is an iron six pounder, with the following inscription: "Jacobus Monteith, me fecit. Edinburgh, Anno Dom. 1642." *Ibid.*

Transmutation of Metals. In the year 1588, Queen Elizabeth directed the Lord Treasurer, Burleigh, to write to the well known Sir Edward Kelly, at Prague, who was reported to have "a certain powder, by his art prepared," that would transmute inferior metal into gold and silver, inviting him to England, or to send "such a portion of his powder, in a secret box, as might serve for a reasonable sum to defray her charges that summer for her navy."

Natural History.—It is generally known that cold countries have fewer species of plants than warm ones. A learned botanist shows that the difference follows pretty constantly the progression of the temperature. According to him, there are in Spitzbergen only thirty species of plants; in Lapland, 534; in Iceland, 523; in Sweden, 1,500; in Brandenburg, 2000; in Piedmont, 3,800; in Jamaica, 4,000; and in Madagascar, 5000.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

An Elementary Course of Civil Engineering, translated from the French of M. J. Sganzin, Inspector General of Bridges, Roads, and Naval Depôts, &c. From the Third French Edition, with Notes and Applications, adapted to the United States. Boston. Hilliard, Gray, & Co. 8vo. pp. 161.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of the late Mrs. Susan Huntington, of Boston, Massachusetts, consisting principally of Extracts from her Journal and Letters, with the Sermon occasioned by her Death. By B. B. Wisner, Pastor of the Old South Church in Boston. Second Edition. Boston. Crocker & Brewster.

EDUCATION.

The Young Scholar's Manual, or Companion to the Spelling-Book; consisting of Easy Lessons in the several Branches of Early Education. By T. Strong. Fifth Edition. Greenfield. J. Denio.

The Analytical Reader, containing Lessons in Simultaneous Reading and Defining, with Spelling from the same. By Samuel Putnam. Second Edition. Dover. Samuel C. Stevens. 12mo. pp. 160.

Questions adapted to the Constitution of the State of Massachusetts, designed to be used in Academies and Common Schools. By the Rev. Isaac Jones, A. M. Boston. Richardson & Lord. 12mo. pp. 19.

The Practical Penman, and Scientifical Script Type Copy-Book, for the Use of Schools. Albany.

The French Genders taught in Six Tables; being a plain and easy Art of Memory, by which the Genders of 15,548 French Nouns may be learned in a few Hours. By the Master of a Grammar School. Revised by the Instructer of the Boston Lyceum. Boston. Monroe & Francis. 18mo. pp. 48.

Geography for Beginners, or the Instructer's Assistant in giving First Lessons from Maps, in the style of Familiar Conversations; accompanied with an Atlas. By Emma Willard. Hartford. O. D. Cooke & Co. 18mo. pp. 110.

Thompson's Arithmetic. Second Edition. Woodstock. David Watson.

HISTORY.

New England's Memorial. By Nathaniel Morton, Secretary to the Court for the Jurisdiction of New Plimouth. Fifth Edition. Containing, besides the Original work and the Supplement annexed to the Second Edition, large Additions in Marginal Notes, and an Appendix, with a Lithographic Copy of an Ancient Map. By John Davis. Boston. 8vo. pp. 481.

LAW.

Report of Cases in the Supreme Court of the State of New York. By E. Cowan. New York. Vol. V.

MEDICINE.

The Druggists Manual; being a Price Current of Drugs, Medicines, &c. with Synonymes, a German, French, and Spanish Catalogue of Drugs, Tables of Specific Gravities, &c. Compiled by Direction of the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy. New York. Collins & Co.

A Practical Treatise on Poisons and Asphyxies, adapted to General Use; followed by Directions for the Treatment of Burns, and for the Distinction of Real from Apparent Death. By M. P. Orfila. Translated from the French, with Notes and Additions, by J. G. Stevens, M. D. With an Appendix, containing the Principles of Medical Jurisprudence and Chemical and Anatomical Considerations, Addressed to Physicians. From the French. Boston. Hilliard, Gray, & Co. 12mo. pp. 240.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Second Trial for Conspiracy, with Sundry Documents in relation to a New Trial, and the Correspondence between Messrs. Barker and Eckford, and the Rathbone Papers, with Remarks thereon. New York. Price 25 cents.

The Trials of John Duncan White alias Charles Marchant and Winslow Curtis alias Sylvester Colson, for the Murder, on the High Seas, of Edward Selfridge and Thomas P. Jenkins, Captain and Mate of the Schooner Fairy, of Boston, before the Circuit Court of the United States for the First Circuit, holden at Boston, October Term, 1826. Boston. Dutton & Wentworth. 8vo. pp. 174.

Boston Lyceum. No. I. Vol. I. Boston. C. G. Greene.

The Christian Spectator. Conducted by an Association of Gentlemen. New Series. No. I. Vol. I. New Haven. H. Howe.

Experiments on Fuel, &c. By Marcus Bull. Philadelphia. Carey & Lea and others. 8vo. Price 50 cents.

Evening Hours. Boston. Munroe & Francis. 12mo. pp. 32.

Controversy in reference to the American Society for Colonizing the Free People of Color of the United States. First published in the "Richmond Enquirer." 8vo. pp. 118.

Masonry Unveiled. By Captain Morgan. Second Edition.

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The Order of Ceremonies and Discourse at the Constitution of the Rising Star Lodge, No. 393, in Yonkers, Westchester County, October 25, A. L. 5826. By the Grand Lodge of the State of New York. New York. Childs & Wells. 12mo. pp. 36.

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The Substance of Two Reports of the Faculty of Amherst College to the Board of Trustees, with the Doings of the Board thereon. Amherst. Carter & Adams. 8vo.

Tenth Annual Report of the Boston Society for the Religious and Moral Instruction of the Poor, October 25, 1826. Boston. Crocker & Brewster. 8vo. pp. 27.

The Galaxy of Wit, or Laughing Philosopher; being a Collection of choice Anecdotes. Boston. 12mo. pp. 264.

An Examination of the Controversy between the Greek Deputies and the two Mercantile Houses of New York, together with a Review of the Publications on the Subject by the Arbitrators, Messrs. Emmet and Ogden and Mr. William Bayard. By John Duer and Robert Sedgwick. New York. 8vo. Price 75 cents.

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A Treatise on the Philosophy of the Human Mind; being the Lectures of the late Thomas Brown, M. D. Abridged and Distributed according to the Natural Divisions of the Subject, by Levi Hedge, LL. D. Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Harvard University. Vol. I. Cambridge. Hilliard & Brown. 8vo. pp. 454.

MUSIC.

Woodworth's Melodies. Embellished with an Engraved Frontispiece and Vignette. New York. James M. Campbell. 12mo. pp. 252.

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A General Statistical Table, showing the Areas, Population, &c. of the several States, Kingdoms, Empires, in the World. Philadelphia. A. Finley.

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A Discourse, preached at the Dedication of the Second Congregational Unitarian Church, New York, December 7, 1826. By William Ellery Channing. New York. 8vo. pp. 57.

A Sermon on the Occasion of the Death of the Rev. Oliver Morris, preached in Christ's Church, Alexandria, on Sunday, 18th of September, 1826. By the Rev. William Meade. Alexandria. 8vo.

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Cambridge: Printed at the University Press, by Hilliard, Metcalf, & Co.

THE UNITED STATES

REVIEW AND LITERARY GAZETTE.

VOL. I. MARCH, 1827. No. 6.

REVIEW.

Poems by Mrs. Felicia Hemans. Boston. Hilliard, Gray, Little, and Wilkins. 1827. 2 vols. 8vo.

THE popularity of Mrs. Hemans's shorter poems has been almost unexampled. When some one of her productions, of a length not unsuited for republication in a newspaper, has been received from England, by nearly simultaneous arrivals in different parts of our country, we have known the same poem appear within a week in the public prints of New York and Philadelphia, as well as of Boston, and apparently copied, in each place, directly from the English publications. And her poems have continued to please, and have reappeared in the papers of the interior, till at last it would be very difficult to say how many times they have been republished, or where their circulation has stopped. We have read them, as they have issued from Detroit. Such a rapid extension of literary fame and influence would hardly have been possible in any age but ours, and now, perhaps, in no other country than our own. Such success deserves to be remarked; and, while it is a high reward of exertion in the cause of virtue and good feeling, it it also a powerful incentive to literary exertion. A female writer, in a retired part of Great Britain, unassisted by any means of exciting interest but such as her own mind affords, finds leisure, in the quiet of her seclusion, to entrust her views of life and nature to verse, and, within six weeks from the time a poem is published in the metropolis of Great Britain, it is read on our seaboard, repeatedly printed in the interior, diligently perused in the little circles of our villages, and, it may be, makes its way across Lake Erie to the outskirts of civilization.

This is equally honorable to Mrs. Hemans and to the country. It shows a fondness for good poetry to be general among us.

We are accused of being a busy nation, too intent on gain; but there is nothing in our political history or the advances of knowledge among us, but shows, that the highest purposes of life have ever been rightly valued and cherished. Divided as we are by our pursuits, we are united in our attachment to the great sources of moral order, to truth and intelligence, to fine feeling and pure morality, not less than to active usefulness and free institutions. The contemplative life is not chosen among us, not so much because there is any refinement of mind which would not be properly valued, as because Providence has placed us in a country and an age, where action is becoming, and where the virtues can best be cultivated in the midst of society and its labors. If poetry, in a state of society like ours, is not classed with the great concerns and pursuits of life, it is, because all have a claim to its enjoyment. It interests and quickens the whole busy world. When men are released from the ordinary duties and regular occupations of life, they have all an equal claim to the gratification, which comes from exercising the imagination. Any work, which then serves as a relief, and at once exalts, and improves, and delights the mind, is a resource, from which none would see themselves separated.

The frequent impressions of Mrs. Hemans's poetry are, therefore, to be explained by the general love diffused among us for good poetry, for pure and exalted feelings, expressed in chaste and glowing language. We are glad, that her works are at last presented to the public in a collection, printed in a style not unworthy of their excellence, and introduced to the public by an editor, alike competent to value their worth and to enforce their claims to general admiration. The friends of Mrs. Hemans owe Mr. Norton their thanks for the manner in which he has brought out her works, and the motives by which he was governed, motives and a manner alike honorable to his taste as a critic, and his feelings as a man.

The volumes of the American edition of Mrs. Hemans's works, open with a poem commemorative of the confederacy, which the Swiss formed for the maintenance of their liberty, and which they fondly denominated an eternal one. The poem is written in a beautiful style, and breathes the spirit of freedom. But we are carried forwards to the Miscellaneous Poems, which have never before been collected, and among which we recognise many an old acquaintance, that we have read again and again with pleasure. Among these, there are so many of peculiar beauty, that we hardly know which to select. "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers"

has an interest for us, which it could not have, had the poetic execution of the piece been less sublime or less happy. "Every one," says the editor, "must feel the sublimity and poetical truth, with which she has conceived the scene presented, and the inspiration of that deep and holy strain of sentiment, which sounds forth like the pealing of an organ." In the "Hebrew Mother," we find a pleasing union of the sentiments of piety and maternal tenderness. "The Child's Last Sleep, on a monument by Chantrey for an infant daughter of Sir Thomas Ackland," is remarkable for the felicity of its manner, and, as it is short, and not so generally known as many of the other pieces, we cannot refrain from inserting it.

"Thou sleepest—but when wilt thou wake, fair child?—
When the fawn awakes 'midst the forest wild?
When the lark's wing mounts with the breeze of morn,
When the first rich breath of the rose is born?—
Lovely thou sleepest, yet something lies
Too deep and still on thy soft-seal'd eyes;
Mournful, though sweet, is thy rest to see—
When will the hour of thy rising be?

Not when the fawn wakes, not when the lark
On the crimson cloud of the morn floats dark—
Grief with vain passionate tears hath wet
The hair, shedding gleams from thy pale brow yet;
Love with sad kisses unfelt hath prest
Thy meek dropt eyelids and quiet breast;
And the glad Spring, calling out bird and bee,
Shall color all blossoms, fair child, but thee.

Thou 'rt gone from us, bright one—that thou shouldst die,
And life be left to the butterfly! *
Thou 'rt gone, as a dew-drop is swept from the bough,
—Oh! for the world where thy home is now!
How may we love but in doubt and fear,
How may we anchor our fond hearts here,
How should e'en Joy but a trembler be,
Beautiful dust! when we look on thee?"

Vol. i. pp. 34, 35.

In the lines, "To the Ivy," a cultivated imagination gathers images from the most different periods of history, and crowds together moral associations. The moral to "The Lost Pleiad" is expressed in a striking manner. Why should we make so much ado about the death of man, when the majestic heaven shines

"* A butterfly, as if fluttering on a flower, is sculptured on the monument."

none the less, though a star has been extinguished. But we must not delay too long in commenting on these beautiful effusions of a genius, which connects all its efforts with the advancement of morality. "The Grave of Körner" is founded on incidents, in themselves the highest poetry; a gallant patriot, at once a brave soldier and a poet of merited popularity, in the bloom of youth and promise, at one moment inspiriting the Prussian army by the power of his muse, and the next leading the corps which he commanded to battle, was killed in a skirmish with the French; and his only sister had her existence so bound up in his, that, having survived him but just long enough to finish his portrait from memory, she died of grief at his loss.

"Fame was thy gift from others—but for *her*,
To whom the wide world held that only spot—
She loved thee—lovely in your lives ye were,
And in your early deaths divided not.
Thou hast thine oak, thy trophy—what hath she?—
Her own blest place by thee!

It was thy spirit, brother! which had made
The bright world glorious to her thoughtful eye,
Since first in childhood 'midst the vines ye played,
And sent glad singing through the free blue sky.
Ye were but two—and when that spirit passed,
Woe to the one, the last!

Woe, yet not long—she lingered but to trace
Thine image from the image in her breast,
Once, once again to see that buried face
But smile upon her, ere she went to rest.
Too sad a smile! its living light was o'er—
It answered hers no more.

The earth grew silent when thy voice departed,
The home too lonely whence thy step had fled—
What then was left for her, the faithful-hearted?—
Death, death, to still the yearning for the dead.
Softly she perished—be the Flower deplored,
Here with the Lyre and Sword.

Have ye not met ere now?—so let those trust
That meet for moments but to part for years,
That weep, watch, pray, to hold back dust from dust,
That love, where love is but a fount of tears.
Brother, sweet sister! peace around ye dwell—
Lyre, Sword, and Flower, farewell!"

Vol. i. pp. 74, 75.

Those, who are willing to be moved by incidents, growing out of foreign wars, cannot but feel with how much truth and grace Mrs. Hemans has treated this subject, which unites the interest belonging to military renown with the tenderness of domestic sorrow.

"The Graves of a Household," and "The Hour of Death," have been general favorites. In "The Traveller at the Source of the Nile," Mrs. Hemans has, with a propriety, such as she excels in, connected a moral with the sentiment of Bruce, as he arrived at what he considered the source of that river. We can mention but one more; it is the "Evening Prayer at a Girls' School," a poem which we should quote entire, but that it has already been circulated so widely through the country.

"The Siege of Valencia" follows, a dramatic poem, not intended for the stage. It is a work of such merit, as to establish for Mrs. Hemans a claim to stand high among the most gifted writers of her country. The subject is very happily chosen, and treated in a manner to enchain attention throughout the whole, and to leave on the mind the pleasure, which follows the contemplation of a successful effort. In "The Vespers of Palermo," we think the story not so well conceived. Yet, if we are pained by the treachery of Vittoria, we may find relief in the bright picture of youthful, virtuous patriotism in the character of Raimond.

The chief work in the second volume is, "The Forest Sanctuary," a poem, which requires to be read more than once to be fully understood and enjoyed. A little more of the contemplative mood, than is common with us, is necessary, in order to perceive all its beauties. It is, throughout, a finished performance, and all the great incidents of the poem are related with power, while the conflict of mind in those who suffer, is described in a style of equal beauty and pathos. It is a remark of Adam Smith, that a man who has good health, and a quiet conscience, and is out of debt, is therefore happy. If any believe him, we think Mrs. Hemans's can show them other pictures of sorrow, the sorrows which come from memory and regret, and are heightened by solitude, leisure, and an active imagination.

The "Lays of many Lands," which follow, have attracted less attention. They require in the reader something of the versatility of power, possessed by the writer. It is not easy to pass rapidly from one country to another, from one tone of feeling and style of imagery to another. We like Mrs. Hemans's poetry best, when she teaches us to admire what is common to all lands, what finds an answer in the heart everywhere, rather than when

she exhibits to us the peculiarities of foreign or of ancient manners. Thus, among the Miscellaneous Pieces, we find greater interest in "The Revellers." The ease of manner, by which it is characterized, gives a high charm to the spirited and harmonious versification. To those, which were comprised in the English volume, Mr. Norton has added several of exquisite beauty. Every body admires "England's Dead," and, we add, that the same spirit of patriotism dictated a little poem, called "The Cliffs of Dover." The stanzas "To the Memory of Bishop Heber" are full of the solemnity, which belongs to the admiration of genius, and the resignation that becomes the confidence of christian expectation.

"How shall we mourn thee ?—With a lofty trust,
Our life's immortal birthright from above!
With a glad faith, whose eye, to track the just,
Through shades and mysteries lifts a glance of love,
And yet can weep! for nature thus deplores
The friend that leaves us, though for happier shores."

"Praise! for yet one more name with power endowed,
To cheer and guide us, onward as we press;
Yet one more image, on the heart bestowed,
To dwell there, beautiful in holiness!
Thine, Heber, thine! whose memory from the dead,
Shines as the star which to the Saviour led."

Vol. ii. pp. 223, 224.

The volume is closed by a poem, which we had almost called the most beautiful of all. There is mingled in "The Voice of Spring," a pensive tenderness with a keen perception of the charms of nature. A rich and exquisite versification, distinguished for its harmony, and ease, and elegance of diction, conveys to us the various imagery, which the imagination gathers from the wide world, to decorate the approach of that delightful and joyous season; and, after the attention has been engaged and interested by a long series of beautiful allusions, the memory of the dead appeals irresistibly to the mind, while Hope glances at the eternal spring in a world, where the path of existence leads through no deserts, and joy is never to be followed by separation.

We take leave of these volumes in the hope to see a continuation of them hereafter. We know of no writer, who has more happily united the claims of elevated morality and inventive talent, than Mrs. Hemans. While we admire her poetry, we are paying homage to virtue, and we associate her name with the best qualities of our nature.

The Book of Nature. By JOHN MASON GOOD, M. D. F. R. S. F. R. S. L. Mem. Am. Phil. Soc. and F. L. S. of Philadelphia. In Two Volumes. Boston. Wells & Lilly. 1826. 8vo. pp. 435 and 443.

THESE volumes are the productions of a voluminous and learned writer. Dr. Good has been long celebrated as a translator of the book of Job, and of the poem of Lucretius on the Nature of Things. He is more generally known, however, as the author of a system of Nosology, and a learned and valuable work on the Study of Medicine.

The extensive erudition of this gentleman induced the directors of a literary and scientific institution in London, about sixteen years since, to select him as a lecturer, and, in compliance with their invitation, he delivered, at different periods, the Lectures which compose these volumes. They are forty-nine in number, and, as will appear by and by, treat of a great variety of subjects. They relate principally to three great departments of human knowledge, physics, physiology, and metaphysics, and contain an account of most of the interesting subjects of discussion in these departments, particularly those of the two last, and the author's opinions on the various knotty questions, with which they abound.

From the nature of the case, it almost necessarily happens, that these Lectures contain little or nothing absolutely new, nor indeed much that may not be found in some other work of this author. But they have the advantage of presenting, in a condensed form, what is likely to be interesting to the general reader, separated from what belongs only to the merely scientific or professional one.

The first course, or series, is devoted to the consideration of the nature of the material world, and the scale of unorganized and organized tribes which issue from it. It comprises fifteen Lectures, of which the first five treat of matter and its properties. We find in these, what afterwards becomes more evident, and what, indeed, was to have been expected from a writer whose acquaintance with books is more extensive than is often found united with an intimate knowledge of men. We mean an undue regard for questions not within the bounds of human capacity; the discussion of which has amused the schools in all ages, but which can never answer any good end. Such, for instance, is the question with which the Lectures commence, namely, that of the origin of matter.

"It is absurd to suppose that matter does not exist; it is absurd to suppose that it does exist eternally and independently of the

Creator; it is absurd to suppose that it constitutes the Creator himself: but, as it is not absurd to suppose its absolute formation out of nothing by the exercise of an almighty power, and as one of these four propositions must necessarily be true, reason should induce us to embrace the last with the same promptitude with which we reject the other three." Vol i. pp. 14, 15.

Useful knowledge evidently consists only in adding to the number of our ideas, or the distinctness of those already obtained. But as from the nature of the case, it is impossible that we should have any idea of such things as eternity, infinity, essence, &c. it is surely the most idle of all employments, to argue concerning them. "It is absurd," says the Doctor, "to suppose that matter does not exist." If he will tell us, what he means by matter, we can tell him whether we agree with him.

So, again, when he tells us, that the material world is composed of atoms, he is guilty of words without knowledge. We cannot have the idea of an atom, which is indivisible. He tells us, therefore, in fact, that every thing around us is composed of ultimate elements, of which we can never have any idea, and about which, therefore, we cannot institute any proposition.

We perceive, in the discussion of the subject of gravity, the same unphilosophical bias. Dr. Good evidently labors under the common error of supposing, that he has some idea of gravity, separate from the feeling of the agreement of objects in certain particulars. It does not seem to occur to him, that gravity is nothing but a word, the representation of a sound, adopted by common consent as the mode of suggesting to the mind of another the feeling of the agreement between different bodies. When we say, that a body has weight or gravity, we certainly say nothing more than that, under particular circumstances, the body will move in a particular direction; and it is the necessary construction of language which often leads us to suppose, that we have more ideas than really exist in the mind.

The two next Lectures are on the subject of geology; they contain a good general view of the present state of the science. Some of the most interesting details are taken, of course, from Cuvier's "Theory of the Earth," and, in a few instances, the language of that work is pretty closely copied. In opposition to the opinion usually entertained, that no proper fossil human skeleton, or any part of one, has ever yet been found, he adduces the instance of that brought by Sir Alexander Cochrane from Guadaloupe, and now exhibited at the British Museum. This, however, is not regarded by the continental geologists as a real exception to the

rule; the calcareous rock, in which it is imbedded, being considered as a modern formation.

The three next Lectures are devoted to the consideration of organized bodies and the *principle of life*, as exhibited in plants and animals. The same fallacy runs through these Lectures, which was noticed in some of the preceding. As Dr. Good discussed then the nature of gravity as a thing or principle, so he discusses now that of life; but it is a waste of words in both instances. One set of bodies undergoes one set of changes, another undergoes other changes. We call one inanimate or dead, and the other animated or living; but we do not suppose a principle of inanimation or death, which interferes between each antecedent and its consequent, in the former; and why should we talk of a principle of life in the latter? We may investigate the circumstances under which the changes in either case are produced; but why should we introduce a new link in the chain of events, the existence of which is not proved, of which we cannot get a separate idea, and which, consequently, cannot add any thing to our knowledge.

In the latter part of the tenth Lecture, we have some notice of the powers of the muscles in living bodies, which we recommend to the attention of our readers. There is nothing in the whole history of living beings, so extraordinary and so inconsistent with the ideas suggested by the things to which our attention is commonly directed, as the powers of the muscles. To-day we find a muscle able to resist a force amounting to several thousand pounds; it forms a part of a living being. To-morrow the being to which it belonged is no longer animated, and the muscle may be torn by a child; yet the change in its composition, structure, color, or any other property, which we can estimate, is so slight as scarcely to be perceptible. In no instance is the cause, according to our common notions, so utterly inadequate to the effect.

The remaining Lectures of this series are occupied with the physiology of animals, a subject abounding with interesting details, and very well adapted to the diligent character of the writer, who has collected them from every source. They do not admit of any analysis which would not exceed our limits, and scarcely of any remark, except that they are highly entertaining.

A similar observation may be made concerning the two first Lectures of the second series, which treat of zoological systems and the distinctive characters of animals.

The third is devoted to the varieties of the human race. The author adopts the usual distinction of mankind into five varieties; the white, European or Caucasian; the olive, Asiatic or Mongolian; the red, or American; the black, African or negro; and the tawney, Malay or Australasian race. After a few remarks, he enters upon the question, whether all these varieties originated from a single pair. His decision on this point agrees, of course, with the received understanding of the Mosaic account, and with the general opinion of modern physiologists, that all these races are mere varieties, originating from one and the same pair, and not species, implying various ancestry. It is somewhat remarkable, that Dr. Good takes no notice of another interesting question on this subject, namely, to which race our first parents belonged. No light is thrown on this point by the Mosaic history. If our ancestors were Caucasian, it follows, that the other races have degenerated from the original type; while, on the other hand, if they were negroes, there has been, at least in our view of the matter, an improvement in regard to our own race. It would, perhaps, startle a reader, who had never paid any attention to this subject, to be shown the extensive analogy which has been brought forward in support of the latter position; and, though it is certainly of no real importance to decide, whether the "Adam who delved, and the Eve who span," were black, white, red, olive, or tawney, it would certainly strike many Caucasian readers with surprise, to learn, that there was much evidence of their having been of any other color than the second.

The next two Lectures are devoted to the subjects of instinct, sensation, and intelligence, and we cannot consider them as very happy specimens of analytical acumen. The author begins with a statement of the notions of the mechanical philosophers, on the one hand, who suppose animals to be mere material machines; and that of Darwin, Smellie, and others, who have considered instinct as merely a degree of intelligence of the same kind as that of the human species. He proceeds with great complacency to demolish these theories, and thus, if we may admit the position of Mr. Shandy, establishes his own. We are inclined, however, to pay about as much respect in this instance to Mr. Shandy's opinion, as to Dr. Good's, the main difference being, that the latter makes no pretensions to wit. It is difficult to preserve one's gravity at considering the parade of postulates and preparation with which our author introduces his own theory, that the vital, instinctive, and intelligent processes are the result of the separate principles of life, instinct, and intelligence, or, in more direct

phrase, that we live, move, and think, because we are living, moving, and thinking animals. Neither can we admit all the Doctor's instances, any more than his principles. "In like manner," says he, "an infant, in danger of falling from its nurse's arms, stretches out its little hands to break the fall, as though acquainted by experience with the use of such an action." We should be sorry to trust our children with a philosopher, who, in the full confidence of the fact, should allow the principle of gravity to operate upon a falling infant till the principle of instinct should lead it to stretch out its hand to break its fall.

In the sixth and last Lecture of this series, on sympathy and fascination, our author agrees with us in the opinion, that words may sometimes be used without being the signs of ideas.

"Of the immediate cause or nature of this diversity of influence—this discrepancy of action between remote organs, we know no more than we do of the cause or nature of gravitation, of magnetism, or electricity. It has been denominated, indeed, *sympathy*, *fellow-feeling*, or *consent of parts*, in the general language of physiological writers; and so long as we employ these terms merely to import a definite kind or peculiarity of impulse, they may have their use and convenience; but they convey no knowledge, and ought not to be allowed, as I am afraid they sometimes are, to supply the place of knowledge." Vol. i. p. 415.

Doubtless the Doctor is in the right; but, if it be admitted that we live by a living principle, and fall to the ground by the principle of attraction, it will be hard to show, why we should not sympathize by a principle of sympathy. The facts, in either case, are all we do, or can, know about it

We are sorry to find an offset to this good sense and sound philosophy in the instances of credulity, which are to be found in this lecture, and of which the following are specimens.

"In these cases we trace something of the medium by which the irritable or sensorial power is exhausted. There are various other cases, however, in which, to this moment, we are as ignorant, and as little capable of tracing it, as mankind must have been in regard to the animals before us, antecedently to a discovery of the electric aura. And I here particularly allude to the torpid effects produced upon poisonous serpents and scorpions in Africa and America, on their being handled by persons of two different descriptions; the one possessing this torpifying power naturally and hereditarily, and the other, acquiring it by artificial preparation; such as chewing the roots or other parts of certain plants, rubbing them in their hands, or bathing the body in aqueous

infusions of them, and thus impregnating the body of the operator with their virtues.

"There appears to be no country in the world so much infested with serpents of this kind as the ancient Cyrenaica, or that part of Africa which lies northward of the great desert of Sahara. Among the different tribes that formerly inhabited this region, one of the most celebrated was the Psylli; and as this tribe seems to have been in the full possession of this power, either from art or nature, and to have given the strongest and most extraordinary proofs of its having possessed it, all persons capable of exerting a similar effect were denominated Psylli by the Greek and Roman writers. And hence Plutarch tells us, that when Cato pursued his march through the Cyrenaic desert in search of Juba, he took with him a variety of these Psylli to suck out the poison from the wounds of such of his soldiers as should be bitten by the numerous serpents of the country.

"It appears most probable that the Psylli were not naturally protected against this venom, but, from long and skilful practice, were acquainted with the virtue of those plants, which, as I have just hinted, answer both as a preservative against the bite, and as an antidote after the bite has been inflicted; and, being strongly addicted to divination or pretended magic, as all the historians who have given us any account of them, affirm them to have been, affected to derive their power of subduing poison from this preternatural source alone, and inculcated the belief that they could only exercise it, by muttering or chanting some potent verse or spell over the person who was affected. And hence the disarming a serpent of his capacity of poisoning, or disarming the poison itself of its deadly effect after a wound had been received, was denominated charming or incantation. So Silius Italicus, in allusion to the Psylli, or their neighbours, the Marmarides, lib. iii.

'Ad quorum *cantus* mites jacuêre Cerastes.
'The horned snake lies harmless at their *song*.'

"This sort of power, derived from art or nature, and probably originating in this quarter of the world, appears to have been known in the remotest ages, and to have been uniformly ascribed to the same influence of certain magical words or verses chanted, or uttered in recitative; and it appears also to have been very generally conjectured, that there exist some kinds or species of poisonous serpents that are capable of shutting their ears against the sounds thus uttered, and that will not hearken to or be charmed by the voice of the enchanter, however skilful the enchantment.

"The sacred books abound in allusions to this popular tradition; they are equally to be met with in the writings of the Greek and Roman poets, and even in the Sanscrit moralists, as, for example, in the Hitopadesa of Vishnusarman, probably of a higher antiquity

than the psalmist himself, who tells us in his book of aphorisms, that 'as a charmer draweth a serpent from his hole, so a good wife taking her husband from his place of torture, enjoyeth happiness with him.'

"There are some philosophers and historians, who have ventured to disbelieve that any such extraordinary power has ever been possessed by any people. The very cautious writers of the Ancient Universal History express no small degree of scepticism on this point; and M. Denon, one of the chief of the literati that accompanied Bonaparte to Egypt, has been bold enough to laugh at the assertion, and to regard every pretension to such a power as a direct imposture. He offers, however, no sufficient ground for his ridicule, and is flatly contradicted by the concurrent testimony o all the best travellers, both to Africa and South America. Mr. Bruce is very full and very explicit upon the subject. He distinctly states, from minute personal observation, that 'all the blacks in the kingdom of Sennaar, whether Funge or Nuba, are perfectly armed (*by nature*) against the bite of either scorpion or viper. They take the cerastes (or horned serpent, being the most common, and one of the most fatal of all the viper tribes) in their hands at all times, put them in their bosoms, and throw them to one another, as children do apples or balls;' during which sport the serpents are seldom irritated to bite, and when they do bite, no mischief ensues from the wound. The Arabs of the same country, however, he tells us as distinctly, have not this protection naturally; but from their infancy, they acquire an exemption from the mortal consequences attending the bite of these animals, by chewing a particular root, and washing themselves with an infusion of particular plants in water." Vol. i. pp. 423—425.

"What lies the world tells, said Madame Beaumont." "And *believes*, said Mr. Palmer."

And again;

"Grooms are sometimes found possessed of a similar power over horses. Mr. Townsend, a clergyman of excellent character, and considerable learning, has a striking anecdote to this effect, in his account of James Sullivan, a native of the county which forms the subject of his pen. The man, an awkward, ignorant rustic of the lowest class, was by profession a horse-breaker, and generally nicknamed *the whisperer*, from its being vulgarly supposed that he obtained his influence over unruly horses by whispering to them. The actual secret of his fascinating power he kept entirely to himself, and it has died with him. His son, who is in the same occupation, knows nothing of it. But it was well known to every one, that, however unbroken or vicious a horse, or even a mule, might be when brought to him, in the short space of half an hour he became altogether passive under his influence, and was not only

entirely gentle and tractable, but in a very considerable degree continued so, though somewhat more submissive to himself than to others. There was a little mystery in his plan, but unquestionably no deceit. When sent for to tame an unruly horse, he ordered the stable door to be shut upon himself and the animal alone, and not to be opened till a given signal. This singular intercourse usually lasted for about half an hour; no bustle was heard, or violence seemingly had recourse to; but when the door was opened on the proper sign being given, the horse was always seen lying down, and the fascinator by his side, playing with him familiarly as a child with a puppy. 'I once,' says Mr. Townsend, 'saw his skill tried on a horse that could never before be brought to stand for a smith to shoe him. The day after Sullivan's half-hour lecture, I went, not without some incredulity, to the smith's shop, with many other curious spectators, when we were eye-witnesses of the complete success of his art. This, too, had been a troop-horse, and it was supposed, not without reason, that after regimental discipline had failed, no other would be found availing. *I observed that the animal seemed afraid whenever Sullivan either spoke or looked at him.*' In common cases, Mr. Townsend adds, even the mysterious preparation of a private interview was not necessary, the animal becoming tame at once. We have here, therefore, another instance of most extraordinary and instantaneous ascendancy of one animal being over another, without any manifest medium of action, which we are occasionally, but not often, called upon to witness. That it could not have been force is clear; and, though natural firmness and intrepidity may do much, they by no means appear to have been sufficient in the present case, and could, indeed, accomplish but little in the dark. Nor does there seem to be any mode of accounting for such a control so reasonable as that of a natural or artificial emanation from the fascinator, which we have already adverted to; and, if the last, obtained, perhaps, as in many of these instances, by illining or impregnating the person of the operator with the virtues of various plants unknown or little known to the rest of the world." Vol. i. pp. 432—434.

We would recommend to the Doctor, when he considers this story again, to pay some attention to the words, which we have printed in italics, after deducting a *quantum sufficit* of exaggeration; to observe, when he has an opportunity, the effect which may be produced on a horse by twisting his ears, grasping his windpipe, and other equally gentle, humane, and harmless modes of reconciling his mind, as the stage-coachmen have it; and to consider, that, whatever the person of an Irish jockey is illined with, his mind is not unlikely to be pretty well impregnated with shrewdness and impudence.

We admire that a man of Dr. Good's erudition, should have omitted to notice the unaccountable sympathy which exists between witch-hazel and subterraneous springs, or mineral veins; or that, which we are assured by Van Helmont, Robert Fludd, and Samuel Butler, compels supplemental noses to share the fate of parent porter.

In the next Lecture, we have an account of sleep, dreaming, revery, and trance; sleep-walking and sleep-talking.

Dr. Good informs us in the commencement of this lecture, that he has been able to meet with no satisfactory account or explanation of sleep; yet he afterwards appears to admit, that the fundamental principles of the theories of Hartley and Darwin have been satisfactorily established. On this point, however, we have the misfortune to differ from him. We conceive that the explanations of these philosophers are merely enumerations of what they suppose to be the phenomena of this state, but which we think quite contrary to our experience. One of the main positions of their doctrine is, that the action of the will is suspended during sleep. But this is surely not the fact. How does a man awake at a particular hour in the morning, if he does not will it? Practice enables many men to awake at almost any hour, that shall be appointed. But can the operation of will be thus prospective? Is the waking the effect of an act of volition, exerted before he sleeps, and never repeated till he wakes again? When we dream of gold, do we not will to reach out the hand to grasp it? When, rocking on the distant ocean, we recall in our slumbers the forms of those we loved at home, do we not will to embrace them? And does not the volition seem to effect its object? Our author, however, is dissatisfied with former explanations, because they do not go far enough. He thinks one important point is still left untouched; and complains that he is not informed why ideas exist at all in the brain during sleep; but is this more incomprehensible than the fact, that any ideas except those immediately derived from objects within the reach of the senses should exist, while we are awake. To explain this point, which seems to us beyond the reach of human capacity, being nothing less than the question of the connexion of mind with matter, he proposes a theory, which seems to us to contain little that is new, and to be mainly grounded upon a supposed, but utterly unfounded, analogy between the laws which regulate the phenomena of mind, and those which govern the changes of matter. Our limits will not permit any examination of our author's reasonings on this point. For the rest, if we consider that the material organs, which are

the channels of communication between the mind and external objects, are no longer operative in sleep, we shall find no difficulty in reconciling the continued action of mind with the usual phenomena of that state. Thus, if I attempt to recall a train which was passing in my mind some time yesterday, I must recall the time and place; but while we sleep, we can have no notion of place and time in connexion with a particular train, since these ideas imply those of external objects and their changes.

We have only to add, that Dr. Good intimates, in this lecture, his belief in the occasional supernatural origin and prophetic purpose of dreams. Now it seems manifest to us, that, besides the want of any even tolerable evidence of such a deviation from the common laws of the universe, there is some danger in allowing ourselves to encourage this natural bent of our nature towards the marvellous. For it is admitted, that a great majority of dreams are perfectly explicable on common principles, and have nothing to do with the future. And it is equally clear, that we have no means of distinguishing the prophetic visions, the shadow, which a coming event occasionally casts before it, from that which naturally and usually follows the past. To the melancholy and superstitious, such a leaning to belief is calculated to bring fear and anxiety, and to supply a foundation, which imagination seeks to support her gloomy and terrific superstructures.

The eighth Lecture is on voice and language, and is equally amusing and instructive. The explanation of ventriloquism seems to us rational and philosophical, and accords exactly with our own deductions from the only good specimen of ventriloquism which we have witnessed. The remaining five lectures of this series are devoted to language, literature, and other kindred subjects. They display a great deal of erudition, set forth now and then, it may be, with a little pedantry, but still extremely interesting. We recommend them to the perusal of our readers, with the single remark, that we think Dr. Good takes for granted rather too readily the authenticity of such accounts, as those of the appearance of the heavenly cross to Constantine, and the intentional burning of the Alexandrian library by Omar, which, to say the least of them, are somewhat dubious.

In the next series, our author plunges into the abyss of psychology, whither we must be excused from attempting to follow him, especially as we differ entirely in regard to some of the first and essential positions of the whole matter. We cannot think Dr. Good likely to throw much light upon such questions, as those of materialism, free will, necessity, and the like. It

seems to us remarkable, that, while he quotes and canvasses the writings of Reid, Stewart, Hume, Beattie, and indeed of almost every Northern metaphysician of any eminence; he takes no notice of those of Brown. It appears to us, that the Doctor never understood the notions of this last writer; and indeed he is too much shocked and alarmed at some of the offensive and inconsequent deductions of the school of Hume, to be able to judge with impartiality of the soundness of some of their fundamental propositions.

The remaining lectures of this series are devoted to many interesting subjects; as the characters and passions of savage and civilized life, the language of the passions, &c. They are well treated, and likely to be generally interesting. One of them takes up the subject of craniology, and discusses it with sufficient fairness, and as much gravity as the case will admit; for even the credulity of Dr. Good is not sufficient to enable him to swallow any part or portion of this most ridiculous absurdity. His objections are confined to the system, and he is disposed to think much more highly of its authors than we do, who have a shrewd suspicion, that they, namely, Gall and Spurzheim, are remarkable for little more than quackery and confusion of ideas.

We have thus taken a brief view of the contents of these volumes. Our remarks have been necessarily confined to a few particulars and general questions, as they might, on any other plan, have made a volume. We recommend the "Book of Nature" to all our readers; for, whatever may be Dr. Good's metaphysical views, his physical ones, if we may so speak, must be generally admitted to abound in interest. The work, in short, is a sort of digest or abridgment, containing most that is valuable in many ponderous volumes. For the composition of the greater part of the work, learning and industry only were necessary, and this is excellent; but we do not think so highly of that part which required also just and acute analysis or enlarged philosophical views.

Notes on Colombia, taken in the Years 1822–3. *With an Intinerary of the Route from Caracas to Bogotá; and an Appendix. By an Officer of the United States' Army.* Philadelphia. Carey & Lea. 1827. 8vo. pp. 303.

THE new republic of Colombia is, in a variety of respects, one of the most extraordinary countries on the globe. Whether considered with regard to its moral or physical character, it offers a multitude of striking exceptions to the natural and usual order of things, as observed in other parts of the world. The immense and lofty ranges of mountains lying behind each other, from the coast of the Atlantic to that of the Pacific ocean, with the elevated plains and vallies between them, give it every possible variety of climate, from the heat of the tropics to the cold of the arctic circle. The seaports of La Guayra and Carthagena lie in the climate of Sierra Leone; and the capital, Bogotá, lifted by the mountains, which encompass it, into the region of mists, finds, under a vertical sun, the chilly temperature and cloudy skies of England. You stand on the plain, on which that city is built, with oaks, and elms, and fields of grain, and all the productions of a temperate region around you, and look down the cleft where the waters of the Funza precipitate themselves by the cataract of Tequendama; and, many hundred feet below you, is another climate, whose vegetation, basking in intense heat, shows the dark verdure, the strange forms, and the rank overgrowth of the torrid zone. The tops of the mountains, rising above profound ravines and tremendous precipices, are the inaccessible dwelling places of frost; and the *paramos*, or wide mountain deserts, which lie between the provinces, and which must be crossed in passing from one to another, are brooded over by a winter that knows no spring. A strong icy wind sweeps continually over the *paramos*, and, at certain seasons of the year, the furious storms by which they are beaten render them passable only at the risk of life. These are the abodes of barrenness and silence, the very wind blows over the naked solitudes unheard; but the warm vallies below, the vast savannahs, and the wide margins of the rivers, swarm with animal life, in the same degree that they teem with the vegetation which is its sustenance, and are absolutely tumultuous with noise and motion. On some parts of the country, like the elevated valley of Caracas, nature seems to have showered the gifts of all climates, and the productions of Europe flourish by the side of those peculiar to equinoctial regions. The serene skies, the soft

atmosphere, the spontaneous fertility of the soil, the temperature of an eternal spring, seem to bespeak a country sacred to perpetual repose, and exempt from the labors and disquiet that attend life in other countries. Yet this apparent tranquillity and harmony of the elements are deceitful, and are enjoyed by the inhabitants only in the midst of continual fear. That beautiful surface, with its rich vegetation, its fruits and its flowers, is but the roof an abyss, hollowed out by the workings of internal fire, and is shaken with frequent and terrible earthquakes. These visitations, and the late ravages of war, which have also done much to depopulate the provinces of Colombia, have given a strange air of antiquity and ruin to this youthful country. The traveller looks at the vast, unreclaimed forests, whose trees have never been felled since the creation, at the small clearings made for the villages and plantations, and sees about the dwellings, fierce dogs, scarred by combats with the wild beasts of the wilderness, and he fancies himself in a newly colonized territory. He looks again at towns overthrown by earthquakes, at streets lying in ruins, and churches unrebuilt; he sees everywhere houses crumbling down, and unoccupied dwellings in every village; he beholds beautiful and fertile *haciendas*, or estates of rich proprietors, abandoned by the owners, the inclosures broken down by wild cattle, and the forest gaining on the fields, and he imagines himself in a country fallen to decay and deserted by its inhabitants.

The various races of men by whom this country is peopled, present in their character contrasts as strong as its natural features. The great numbers of native Indians, a placid, indolent, silent, and somewhat melancholy race, retaining many of the customs and rude arts of their ancestors, differ greatly from the negro population distinguished by a constitutional gaiety and love of amusement, which no circumstances can repress, and which they carry with them into all climates. These, again, are strongly contrasted, both in temperament and manners, with the more intelligent Creole, the descendant of the Spanish settlers, who, though he has laid aside somewhat of the formality and gravity of his ancestors, has by no means parted with the characteristic courtesy and dignity of their nation. Quite different from these, are the fierce and untamable races, which yet preserve their independence, such as the Goahiros of Santa Marta, who possess the seacoast between the river La Hacha and the province of Maracaybo, and who frequently descend from their mountains to plunder the settlers, or lay them under tribute, as the Scottish Highlanders were wont to do by their Lowland neighbours. Such, also, are the

Caribs of Guyana, who cannot be subdued either by persuasion or arms; such, too, are the Guayecas of the same province, within whose territory are the sources of the Oronoco, never yet seen by an European eye, and the lake of Parima, which Sir Walter Raleigh in vain endeavoured to reach, in search of the fabled El Dorado, and whither even Humboldt was not allowed to penetrate.

Upon the various races which acknowledge the Spanish dominion in this country, differing thus greatly by original temperament and education, the influences of the revolution are now operating with great force. This revolution, it should be remembered, is not one of civil government merely, but of opinions, modes of life, and employments, a breaking up and remodeling of the whole ancient order of things, social, religious, and political. Until the revolt, which separated the South American provinces from the mother country, every possible precaution was taken by the Council of the Indies to keep them in that state of ignorance and mental inactivity, which are the happiness and the security of despotism. No part of the civilized globe participated so little in the changes of opinion that were going on in the age, and in those improvements in the useful arts, which modern ingenuity has invented. The crude notions, the bigotry, the incomplete arts of the beginning of the sixteenth century, as they then existed in Spain, were preserved in the seclusion of these provinces, hedged round, as they were, with a wall of rigid ordinances, that shut out all knowledge and improvement. Every thing was done to keep the natives ignorant of the rest of the world, and the rest of the world ignorant of them. No foreigner could land on the coast on pain of death; the inhabitants were prohibited from trading with foreigners by the same penalty; and the European Spaniard, who came to the country, came not to introduce arts or to enlighten the people, but to exercise offices, and to make his fortune. The same jealousy forbade all commerce between the different vice-royalties and intendencies of South America, and even to this day the passage from the department of Venezuela to that of Cundinamarca is like that from Portugal into Spain, and the traveller finds at once that he is in another country, and among another people. An impatience of the oppressions of the mother country having led the people of Colombia, at a time when that country was the seat of a bloody and exhausting war, to throw off its yoke, the natives suddenly found themselves in a situation as remote as possible from that in which they had hitherto been held, a situation in which every thing was strange, new, and untried. All the ancient barriers to the introduction of new

opinions were at once removed, a flood of these were let in at once, and minds formed by the genius of the sixteenth century, which had retired hither from Europe, were now acted upon by the influences of the genius of the nineteenth. The fermentation of principles and opinions thus produced, might well be expected to unsettle weak minds, and perplex strong ones. The nation had not been carried along with other nations in the progress of the age, and, in attempting to hurry from one distant stage to another, all the members of the community could not, of course, proceed with equal pace, and many would lose their way. Crude notions of government, disagreeing councils, and expedients hastily adopted and abandoned, are the natural consequences of such a state of things. Some of the natives yet preserve their attachment to the government of the mother country; and the author of the work before us has drawn a picture of the old *hidalgo*, stripped for his loyalty of his honors, his office, and his estates, living in obscurity and poverty, yet bearing his disgrace with patience and dignity. To the small class of these men, is opposed the multitude of those whose heads are turned by the sudden infusion of new notions, and the great changes they have seen taking place about them, and who despise all that has hitherto been respected, even those principles which form the basis of social order. Between these two classes is one of the more enlightened and temperate, who would be glad to pursue a rational plan of improvement, and who anxiously study for this purpose the lessons of social and political wisdom afforded by the example of other countries. The character of the native Indians seems to have been the least affected of any by the changes of the revolution. This numerous part of the population are pleased to be released from the oppressions of the old colonial governments; they are gratified with the idea of belonging to an independent nation; they celebrate in their villages the political festivities of the last week in December along with their *Alcalde* and their *Padre;* submit quietly to the demands of their present rulers, and trouble themselves no further about the matter. The provision made for the education of this class will probably, however, entirely change their character in the next generation.

Such a country, and such a state of things, must offer much to make a strong impression on the mind of the traveller; much of that matter for lively narration and description, which make so great a part of the interest of a book of travels, and abundant materials of reflection in the comparison of its condition with that of his own country, which would be forced upon him at every

step. The writer of the "Notes on Colombia" has gleaned a good deal of important information in his journey of eight months through the territories of this republic. He is not, however, a particularly sprightly writer; we sometimes wonder that he could be so little moved by what he observed, and sometimes are apt to imagine that he might have observed more. What information he did not gather in the country, he has supplied by no very profound research at home, taking it, for the most part, from common books, and incorporating it into his work without much skill. To do him justice, however, this borrowed matter does not constitute a very large portion of his book. It is a little curious, that so phlegmatic a writer should not have found the English language sufficiently copious for his purposes. His pages abound with the clumsy neologisms of the day, introduced by novel-writers and politicians, and are plentifully sprinkled with French words and phrases, which he seems to have set down incontinently, whenever they came into his mind. With these abatements, his book is interesting and valuable. He seems to be a very rational, sensible, unprejudiced sort of person, who has not suffered his good will towards the people he went to visit to mislead his judgment, and whose narrative has such an air of quiet candor about it, that we never think of questioning any thing he says. Somewhat of this happy freedom from prejudice may perhaps be owing to the disappointment of the expectation, with which he left the United States, of entering into the service of the Colombian republic. He was a soldier by profession, and, independently of the desire of seeing foreign countries, his "ulterior views," to use his own phrase, "pointed to professional employment." But he found the war in the new republic near its close; the Colombians had no further occasion for the assistance of foreigners; and the character of the army was not such as to inspire him with any enthusiastic desire of belonging to it.

The writer of the "Notes on Colombia" left New York in a vessel destined for the Colombian service, and arrived at La Guayra on the 18th of October, 1822. La Guayra is seated at the foot of a chain of perpendicular mountains, among which the *Silla of Caracas*, just behind the town, seems to rise directly out of the sea, a white wall of rocks, eight thousand feet in height, reflecting the glare of the tropical sun, and imprinting the strong outline of its bald summit on the deep blue sky of the climate. Between this precipice and the water, on a belt of land, eight hundred feet in width, the houses are built, or rather *were* built, for three fourths of them were overthrown by the terrible earthquake

of 1812, and yet lie as they fell. A formidable apparatus of batteries on the rocks behind, and a line of water-batteries in front, make a show of protecting this heap of ruins and rubbish; but the former are too elevated to be of any essential use, and the latter are stripped of their artillery. La Guayra, with an incommodious and somewhat dangerous harbor, is the seat of a considerable commerce, particularly with the English West India Islands. It contains about four thousand and five hundred inhabitants, its population having been greatly thinned since 1810, by earthquakes, pestilence, and an exterminating war. Here the rain scarcely ever falls, and the average temperature is eighty-two degrees of Farenheit. The yellow fever was never known in the place until the opening of the port to foreign commerce; and the inhabitants, who are zealous opposers of the theory of its domestic origin, maintain that it was first brought in a brig from Philadelphia. Yet this disease is rarely heard of beyond the ridge of mountains by which the city of Caracas is divided from this port.

From La Guayra, the traveller and his party proceeded, on mules, by the celebrated road to Caracas. This road is six or eight miles in length across the mountains; its width is generally twelve feet, and it is paved from end to end, in order to prevent its being washed away by the rains. The highest point in this pass is nearly five thousand feet above the level of the sea, and is reached by a steep and difficult ascent from La Guayra. A series of turns and windings then succeed, called by the expressive name of *Las Vueltas*, which keep for the distance of a mile and a half on the same level, and then the road descends rapidly to the valley of Caracas, where the city stands, at an elevation of two thousand nine hundred feet above the level of the sea. As the traveller approaches, he finds that one fifth of the city, consisting of its most elevated parts, extending up the side of the mountain at the foot of which the town is built, lies in ruins. Nearly the whole of the city was laid prostrate, and nine or ten thousand of its inhabitants perished in the great earthquake of 1812. Twenty thousand persons were destroyed in the province of Venezuela by this terrible convulsion of nature. The Congress of the United States was in session when the news of this calamity arrived, and forgetting in their sympathy all qualms about the constitutional right and the obligations of neutrality,—for Venezuela was then in a state of rebellion,—they instantly and unanimously resolved to send five vessels freighted with provisions to the relief of the sufferers. The Venezuelans are not ungrateful, and the benefaction is not forgotten.

The surface of the valley of Caracas is nearly a dead level. It extends about sixteen miles from east to west, and its breadth varies from seven to eight. It is watered by four rivers, and enclosed by mountains, clothed in eternal verdure, sending off into the plain numerous spurs, between which deep hollows seam their sides to the very summit. The streets of the city are straight, crossing each other at right angles, and forming squares of about three hundred feet on each side. They are about twenty-five feet in width, without side-walks, well paved with small round stones, and lowest in the middle, where flows, in many instances, a stream of limpid water, diverted from one of the four rivers on the banks of which the city is built. The streets are very uneven, and in some places steep, but as no wheel-carriages are used, every thing being carried on the backs of mules, the inhabitants do not regard this as an inconvenience. Caracas has eight *plazas*, or public squares, each with its church, and of these, two are in ruins. The houses are all built on the same plan. Each *quadra*, or square, contains six houses, three on each principal street. The rooms of each dwelling are arranged about three inner courts, or *patios;* the entrance into the first of these is by a high archway, through which the visiter rides into the house, and dismounts at the foot of the stairs; the first and second court are paved; the third serves as a receptacle for the filth of the kitchen; and, behind the third, is a small inclosure which is cultivated as a garden. The streets and the fronts of the houses are kept very clean; the inclosures in the rear are strewed with all kinds of filth, which lie there until swallowed by the *galipazo*, a bird between a crow and buzzard, which seems to have taken a great affection to the South American Spaniards, and of which numbers are seen perched on the house-tops, occasionally descending to exercise their vocation of scavangers. The houses are most commonly built of mud, with very thick walls; the floors are laid with tiles, and are full of fleas; ceilings are rare; the windows are small, without shutters and without glass, secured by grates of wood or iron, and in front projecting ten or twelve inches from the building. Most of the dwellings are of one story only, but when they are of two, the lower story in front is rented to grocers, tallow chandlers, shoemakers, and the like, and the family occupy the rooms above.

When the traveller has seen Caracas, he has nothing new to see in all Colombia, either in the mode in which the towns are laid out or the dwellings constructed. All the cities, all the villages, are planned in the same manner, with streets of the

same width, crossing each other at right angles, inclosing squares of the same size, paved in the same way, and serving as channels for rivulets of clear water. All the houses are alike, with inner courts or inclosures, and the rooms are disposed around them in a uniform manner. Every town has its *plaza* from three to five hundred feet square, with the church on one side and the town-house on the other; and in the space between, markets are held, troops paraded, criminals executed, bulls baited, and religious processions formed. In the villages the *plaza* is a green plat with a stream of running water; but, when the place is grown to some importance, the square is paved, the stream is made to rise in carved fountains, and, as the population increases, new *plazas* are laid out, each with a huge church overlooking it.

The inhabitants of Caracas are hospitable, polite, and fond of amusement; gaming is one of their vices, and sobriety one of their virtues. The men are below the middle size, with sallow complexions, and well turned limbs. The ladies have complexions tolerably clear, with sparkling black eyes and great softness of manners; their employments are music, dancing, dress, and devotion. The religious festivals, which are extremely numerous, are celebrated with great pomp and zeal; the public balls are equally splendid; and a wretched theatre, open on holidays, entertains crowded audiences, with wretched acting. A tragedy-hero labors to make the spectators cry, and the stage-buffoon, at his elbow, exerts himself at the same time to make them laugh.

The inferior class are mostly a mixed race, exhibiting almost every shade of European, Indian, and African complexion; civil, kind, coarsely dressed, and generally barefooted. The servants live with their masters and mistresses on a footing of republican, or rather primitive familiarity, laughing at their jokes, and sometimes even interrupting the conversation between them and their guests.

The city contains twenty-seven thousand inhabitants. The climate is delightful, the thermometer ranging from 52° to 84° of Farenheit; rains are frequent at certain seasons of the year; the soil produces the fruits of the temperate latitudes as well as of the tropics, and everywhere there breaks out from the earth an irrepressible exuberance of vegetation.

After a residence of about three weeks at Caracas, the travellers set out on their journey to Bogotá. Two days' travelling brought them to the *hacienda*, or estates of Bolivar, a plantation which formerly yielded a princely revenue, but which, having been twice laid waste by the royalists, is now rented for three or four

thousand dollars a year, on which he subsists. This gives the author an opportunity to talk of the famous Colombian chief. Bolivar, descended from European parents, was born at Caracas, and inherited the rank of marquis, but never assumed the title. His age, in 1823, was forty-two, although he looked considerably older. He was well educated, had visited Europe, and resided for a short time in the United States. The author dwells somewhat upon the hackneyed parallel between this general and our own Washington. The following passage, however, does not seem to imply the notion of a very close resemblance in these personages to each other.

"The courage of the one was passive, that of the other active. One regretted all his life the necessity which impelled him to sacrifice a single man to the usages of war; the other, convinced of the unavoidableness of the measure, ordered a regiment to execution, and dismissed the matter for ever from his thoughts. The first was obliged to govern himself by public opinion which was competent to decide upon his acts; the second controls and forces opinion, and fearlessly assumes the responsibility of his deeds, trusting that the motive and the end will prove his justification. The aim of one was to secure ascendancy over the understanding; that of the other to move the passions, to excite enthusiasm, and govern by the *préstige* of his name." p. 122.

These differences of character, this absence of the strong unextinguishable humanity, the profound conscientiousness, the moderation and the modesty of Washington, from the mind of Bolivar, are enough to reduce the resemblance between them principally to the circumstance, that each was the sagacious and fortunate leader in the struggle of a revolted country with its old masters. But Washington is a consecrated name, and is written high on the roll of the departed great and good, where it cannot be erased. We have not yet seen the end of Bolivar's career, and no man, with his character and in his situation, can be pronounced good before his death. Bolivar is a vain man; all his actions show the desire of attracting admiration; his proclamations and addresses speak the language of self-praise without reserve; his very sacrifices are made with ostentation. How strong the temptation of possessing the supreme power may be over a mind in which this weakness prevails, remains yet to be seen; but with the help of that weakness it has subdued greater minds than his. It should be remembered, however, that measures may be proper and even necessary among a people like the Colombians, uninstructed in the principles and practice of self-government, which would at no time have been endured in our own country.

The writer remained several days at the city of Valencia, situated on the shores of the beautiful and extraordinary lake of that name, in the elevated and fertile valley of Aragua. Many streams empty themselves into this lake, but it has no visible outlet; a phenomenon which the author thinks sufficiently accounted for by the evaporation going on under a hot sun and a dry atmosphere. A granite column was erected some years since by the Marquis del Toro in the middle of the lake, and, by observations since made, it appears that the waters are diminishing, a circumstance probably owing to the clearing away of the wood from the sides of the mountains that encircle the valley. In his rides about the environs of the city, our traveller endeavoured to make himself acquainted with the character and manners of the country people, whom he describes as kind, harmless, hospitable, and contented. Three thousand of the government troops were quartered at Valencia, stout-looking fellows, without shoes, but otherwise well clothed and equipped, and tolerably well drilled after the English system of tactics. They received the very liberal allowance of one *real*, or twelve and a half cents, a day, and were allowed no rations. The following anecdote is told of the Colombian army.

"At one of the entertainments given during our stay in Valencia, I was seated at table by the side of a negro officer of the army, to whom I had been previously introduced. But what rendered the circumstance more singular in my eyes was, that an Englishman, a white man, the waiter of one of the officers, was in attendance. It will be readily supposed that the prejudice of color in Colombia, although by no means so inveterate as in the United States, would have prevented this individual's elevation to the rank he held, unless he possessed extraordinary merit. His brother officers seemed to take pleasure in bearing testimony to his feats of gallantry, and in detailing his effective services. His conversation and manners were prepossessing; his deportment equally removed from forwardness or timidity. He appeared to possess a sound and somewhat cultivated understanding, and a well poised mind. A scrupulous attention to the forms of society, evinced his anxiety to avoid giving offence; a slight dash of reserve seemed equally to declare that he was determined not to brook one. Those who have never seen the African race, except in the United States, where, brutified by ignorance and degradation, they appear to be considered as forming an intermediate link between free man and inferior animals, could never be brought to think of an association with them, except with feelings of disgust; and perhaps the same sentiment may be transferred to me when I avow that I have seen men or this unfortunate race whose friendship I should be pleased to cultivate."

pp. 140, 141.

Valencia was the scene of many of the murders and cruelties of Boves, the royalist general in 1814. The city capitulated on condition that the lives and property of the inhabitants should be respected; a solemn mass was celebrated in presence of the two armies, and Boves bound himself by an oath, taken before the host, to observe the articles of the treaty. He then directed the citizens to bring their plate, jewels, and other valuables, to a place of deposite which he named, where he promised to guard it for the owners. As soon as the treasure was collected, he seized it to his own use. Soon afterwards he invited the most respectable inhabitants of the city to a ball, and when they were assembled, he caused the men to be dragged from the hall and put to death in an adjoining court, and compelled, by stripes, their wives and daughters to dance while the butchery was going on. One of the amusements of this wretch was, to strip the skin from the soles of his prisoners' feet and then oblige them to walk on gravel.

At Valencia the author of the "Notes" learned something of Paez, who was then in the neighbourhood. This extraordinary man, whose late movements have excited some attention, was highly useful to the Colombians in their late struggle with the mother country, but, as we should imagine, is a very unfit person to meddle with political institutions. He is a *Llanero*, or native of the high plains of Varinas, in the province of Venezuela. The revolution found him an illiterate herdsman, tending droves of half wild cattle, always on horseback, and accustomed to every kind of hardship. Of great bodily strength, though under the common stature, active, dexterous, and fearless, and uniting to these qualities no small share of sagacity and decision of character, he had obtained great influence over the men of his own occupation, and was already a kind of chief among them. He collected a band of the most daring of the *Llaneros*, and began a sort of partisan warfare on his own account, plundering generally from the royalists, but occasionally also from the patriots. Bolivar had the sagacity to settle his politics by giving him a command in the regular army, and Paez, having distinguished himself at the battle of Carabobo, was appointed captain-general on the field. Paez, when the author saw him, was about thirty-five years of age. He had several English officers in his staff, by the assistance of whom, he had, says the author, "made some progress in the elements of education," that is, we suppose, had learned to read and write. He acquires readily, and his instructers have taught him some vices. He sometimes pushes his conviviality to gross

excess; gaming is the great passion of his life, and keeps him continually poor, although possessed of immense estates; and, to gratify this propensity, he borrows whenever he can, without a thought of repayment. Paez delights in acts of courage and hardihood, such as swimming over rapid rivers on horseback, attacking mad bulls, and fighting alligators in the water. On one occasion, observing an armed Spanish schooner lying very securely at anchor in the Oronoco, he swam to her with a party of his officers, each of whom carried his sword in his mouth, and made her a prize. He is a senator of the republic, and for a senator, we must confess that he hardly seems to comport himself, on all occasions, with sufficient gravity. To testify his joy at the termination of a tiresome armistice, he once set fire to the soldiers' barracks. At another time, when he had no fighting on his hands, he amused himself with taking his officers to the houses of the most wealthy citizens of Angostura at dinner-time, pretending to have received an invitation. If they gave him the best they had, it was well; if not, their houses were plundered. At the end of a fortnight, he caused the best drinker among his companions to be seized, placed on a bier, and carried to the place of interment, where a sermon was preached over him, setting forth his convivial accomplishments, and all the ceremonies of a funeral were performed. Three days afterwards, the general gave notice that a resurrection would take place, when the rites usually observed on Easter Sunday were performed, and the resuscitated toper, placed at the head of the table, was installed as master of the revels. Colombia, however, has senators of a different character from this man; and the author of the "Notes" professes to have found in Señor Peñalver, who was his host at Valencia, one of the best informed and most polished men he had ever seen.

Everywhere in his journey the author and his party beheld the effects of the earthquake of 1812, and the marks of the ravages of war. Towns half overthrown lay unrebuilt, and in one place he saw some wretched huts constructed of the ruins of stately mansions, that seemed from their heraldic ornaments to have belonged to the nobility. The travellers generally slung their hammocks for the night to the rafters of some deserted or confiscated dwelling assigned them by the *Alcalde*, or magistrate of the place. They found the inhabitants kind and amiable, but rendered somewhat shy by the exactions practised upon them during the war, both by the royalists and patriots. The *Padres*, or priests, in particular, the author describes as courteous, hospitable, in many instances well informed, and invariably behaving

to high and low, catholic and heretic, with the same benignity and kindness. Everywhere, and among all ranks and races, there seems to prevail a strong fondness for society. You do not meet in Colombia with solitary settlers at a distance from any neighbour, as in some parts of the United States, nor are the husbandmen of the country scattered about, like ours, on their farms; but the population, even the Indian portion of it is collected into cities, villages, or hamlets, with wildernesses between. To this impatience of solitude the author ascribes some of the vices and foibles of the Colombians, idleness, gossiping, and gaming.

After having passed from the department of Venezuela into that of Cundinamarca, our author found in the city of Pamplona, some thousand feet above the sea on one of the spurs of the Andes, an *administrator of the customs*, on whom his party was billeted. The appointment of these officers in such situations is one of the old abuses of the colonial system, which is not yet done away. They are stationed on the frontiers of the several districts, to exact the toll imposed by law on goods transported from one to another. At Suata the writer was reminded by the glazed windows in the building where he was lodged, that he had reached the *tierra fria*. Here he remained several days, and, in the mean time, the party set on foot a general search for the *nigua* or *chigre*, an insect common both in the West Indies and in Central America, which insinuates itself into the slightest wound, and if not seasonably removed, produces disgusting ulcers, contractions of the muscles, and a wasting of the fleshy part of the limbs into which it penetrates. The author found three nests of them in his elbow, which had been hurt by a fall from his hammock; the sacks containing them were as large as a pea; they were destroyed by filling the holes with hot ashes, and the wounds soon healed.

Bogotá, the capital of the republic, at which the travellers arrived on the third of February, is situated in a fertile valley, about sixty miles long and twenty broad, traversed by several small rivers, and surrounded by mountains, some of which are covered with perpetual snow. Its population, when the author visited it, was computed at twenty-two thousand. The city is built close to a ridge of hills, and this circumstance, together with the elevation of its valley, give it a disagreeable chilliness of temperature. The neighbouring summits are shrouded in continual mists, which descend in frequent rains. Notwithstanding this, few of the private houses have glazed windows, and there are but two fireplaces in the city, one in the bishop's palace, and one in the

government house. Soon after erecting one of these, the person occupying the house died; his death was ascribed to the fire-place, and no one has since ventured to follow his example. The ignorance of many of the useful arts which prevails in this country would be truly surprising, did we not consider the state of seclusion in which the inhabitants have so long been kept. The author of the "Notes" observed several curious examples of this ignorance. Butter is made by shaking the cream in a bottle. The scavengers who clean the streets in Bogotá have no other convenience for doing it, than a sack of raw hide, into which they scoop the filth with their hands. When a house is to be whitewashed, a piece of rag is tied to a stick, dipped in the lime water, and *flapped* against the wall. The turner, instead of using a lathe, gives the piece of timber a rotatory motion with a bow and cord, which he holds in one hand, while the other, assisted by his toes, is employed in guiding the chisel.

Two hermitages, those of Monteserrate and Guadaloupe, are situated on the foggy heights that overlook the city. These, however, though once crowded with devotees and recluses, are falling to decay, and are nearly abandoned. There are in the city eight or nine convents; but no religious houses have been founded in the whole country, it is said, for eighty years, and those already built are by no means flourishing. By a law of the republic, as soon as their inmates are reduced to a certain number, the buildings are taken to the public use, on the payment of a composition to the respective orders by which they were founded.

The author of the "Notes" remained at Bogotá two months, and left it highly delighted with the politeness, hospitality, and gaiety of the inhabitants. In his journey he descended the Magdalena for two hundred and ten leagues, in a *champan*, or canoe of the country, used for the transportation of produce on the rivers. The shores of the Magdalena are very fertile, sometimes covered with luxuriant forests, sometimes bordered with rich savannahs, with here and there an Indian village or pleasant Creole town, and intervals of wilderness between. Occasionally the stream divides to infold a beautiful island. On his passage down the river our traveller was stung on the arm by a scorpion; the inflammation extended itself with great rapidity, but was checked by the application of lime juice. From Barancas, when the party landed from the *champan*, they proceeded twenty-three leagues to Carthagena, whence the author departed for the United States.

Some documents of importance to the commercial reader are placed in an Appendix to the work. Among these is the Colombian tariff, a document which does not exhibit the most correct and enlightened notions of the proper regulation of commerce and industry. On various articles of importation the amount of duty has been painfully graduated according to their supposed importance to the country, or their supposed interference with its employments. Goods imported from the United States and Europe are subjected to a less duty than those exported from colonies; and those imported in Colombian vessels to a less duty than those imported in foreign ones. Books, maps, charts, pictures, agricultural implements, plants and seeds, and several other articles, are subject to no duty whatever; while the exportation of coffee, sugar, molasses, tobacco, &c. is prohibited under the penalty of forfeiting the ship and cargo. No wonder that, in a country whose trade and industry have for three centuries been fettered by the most odious and unjust system of restrictions that could be devised, some remnant of the absurd prejudices on which that system was founded, should still survive.

The History of New England, from 1630 *to* 1649. By JOHN WINTHROP, Esq. first Governor of the Colony of the Massachusetts Bay. From his Original Manuscripts. With Notes to illustrate the Civil and Ecclesiastical Concerns, the Geography, Settlement, and Institutions of the Country, and the Lives and Manners of the principal Planters, by JAMES SAVAGE, Member of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Vol. II. Boston. Thomas B. Wait & Son. 1826. 8vo. pp. 429.

WE know of nothing in the history of colonies marked with so many peculiarities, as the first settlement of New England. No others were ever founded for purposes strictly religious. Christian faith gave a tone to society that is still felt throughout the community. The belief of a special Providence directing all matters of government, and ordering its changes, visiting vice with temporal calamities, and giving peculiar aid to right motives, seemed to bring man into more immediate communication with his Maker, and to inspire him with high resolves. It was in this way that the colonists sustained themselves through the difficulties and dangers which met them at every step, and which it was the

daily, constant occupation of their lives to surmount. But for this principle, it would not be easy to understand fully the prevailing character of the early period of their history, and to judge aright of the principles which supported the fathers of New England in their struggles, situated as we are in the midst of ease and prosperity. Indeed the whole character of those who influenced and directed their councils, has never been correctly estimated. By some it has been viewed as a model for the present generation, possessed of every virtue, without blemish or reproach. Others have seen nothing but bigotry, hypocrisy, a spirit of persecution, gloomy superstition, and an absence of the social graces and virtues. Both of these views do violence to human nature, history, and truth. There is a manifest want of justice in deciding upon any portion of history in the abstract, or by views which are obtained in a more refined and cultivated state of society, where questions of natural right are better understood. A more correct judgment may be formed by taking into the estimate the general state of society at the time, and any peculiarities in the combination of circumstances that go to form the aggregate. If we apply this rule to the early settlers of New England, we may lament the severities with which they visited differing shades of opinion and disrespect of authority, the readiness which they manifested to believe that the calamities which befell the erring, and their enemies, were instances of the Divine indignation. We could wish that some things had been otherwise, some we would blot out; but we cannot join with those, who tread with contempt upon their ashes, and condemn the principal features of their character. They were no common men, who guided the sufferers from the vengeance of power to these shores. Virtue was strong; religion found her votaries, who were willing to quit the hearths and altars, the refinement and luxury of the old world, to erect temples to the Most High in the deep silence of our forests. We cannot join in a general condemnation of those who fostered the good institutions that have descended to us; strengthened them against the violence of opposition; planted the seeds of liberty, now in full fruit; and cherished religion, till it became an essential element in the constitution of society. Surely it is some praise that they planted churches in every village; that, by the system of free schools, established in many towns so early as 1645, and by law in 1648, they sent the kindly influences of learning to the fireside of the humblest citizen; and, to crown all, founded that venerable university, which for two centuries has been the direct source of incalculable good to the people, and may be regarded

as, in an important sense, the parent of many of the similar institutions in our land; and all this at a time when the people were few, and, by reason of their poverty, were obliged, for one year, to forbear laying the usual tax.

From a general view of our early history, we are satisfied, that the fathers of New England were upright, intelligent, and pious men, whose main endeavour was to strengthen the colonies they had planted, according to their ability; and that even their errors, in most instances, were the result of good motives, and an ardent desire to promote religion, learning, purity, and all the best interests of the community.

To no one are we more indebted than to Winthrop, not only for the manifold good which he did in his own day, but also for the history he has left us of the early transactions in church and state in New England, and especially in Massachusetts. His work, which, as we gather from him, was intended for publication and for posterity, was left by him in manuscript, in three parts. These had all been in the hands of Hubbard, Mather, and Prince, who, it seems, had derived more assistance from them than they were ready to acknowledge. The two first parts, bringing the history down to 1644, were published at Hartford in Connecticut, in 1790. The third part was discovered in the tower of the Old South Church in Boston, in 1816. On collating the manuscript of the two first parts with the printed volume, the latter was found to contain many errors; and the whole work is now published by the Massachusetts Historical Society, with the assistance of the legislature of that State. The third, and hitherto unpublished part, continues the history to the January preceding Winthrop's death.* Much interesting matter, and many important facts, are contained in this part. Of these, are relations of the various discussions between the magistrates and deputies relative to their respective powers; an account of the synod that met at Cambridge to establish the platform of church discipline and government; a defence against the charges which were raised to the prejudice of the colonists, by their enemies, and preferred before the commissioners in England. These all serve to fill up the delineation of the character of the fathers of New England to the middle of the seventeenth century.

The contents of the volume are so various, that it is difficult to make an extract that will do justice to the author; and we select

* He died March, 26th 1649 We may truly say of him, as he finely said of the husband of Lady Arbella Johnson, "He was a holy man and wise, and died in sweet peace."

at a venture his "little speech," as he terms it. In 1645, when he was deputy governor, he was singled out from the rest of the magistrates, who had acted with him, to defend the legality of his proceedings, in committing to prison certain persons in Hingham, who had been concerned in some disturbance of the peace, and who refused to find sureties for their appearance at court. The day of Winthrop's trial came, and he declined taking his seat upon the bench. Speaking of himself, as he does throughout, in the third person, he says; "The day appointed being come, the court assembled in the meeting-house at Boston. Divers of the elders were present, and a great assembly of the people. The deputy governor, coming in with the rest of the magistrates, placed himself beneath, within the bar, and so sate uncovered. Some question was in court about his being in that place (for many both of the court and assembly were grieved at it.) But the deputy telling them, that, being criminally accused, he might not sit as a judge in that cause, and if he were upon the bench, it would be a great disadvantage to him, for he could not take that liberty to plead the cause, which he ought to be allowed at the bar; upon this the court was satisfied."

Winthrop was fully and honorably acquitted of all the charges brought against him. The governor (Dudley) read the sentence of the court. "Then was the deputy governor desired by the court to go up and take his place again upon the bench, which he did accordingly, and the court being about to arise, he desired leave for a little speech, which was to this effect."

"I suppose something may be expected from me, upon this charge that is befallen me, which moves me to speak now to you; yet I intend not to intermeddle in the proceedings of the court, or with any of the persons concerned therein. Only I bless God, that I see an issue of this troublesome business. I also acknowledge the justice of the court, and, for mine own part, I am well satisfied, I was publickly charged, and I am publickly and legally acquitted, which is all I did expect or desire. And though this be sufficient for my justification before men, yet not so before the God, who hath seen so much amiss in my dispensations (and even in this affair) as calls me to be humble. For to be publickly and criminally charged in this court, is matter of humiliation, (and I desire to make a right use of it,) notwithstanding I be thus acquitted. If her father had spit in her face, (saith the Lord concerning Miriam,) should she not have been ashamed seven days? Shame had lien upon her, whatever the occasion had been. I am unwilling to stay you from your urgent affairs, yet give me leave (upon this special occasion) to speak a little more to this assembly. It may be of

some good use, to inform and rectify the judgment of some of the people, and may prevent such distempers as have arisen amongst us. The great questions that have troubled the country, are about the authority of the magistrates and the liberty of the people. It is yourselves who have called us to this office, and being called by you, we have our authority from God, in way of an ordinance, such as hath the image of God eminently stamped upon it, the contempt and violation whereof hath been vindicated with examples of divine vengeance. I entreat you to consider, that, when you choose magistrates, you take them from among yourselves, men subject to like passions as you are. Therefore when you see infirmities in us, you should reflect upon your own, and that would make you bear the more with us, and not be severe censurers of the failings of your magistrates, when you have continual experience of the like infirmities in yourselves and others. We account him a good servant, who breaks not his covenant. The covenant between you and us is the oath you have taken of us, which is to this purpose, that we shall govern you, and judge your causes by the rules of God's laws and our own, according to our best skill. When you agree with a workman to build you a ship or house, &c. he undertakes as well for his skill as for his faithfulness, for it is his profession, and you pay him for both. But when you call one to be a magistrate, he doth not profess nor undertake to have sufficient skill for that office, nor can you furnish him with gifts &c. therefore you must run the hazard of his skill and ability. But if he fail in faithfulness, which by his oath he is bound unto, that he must answer for. If it fall out that the case be clear to common apprehension, and the rule clear also, if he transgress here, the error is not in the skill, but in the evil of the will; it must be required of him. But if the cause be doubtful, or the rule doubtful, to men of such understanding and parts as your magistrates are, if your magistrates should err here, yourselves must bear it.

"For the other point concerning liberty, I observe a great mistake in the country about that. There is a twofold liberty, natural (I mean as our nature is now corrupt) and civil or federal. The first is common to man with beasts and other creatures. By this, man, as he stands in relation to man simply, hath liberty to do what he lists; it is a liberty to evil as well as to good. This liberty is incompatible and inconsistent with authority, and cannot endure the least restraint of the most just authority. The exercise and maintaining of this liberty makes men grow more evil, and in time to be worse than brute beasts: omnes sumus licentia deteriores. This is that great enemy of truth and peace, that wild beast, which all the ordinances of God are bent against, to restrain and subdue it. The other kind of liberty I call civil or federal, it may also be termed moral, in reference to the cove-

nant between God and man, in the moral law, and the politic covenants and constitutions, amongst men themselves. This liberty is the proper end and object of authority, and cannot subsist without it; and it is a liberty to that only which is good, just, and honest. This liberty you are to stand for, with the hazard (not only of your goods, but) of your lives, if need be. Whatsoever crosseth this, is not authority, but a distemper thereof. This liberty is maintained and exercised in a way of subjection to authority; it is of the same kind of liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free. The woman's own choice makes such a man her husband; yet being so chosen, he is her lord, and she is to be subject to him, yet in a way of liberty, not of bondage; and a true wife accounts her subjection her honour and freedom, and would not think her condition safe and free, but in her subjection to her husband's authority. Such is the liberty of the church under the authority of Christ, her king and husband; his yoke is so easy and sweet to her as a bride's ornaments; and if through frowardness, or wantonness &c. she shake it off, at any time, she is at no rest in her spirit, until she take it up again; and, whether her lord smiles upon her, and embraceth her in his arms, or whether he frowns, or rebukes, or smites her, she apprehends the sweetness of his love in all, and is refreshed, supported, and instructed by every such dispensation of his authority over her. On the other side, ye know who they are that complain of this yoke, and say, let us break their bands &c. we will not have this man to rule over us. Even so, brethren, it will be between you and your magistrates. If you stand for your natural corrupt liberties, and will do what is good in your own eyes, you will not endure the least weight of authority, but will murmur, and oppose, and be always striving to shake off that yoke; but if you will be satisfied to enjoy such civil and lawful liberties, such as Christ allows you, then will you quietly and cheerfully submit unto that authority which is set over you, in all the administrations of it, for your good. Wherein, if we fail at any time, we hope we shall be willing (by God's assistance) to hearken to good advice from any of you, or in any other way of God; so shall your liberties be preserved, in upholding the honour and power of authority amongst you." pp. 228—230.

The second volume, of which we have taken notice, will not, perhaps, be considered so interesting as the first; for there, we have the true record of the first settlement of Massachusetts,—the small beginning, whence has proceeded a powerful and wealthy community. Still it is a treasure to all who revere the memory of our ancestors, and is of great value as a true and impartial history to the time of the death of the excellent author.

The learned editor, Mr. Savage, has performed his laborious duties with great fidelity and success. In his notes he has collected a mass of important matter illustrative of the text, and of service in understanding the characters of those engaged in the high enterprise of colonizing this land. He has consulted the various records with exemplary diligence. His notes are copious, but not too much so. He has added value to the text, and has done good service to the public and to posterity.

It is a duty, which we of the present generation owe to posterity, to investigate fully our early history, and bring to light whatever can be collected from the perishing materials of former days, which now exist in manuscript, in every part of New England, and much of which has been thrown aside as waste paper in families, not aware of its value. This kind of knowledge deals much, to be sure, in dry detail; but *facts*, upon which historians can afterwards enlarge and philosophize, are what are chiefly important. We deem it a matter of such consequence, that, if the exertion of individuals be not sufficient for the purpose of collecting and preserving these materials, public authority should lend its aid to accomplish this object, which is, in a peculiar degree, of public concern and interest.

MISCELLANY.

MICROMEGAS.

TRANSLATED FROM VOLTAIRE.

[*Concluded.*]

MICROMEGAS extended his hand gently to the place where the object appeared, intending to take it up between two fingers, but its extreme minuteness for a while eluded his grasp. After several attempts, however, he succeeded in laying hold of the ship, and put it on one of his nails, taking great care not to crush it. "This animal is very unlike the first," said his companion, while the Sirian was placing the supposed animal on the palm of his hand. The passengers and crew, who thought that a whirlwind had thrown them upon a rock, now began to bestir themselves. The sailors seized the wine-casks, threw them into the hand of

Micromegas, and immediately jumped after them. The mathematicians caught up their quadrants and sectors, and followed their example. After landing in our traveller's hand, they continued to bustle about, till at length he felt a slight itching in his forefinger. It was occasioned by an iron-pointed spike, which the sailors had thrust a foot deep into his skin. He attributed the sensation to some motion made by the little animal which he held, but at first suspected nothing further. The miscroscope, which scarcely enabled him to discern a whale and a ship, had no power over an object so minute as a man. I do not wish to offend any one's vanity, but must request my readers, when inclined to magnify their own consequence, to consider, that a man of ordinary stature makes the same figure on our earth, which an animal whose height was the six hundred thousandth part of an inch, would on a ball ten feet in circumference. Imagine a being who could grasp the earth in his hand, with all his organs of a proportionate size (and it is very probable that many such beings exist), what do you imagine he would think of our battles, and of the little spots of earth for which they are often fought? I suppose, if any captain of grenadiers chances to read this work, he will immediately order his soldiers to raise their caps two feet higher; but it will be all in vain, he and his men can never be otherwise than infinitely little.

What wonderful skill, then, our traveller showed in discovering such atoms! with what pleasure he examined their motions, and traced their operations! He cried out with joy, and thrust one of his microscopes into the hand of his companion. "I see them," exclaimed they both at once, "look at them carrying burdens; see how they stoop and rise." While they spoke, their hands trembled, partly with delight at the novelty of the objects, and partly from the fear of losing them. Micromegas, who was much the better observer of the two, plainly perceived that the mites were speaking, and pointed out the fact to his friend, who would not believe, at first, that such little creatures were capable of communicating ideas. He had the gift of tongues, as well as the Sirian, and, as he heard no intelligible sounds, he would not admit that the creatures were speaking. "How can they," said he, "be possessed of the organs of speech, and what can they have to say? Speech requires thought, or something very like it; but if they think, they must have souls, and such a supposition is really too ridiculous. However, let us examine the insects, and we will discuss this matter afterwards." "Very well," replied Micromegas, and immediately drew out a pair of scissors, which he used to

cut his nails, and out of a nail-pairng formed a sort of speaking trumpet, the smaller end of which he applied to his ear. The circumference of the larger end embraced the vessel and crew. By means of this contrivance, the philosopher heard distinctly the hum of the insects below. In a few hours he was able to distinguish words, and finally to understand their meaning. The Saturnian did the same, though with much more difficulty. The astonishment of our travellers increased every moment. They could not comprehend how it was possible for such mites to talk so sensibly. You can easily conceive their eagerness to enter into conversation with them, but they feared that their voices would only stun them, without being understood.

After taking every precaution to diminish their loudness, the Sirian set his companion on his knee, held the vessel and crew upon his nail, bent his head, and spoke, as low as possible, in the following words.

"Insects, whom the hand of the Almighty hath created in the abyss of infinite littleness, I gratefully acknowledge his goodness in revealing to me the wonders of his secret works. In the place of my birth, none would deign to regard you; but I despise not any one, and offer you my protection."

If ever any man was completely astonished, it was the persons to whom these words were addressed. They could not divine from whence they came. The chaplain immediately fell to exorcising, the sailors to swearing, and the philosphers to forming hypotheses. But none of their hypotheses would solve the difficulty. At length the Saturnian, whose voice was much softer than that of Micromegas, gave them, in a few words, the character of himself and his companion; related their journey from the planet Saturn; and, after expressing his pity for their littleness, asked if they had always been in this miserable condition, so near to absolute nothingness; what they did in a world which appeared to be tenanted by whales; if they were happy, if they had souls; and a hundred other questions of a like nature.

One of the company, bolder than the rest, and offended that the existence of his soul was called in question, took three observations of the speaker with his quadrant, and then addressed him thus; "You suppose, sir, because you are six thousand feet high, that you are an —" "Six thousand feet," exclaimed the Saturnian; "how is it possible for him to have ascertained my height; he is right to an inch; this atom has measured me; he knows my size; and I, who only see him through a microscope, am ignorant of his." "Yes, I have measured you," replied the

philosopher, "and I will measure your gigantic companion too." The proposal was accepted, and Micromegas stretched himself out on the ground; for if he had remained standing, his head would have been high above the clouds. The philosophers then proceeded to form a series of triangles, from which they drew the conclusion, that he was a young man twenty-four miles high.

When this result was communicated to Micromegas, he exclaimed, "I am now more than ever convinced that size is a most imperfect standard of merit. O God, who hast bestowed such intelligence on beings apparently so contemptible; the little and the great are alike to thee; and if it is possible for creatures to exist still more diminutive than man, they may be endowed with spirits superior to those of the magnificent beings whom I have met with in the skies, beneath whose feet this earth would be hidden." One of the philosophers replied, that he had no need to hesitate in believing the existence of intelligent beings inferior in size to man. He then related to him, not Virgil's stories about the bees, but the discoveries of Swammerdam and the dissections of Reaumur. He informed him, in fine, that animals are found bearing the same proportion to bees as bees to man, and as the Sirian himself to the enormous inhabitants of other worlds whom he had described. By degrees the conversation became interesting, and Micromegas spoke as follows.

"O intelligent atoms, in whom the Almighty has manifested his skill and his power, your existence ought to be made up of the purest delights; for, as the material part of your frames bears no proportion to the intellectual, your lives must be passed in the exercise of thought and affection, and this is truly the condition of spirits. As yet I have never met with real happiness; but undoubtedly it is to be found here."

At these words all the philosophers shook their heads, and one of them frankly confessed, that, with the exception of a few persons, who are held in little account, the inhabitants of this world consist of the foolish, the guilty, and the miserable. "Whether matter or spirit be the source of evil, the effects," said he, "show, that we possess the evil principle in a superabundant degree. I will give you an instance, which will satisfy you at once of the truth of what I say. At this very moment a hundred thousand individuals of our race wearing hats, are engaged in the work of mutual slaughter with another hundred thousand wearing turbans, and this usage has prevailed in the world from time immemorial." The Sirian, with a shudder, asked what could be the cause of these horrible quarrels. "The present dispute relates

to a piece of land about the size of your heel," was the answer. "Not that any one of the myriads who are active in destroying each other, makes claim to the ground; the question is, whether it belongs to a certain man who bears the title of sultan, or to another who is called emperor. Neither of them has ever seen, nor will ever see the nook of land in dispute, and hardly any one of the individuals who are cutting each other's throats, has seen the man in whose cause he is fighting."

"Wretches," exclaimed the Sirian; "is it possible to conceive such an excess of frantic fury; I can hardly refrain from rising and trampling under foot this nest of hornets." "Don't give yourself the trouble," replied one of the company; "they can destroy one another fast enough without your assistance. At the end of ten years not one in a hundred of these miserable beings will be left alive. Those who escape the ravages of the sword will be swept away by famine, fatigue, or intemperance. Besides they are not the proper subjects of punishment, but the tyrants who sit quietly in the recesses of their cabinets, and, while digesting their dinner, order the slaughter of a million of men, and afterwards return solemn thanks to God." The traveller was filled with pity for the pigmy race, in whom he discovered such strange contradiction; then, turning to the company of philosophers, "As you," said he, "belong to the small number of wise men to be found here, and do not appear to make butchery your trade, tell me, I pray you, about what you employ yourselves." "We dissect flies," they replied; "we measure lines, we calculate the relations of numbers; we agree upon two or three points which we understand, and dispute about two or three thousand of which we know nothing." Our two travellers immediately felt the wish to question these thinking mites about the subjects on which they agreed. "How many degrees," said the Saturnian, "do you reckon between the Dog-star and the Twins?" They all replied, with one voice, "Thirty-two and a half." "What is the distance between your globe and the moon?" "Thirty times the diameter of the earth in round numbers." "What is the weight of your atmosphere?" This question he thought would puzzle them; but they immediately replied, that "The air weighs about nine hundred times less than an equal volume of water, and nineteen thousand times less than gold." The Saturnian was astonished at the correctness of their answers, and almost tempted to regard as sorcerers, the very persons, whom a quarter of an hour before he had supposed devoid of understanding.

At last Micromegas said to them; "Since you are so well acquainted with the objects around you, your knowledge of your own nature is probably much greater. Describe the character of you souls, and the mode in which your ideas are formed." The philosophers replied all at once as before; but this time the opinions were as various as the speakers. The oldest among them quoted Aristotle; others pronounced the name of Descartes, Malebranche, Leibnitz, and Locke. A peripatetic exclaimed, in a confident tone, "The soul is an entelechy, and a reason from which it derives the power of being what it is, according to what Aristotle expressly lays down, page 633 of the Louvre edition of his works, Ἐντελέχεια ἐστὶ," &c. "My knowledge of Greek is not very extensive," said the giant. "Nor mine," replied the philosopher. "Why then do you quote Aristotle," said the Sirian. "Because a subject not understood at all is best stated in the language least understood," replied the philosopher. Here the follower of Descartes broke in as follows; "The soul is a pure spirit, which has received before birth the knowledge of all abstract ideas; and when it comes into the world, is obliged to go to school, and to learn anew all that it has acquired already, and will never acquire again." "It was hardly worth while," observed our giant, "for your soul to be so learned before birth, if it was to know nothing at maturity. But what do you understand by spirit?" "Why do you ask me?" said the Cartesian; "I only know that it is not matter." "Then you know the nature of matter?" "Certainly," replied the philosopher. For instance, this stone is grey, and of a certain figure; it has three dimensions; it is heavy and divisible." "Well," said the Sirian; "this thing, which you describe as divisible, heavy, and of a grey color, will you tell me what it is? You enumerate some attributes, but can you define to me, that to which they all belong.?" "No," replied the philosopher. "Then you cannot say that you understand the nature of matter."

Micromegas then addressed another sage, whom he held on his thumb, and asked him respecting the nature of his soul, and the occupations in which it was engaged. "It has no occupation," replied the disciple of Malebranche; "God does every thing for me; in him I see every thing, in him I do every thing; my soul is wholly inactive." "It might as well not exist," replied the Sirian. "And you, my friend," said he to a follower of Leibnitz, who stood near, "what do you think of your soul?" "It is," replied he, "a hand, which shows the hour while my body chimes, or, if you please, it is that which chimes, while my body

shows the hour; or, in other words, the soul is the mirror of the universe, and the body is the frame in which it is set; this solution makes the matter as clear as daylight." A partisan of Locke stood near, and when asked the same question, he answered; "I do not know the mode in which I think; but I know that it is by means of my senses. That beings exist immaterial and intelligent, I have no doubt; but that it is impossible for God to communicate thought to matter, of this I have a great deal of doubt. I revere, and cannot limit the power of the Almighty; I affirm nothing; I am satisfied with believing, that more things are possible than is generally supposed." The Sirian smiled, thinking the last speaker the most rational; and the Saturnian would have embraced him if the difference of size would have allowed it. But unfortunately for this growing friendship, there happened to be there an animalcule wearing a square cap, who cut short all the animalcule philosophers, by saying that he knew the whole secret, and that it was contained in the Summary of St. Thomas Aquinas. Then taking a deliberate survey of our two travellers, he undertook to prove, that their persons, their worlds, their suns, their stars, were all created for the use of man. On hearing this, the parties addressed could hardly keep their feet for laughter, and in their convulsive merriment the vessel, which the Sirian was holding upon his nail, fell into his companion's pocket. After a long search, they discovered and adjusted it. The Sirian again took up the mites, and spoke to them with kindness, though somewhat vexed to perceive the arrogance which swelled their little frames. He promised to compose a philosophical treatise in the minutest character, expressly for their use, disclosing the true end of things; and actually gave them the volume before his departure. It was carried to Paris, and presented to the Academy of Sciences; but when opened, it was found to contain nothing but blank leaves. "Ah," said the secretary, "it is just as I supposed."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE STARS.

A POETIC MEDITATION.

FROM DE LA MARTINE.

It is the hour for thought—a sacred hour,
When lingering twilight yet prolongs its power;
And, cheering heaven for day's departing hue,
Bids to the mountain-steeps a late adieu.
Along their verge its fitful gleams remain,
Like some imperial vesture's floating train;
And slowly sweep the vault o'ercast with gloom,
Where the dim stars their pallid fires relume.

Those globes of gold,—those isles that ever shine,
To which the thoughtful eyelids still incline,
Shoot forth their myriads in the fading light,
Sprinkling with golden dust the path of night.
The breath of evening, on its track that flies,
Sows their bright clusters o'er the sparkling skies;
Each quivering flame eludes the dazzled gaze,
Mingling and fading in the brilliant maze;
O'er the fringed wood-tops hovering these appear,
Scattering their splendors from each crystal sphere,
Like some fair bird of heaven, that from its wings
Unfolding, founts of living lustre flings;
These stretch their fleecy ridges o'er the dome,
Like cliffs far glistening, hoar with ocean's foam;
These, like some steed that scours the desert plain,
Unroll in lengthening folds their floating mane;
These, o'er the horizon's verge that seem to peep,
Look forth like eyes upon a world asleep;

These twinkle through the welkin's far descent,
Like snowy canvass o'er the waters bent,
That from some distant shore returning gleams,
O'er ocean's bosom, in the morning beams.

God of his noblest works, those shining spheres,
Alone the number knows, the distance, and the years;
Some, dim with age, grow pale to mortal eyes,
Some vanish from their orbits in the skies;
Others, like flowers his spirit woos to blow,
Radiant with grace and youth their foreheads show;
And in the east their new effulgence pour,
Startling the eye that counts their numbers o'er;
Through space they shoot, and man, with glad acclaim,
The new-born world salutes, and gives its name.

Oh, who, enraptured with their glances chaste,
As o'er their hosts his wandering looks were cast,
That has not learned the purest orb to call
By that dear name love hallows over all;
For me, one isolated, lonely light
Has cheered the hours of many a tedious night;
Its beams, through mystic shadows round it thrown,
Recalled a glance on earth that brightly shone;
May we, ah! may we to those lamps of heaven,
Transfer the name, at least, that love has given?

Now night moves on—through ether's boundless deep
Those floating worlds their course in silence keep;
And we with them, in whirl unceasing rolled,
Still to a port unknown our progress hold.
Oft, at still night, if sighs the passing breeze,
Earth seems to float, like barks on buoyant seas;
We mark the foamy crests the mountains bear,
Cut, in their measured course, the surge of air;
As rolls our planet through the azure wave,
Against the prow we hear the tempests rave;
Through the strained cords the north-wind shrilly moans,
While the lashed sides respond with sullen groans;

Man, o'er the abyss, where floats his dwelling, flies,
And on the pilot's faith assured relies.

Suns! wandering worlds! borne with us by the tide,
Tell, if 't is told ye, whither do we glide?
Say, to what port celestial blows the gale?
What bound assigns He to the rapid sail?
Speed we where gloom and silence only wake,
On shoals immense at midnight doomed to break,
O'er everlasting space scattering the mighty wreck?
Or, by his hand, led near some pleasant shore,
There, by the eternal anchor fast, no more
To hang suspended o'er the unmeasured deep,
In some blest gulf of heaven shall we arrive in sleep?

O ye, who nearer to yon vault are rolled,
Ye sparkling worlds! the truths ye know unfold!
That purer sea, that heaven wherein ye wheel,
To you must clearer, quicker sense reveal;
More ye must know, as ye are far more bright,
Because of truth the eternal type is light.
Yes—may we trust your cresset's silver floods
That paint the trellised summits of the woods;
Or, breaking glorious o'er the ocean vexed,
Calm, as they spread, its foamy waves perplexed;
Yes—may we trust those rays, whose pregnant fire
Can virtue, love, devotion pure inspire,—
And, while the eye, half oped, beholds each sphere,
Draw from each fringed lid the unconscious tear;—
If faith to those sweet promptings may be due,
Those hopes that draw the lover's sighs to you,
And beauty's eyes and vows remembered long,
The eagle's fiery wings, and those of song,
Ye camps of heaven, ye Edens of the sky,
Shrines, palaces of holier realms on high,
The sojourn ye must prove of peace and purity!

Through the long tract, at midnight's solemn hour,
Your distant influence o'er us holds its power;

All that we sigh for—fruits, that from above
To earth, rich waifs, have fallen—truth and love,
In your bright climes, for which in vain we sigh,
The heirs of life with heavenly food supply;
And man, perchance, restored his right of birth,
May one day find with you all he has lost on earth.

How oft, when musing on some lonely hill,
Where the free soul sublimer promptings fill,
Beautiful stars! empyreal flowers, whose hue
The drooping lily marks with jealous view,
I 've murmured low, Would I were one of you!
Were wafted from this earthly sphere away
To yon bright cope where rapt my glances stray,
With one more fire to strew the heavenly road,
Kindling at once beneath the steps of God;
Or, on his awful brow, to shine a gem,
One pale, fair brilliant in his diadem!

Floating in that clear azure's limpid wave,
I 'd still recall the globe my life that gave,
And steal each night, with lonely steps and slow,
To shine on mountains, loved so well below;
Beneath the thick boughs' waving gloom to glide,
Sleep o'er the meads, or float above the tide;
Some filmy cloud, with gentlest gleam pervade,
Like young love's glances through their modest shade.
Man I would visit, might I here descry
Some deeply pensive brow—some sleepless eye—
Some soul in weeds, or some o'erburthened breast,
Its pious sadness that to God confest—
Some wretch from day that veiled his secret grief,
And in night's bosom sought from tears relief—
Some restless genius, some o'er-active mind,
By too strong impulse urged the infinite to find—
My beam with friendship's holiest tint imbued,
Pitying the woes here too well understood,
Like a soft secret to some genial heart,
To those sad downcast eyes would love to dart;

There my fond glimmering should repose awhile,
Sleep on their breasts or o'er their eyelids smile;
A word I would reveal in heavenly tone,
Of a deep mystery well to sorrow known;
Would dry their tears, and when the morning's eye
Found my disk paling in the bending sky,
Deserting their soothed brows, my parting beam
Should leave them yet a sweet unearthly dream,
And peace and hope; that, over-tired to weep,
At least they might enjoy the boon of balmy sleep.

And you, bright sisters, stars, my kindred train,
Whose amel decks the blue empyreal plain,
That, in due cadence to the heavenly lyre,
Twine and untwine the links of your harmonious quire
Joined to your band, your measures free to tread,
The impulse following that your courses led,
In yon bright maze I would pursue your host,
'Mid shining labyrinths where sight is lost;
Taught to adore and know the Power, whom here
We seek, and haply seeing *ye* revere;
Of the quick splendors of his quivering beams,
There might my soul drink in the eternal streams;
Filled by that presence, in whose sphere ye wheel,
There I might feel in Him all that yourselves can feel.

S.

THE PARTING.

[FROM AN UNFINISHED POEM.]

* * * * * * *

IV.

With masts that in the fresh wind stoop
Fast flies that vessel o'er the sea;
But on the shore a little group
Are gazing on her earnestly—

Grave elders, bent with toil and age,
And maidens coy, and matrons sage;
And children, whose gay restless eyes
Are bright with innocent surprise
To see that wonder walk the main,
And from whose lisping lips alone,
Heard now and then, a silvery tone
Breaks the deep silence of the train.
But many a parting sign is made,
With kerchief in the wind displayed,
And prayers preferred to Heaven unsaid.
Yet small their fear—they deem the Power
That saved in many a darker hour,
The Love, that never can forget
The hearts, on which its seal is set,
Will guard their lives in danger yet.
"And he who rides the tempest's wing
Shall smooth for them their ocean track,
And with the airs of May shall bring
Our parted friends in safety back.
Bring them to cheer our hearts once more,
With tokens of our native shore,
And tell us tidings, o'er and o'er,
Of those we loved and left with tears;
And with them many a friend, who bent
With us to pray in other years,
Shall come to glad our banishment."

V.

At length that bark is seen no more,
And that still group away have past;
And only one upon the shore
Lingers, the saddest and the last,
Gazing, in mournful reverie,
Upon the waste of sky and sea;
Of form and face so passing fair,
That well might classic dreamer swear
Some banished sea-nymph sorrowing bent
Above her own green element;

And that the light shade of her tresses,
Her sweet blue eye, and brow more white
Than flowers with which the forest dresses
Its lakes when summer heaven is bright,
Were only for those crystal caves,
Where never airs of earth embrown
The virgin bloom, and through the waves
All softened comes the sunlight down.
Yet pale the beauty of her cheek,
And sorrow's sign is in her eyes—
That branching vein, whose crimson streak
Around the lucid azure lies.

VI.

What dost thou, pensive maiden, there?
The keen north wind is in thy hair,
The sail that fixed thy straining eye
Is vanished from the distant sky;
Thy father's cheerful hearth-fire, piled
With faggots from the wintry wild,
Were fitter place for maid like thee
Than the bleak borders of the sea.

VII.

Alas! for her no father's hearth
Is blazing with the forest's spoil,
And she who gave that maiden birth
Has left this world of tears and toil.
Both in the woodland desert died,
Far from their own dear native sky,
And, in their narrow beds, beside
The vast original forest lie;
Where one alone resorts to weep,
And only one fair pious hand
Strews, with the spring, above their sleep,
The unnamed wild-flowers of the land;
And sometimes, at the shut of day,
Or when the breaking dawn is grey,

Or the moon fills, the maiden there
Kneels sobbing, and prefers her prayer.
There first young Howard saw the maid,
And while, unnoticed and apart,
He marked the pious rite she paid,
Her pensive beauty took his heart.
And they have mingled vows of truth,
And she is pledged to be his bride,
And gives to the devoted youth
The love she bore to those who died.
But he is with that crew at sea,
Gone where the wide deep waters roar;
The gravest youth on board is he,
And she the saddest maid on shore.

* * * * * * * *

B.

THE BRIDE.

The lady sate in sadness—her fair lid
Shrouding her eye's dark beauty, while soft hands
Were wreathing her thick tresses, and amid
The glossy ringlets twining costly bands
Of snowy pearl; but oft a deep-drawn sigh
Heaved the rich robe that folded o'er her breast,
And, when she raised her head, within her eye
Sparkled a tear which would not be represt.
She glanced toward the mirror, and a smile
Crossed her sweet lip,—it was a woman's feeling
Of mingled pride and pleasure, even while
The blight of sorrow o'er her heart was stealing.
Yet, as she gazed, she thought of by-past hours,
When she was wont, within the orange bowers,
To sit beneath the moonlight, and the arm
Of one she loved was folded round her form;
While to his throbbing breast she oft would cling,
And playfully her loosened tresses fling

(Light fetters) o'er his neck, then with bright cheek
Smile when he strove his tenderness to speak.
Another change came o'er her face; she turned
And raised a crystal cup that near her stood;
Upon her cheek a deeper crimson burned,
And to her eye there rushed a fearful flood
Of wild emotion; eagerly she quaffed,
With trembling lip, the strangely-blended draught,
And then, in low and faltering accents, cried,
"Am I not now a gay and happy bride?"

* * * * * * * *

She stood before the altar, her pale brow
Uplifted to the holy cross; the sun
Shed through the painted window a deep glow
Upon her cheek, and he, who thus had won
Her hand without her heart, was at her side,
The holy priest, too;—but as less allied
To earth than heaven she stood, when called to speak
The deep response, her voice had grown so weak
She scarce could utter it; her fragile form
Shook with convulsed emotion; but the arm
Of her stern sire supported her—her head
Fell helpless on his breast, and she was wed.
The bridegroom pressed his lip to her pale face;
She shrank from him as loathing his embrace,
Then starting up, with fearful calmness said,
"Father, I promised—have I not obeyed?
But there is yet another vow unpaid—
For I am the betrothed of Death, and, lo!
The bridegroom waits his promised bride e'en now.
Our nuptial torch shall be the glow-worm's light,
Our bridal bed the tomb. Oh! it is sweet
To think that there no grief can throw its blight
O'er young affection! Ay, e'en *I* can greet
The marriage cup, when drugged with aconite!"
She trembled, would have fallen, but again
Her father's arm upheld her, while her breath
Grew fainter, and her breast heaved as with pain;
Lowly she spoke; "Let not my bridal wreath

Lie on my bier. *He* deems me faithless—now
Let him bend o'er this cold and stony brow,
And learn how well I loved!"—a fleeting spot
Of crimson stained her cheek and—*she was not!*

IANTHE.

SONNET.

Pass on, stern Time! I know thy shadowy wing
Is bearing youth, and health, and hope away;
Then quickly fleet, and bring th' appointed day,
When this worn spirit may no longer cling
To earth-born vanities, but gladly fling
Its weight of clay aside; my wearied soul
Pines 'neath the fetters of the world's control,
Sick of the thousand petty cares that sting
The heart almost to madness. I have sought
My joy in dreams—alas! its end was pain!
And hope's unreal fancies, and deep thought
Cherished in solitude, have been my bane;
But now upon my lone couch I could lie,
As calmly as a wearied child, and die!

IANTHE.

December 1st, 1826.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS M. A. B * * * * * K.

I saw her first when all were gay, and pleasure smiled around,
The fairest of the festive hall, 'mid mirth and music's sound;
When countless numbers joined the train, in homage to the worth
Of her who was the sweetest flower, that ever bloomed on earth;
And, as I gazed upon her face, so beautiful and fair,
I never thought that death would stamp his chilly impress there.

But, ah! the scene too soon was changed, and for her cheerful smile
I marked the melancholy look, which hope could not beguile,
And heard her silver tones, as soft as summer zephyr's sigh,
And gazed upon her pallid cheek, and on her languid eye;
These were the emblems that foretold, her spirit soon would be
From all the ties that bound to earth, alas! too early free.

Yet, oft I spake of days to come, with all their wealth of bliss,
Then she hath said, "I soon shall find a purer realm than this;"
Again I talked of future hours, of roaming through the fields,
To gaily scent the fragrance of each flower the summer yields;
I could but sigh to mark her look, so sad, yet so resigned,
More eloquent than words could speak, the feelings of her mind.

Now summer with her rosy smile, like beauty's dream, is past,
And leafless forests bend beneath the angry winter blast;
And she, like a sweet flower, is gone, who grace around her shed,
Her seraph form is perishing among the silent dead;
But as death came with restless step, a cherub smiling nigh,
Caught her pure soul, and with it winged unto its native sky.

Yes, she is gone! and ne'er on earth her like again we 'll see,
So fair in form, so pure in mind, from art and guile so free;
She seemed not as a habitant of this fast fleeting sphere,
But as an angel clay-concealed, awhile sojourning here,
To be to all who looked upon her bright and placid face,
A pattern of excelling worth, of loveliness, and grace.

This sad bereavement on her house hangs like the midnight gloom,
And long, long years will fleet away ere we forget her doom;
And there is one, a lovely one, whose heart more deeply feels
The anguish of a sister's loss, than her fair face reveals;
But let her thoughts to Heaven ascend, where only is relief,
A comfort for the mourner's heart, a balm for every grief.

L.

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

Meekly he sunk into the arms of death;
And days and nights had seen his last, deep sleep,
And they who loved him, with a breaking heart,
Had laid the lifeless form in its low grave;
And felt that nature in her smiles is dark,
And earth, with all its joys, is comfortless,

To those who mourn the dead. And there was One,
In human form, the Lord of life, who took,
That man might be redeemed from the grave's power,
The weakness and the sorrows of our nature.
And he, in friendship's pure devotedness,
Was bound to him who rested in that tomb;
And, in the tenderness of mortal grief,
Was come to that low cave, and stood and wept.—
The angels, bending from their bright abode,
Wondered at that strange love.

The Saviour stood,
And at his side were seen the grief-bowed forms
Of those who wept in the deep, silent woe
Of woman's heart, when woman's heart is broken.
And many, witnessing that wordless grief,
Wondered that love so tender and so strong,
Love which had given light to sightless eyes,
Could not have stayed the wasting of disease,
And saved the gentle victim from the grave.
"Take ye away the stone," the Saviour said.
At his command, they took away the stone
From the dark chamber where the dead was laid,
And watched in their deep silence. All was hushed!
And Jesus raised his eyes to the pure heaven,
His home of glory ere the worlds were made,
And, strong in faith unwavering, held, as man,
Sublime communion with the Source of Being.
Then he, the Resurrection and the Life,
Spake to the lifeless clay; "Lazarus, come forth!"
Death heard that mighty voice! The dead came forth
A living man.

MARY.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Journal of a Third Voyage for the Discovery of a North West Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific; Performed in the years 1824–25, in his Majesty's Ships Hecla and Fury, under the Orders of Captain WILLIAM E. PARRY, R. N., F. R. S., and Commander of the Expedition. Illustrated by a Map. Published by Authority of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. Philadelphia. H. C. Carey and I. Lea. 1826. 8vo. pp. 232.

THIS work has been some time before the public, but does not seem to have attracted the attention which might have been expected. It is true that the voyage terminated, as we anticipated, unsuccessfully;* but Captain Parry can harldy do any thing or publish any work, which shall not be deserving of great consideration. His accounts of his three voyages are as delightful to our recollection, as those of Robinson Crusoe and Sinbad the Sailor;—they have the same charms of novelty, and of exhibiting the resources by which human reason enables its possessor to triumph over adverse circumstances; and above all, they have the charm which can never fail—the charm of truth. The world, indeed, is disappointed, because the great expectations raised by his first expedition have not been realized, but, on the contrary, hope seems by the result of the last voyage to be exhausted; still no single fact can be added to the sum of human knowledge which may not produce eventual good. Truth—even the abstractest truth—is, in itself and of its own nature, good, and, like producing its kind, the consequence of its discovery must be good. At some future day, we know not how many ages hence, the future generations of mankind may be benefited by some new art or some improvement in one already known, arising out of facts which Parry has discovered. Already good has resulted. The variation of the compass, so much beyond all known before, noticed in his first voyage, has led to the invention of an instrument by which local attraction is completely destroyed. Captain Parry in his last voyage has proved the efficacy of this invention, and he says, "Never had an invention a more complete and satisfactory triumph; for to the last moment of our operations at sea, did the compass indicate the true magnetic direction." Nor is this all; it is ascertained that the human body can, with proper precautions, endure without injury the greatest degree of cold which can perhaps

* See "The United States Literary Gazette," vol. I, p. 97, where this result is anticipated, and the reasons given at large.

exist on earth; and says Captain Parry, "Exposure to a cold atmosphere, *when the body is well clothed*, produces no bad effect whatever beyond a frostbitten cheek, nose, or finger. As for any injury to healthy lungs from the breathing of cold air, or from sudden changes from this into a warm atmosphere, or *vice versâ*, it may with much confidence be asserted, that, with due attention to external clothing, there is nothing in this respect to be apprehended. This inference, at least, would appear legitimate from the fact that our crews, consisting of one hundred and seventy-four persons, have for four winters been constantly undergoing, for months together, a change of from 80 to 100 degrees of temperature, in the space of time required for opening two doors (perhaps less than half a minute), without incurring any pulmonary complaints at all." The crew all returned in safety save one, who perished by an accidental fall. Captain Parry on this voyage, pursued very nearly the course which he had gone over in his first voyage, and penetrated a very short distance further into Prince Regent's Inlet than he did at that time. He was stopped, as we feared he would be, by the ice, which, for aught that appears, is there both summer and winter; and if not permanent, at least in such quantities, even in the most favorable seasons, as to render the navigation exceedingly perilous. We say he was stopped by the ice; true he was not absolutely blocked up by it, but it occasioned the loss of the Fury, and with one ship he could not persevere. He was kept close in his winter quarters until the 20th of July, and the ice again and again closed up their passage, filling the whole strait, until the loss of the Fury compelled him to abandon of the enterprise. "The deep sea friezeth not;"—McKenzie and Hearne have seen a clear sea from the North Coast of America, and Captain Franklin has sailed upon it. The difficulty is to reach it, through the Archipelago lying between it and the Atlantic. Captain Parry still feels confident of eventual success, and success through this Inlet. From so competent a judge it would not become any one publicly to dissent.

It cannot be expected that we should give an abridgment of this voyage; it was almost exactly similar to those preceding it, and Captain Parry very properly has avoided a repetition of details so much alike. One or two striking facts which he has recorded, we shall quote in his own clear language.

"The extreme facility with which sounds are heard at a considerable distance, in severely cold weather, has often been a subject of remark; but a circumstance occurred at Port Bowen, which deserves to be noticed as affording a sort of measure of this facili-

ty, or at least conveying to others some definite idea of the fact. Lieutenant Foster having occasion to send a man from the observatory to the opposite shore of the harbor, a measured distance of 6696 feet, or about one statute mile and two-tenths, in order to fix a meridian mark, had placed a second person half-way between, to repeat his directions; but he found on trial that this precaution was unnecessary, as he could without difficulty keep up a conversation with the man at the distant station. The thermometer was at this time —18°, the barometer 30.14 inches, and the weather nearly calm, and quite clear and serene.

"About midnight on the 27th of January, this phenomenon [the Aurora Borealis] broke out in a single compact mass of brilliant yellow light, situated about a S. E. bearing, and appearing only a short distance above the land. This mass of light, notwithstanding its general continuity, sometimes appeared to be evidently composed of numerous pencils of rays, compressed, as it were, laterally into one, its limits both to the right and left being well defined and nearly vertical. The light, though very bright at all times, varied almost constantly in intensity, and this had the appearance (not an uncommon one in the Aurora) of being produced by one volume of light overlaying another, just as we see the darkness and density of smoke increased by cloud rolling over cloud. While Lieutenants Sherer and Ross, and myself, were admiring the extreme beauty of this phenomenon from the observatory, we all simultaneously uttered an exclamation of surprise at seeing a bright ray of the Aurora shoot suddenly downward from the general mass of light, *and between us and the land*, which was there distant only three thousand yards. Had I witnessed this phenomenon by myself, I should have been disposed to receive with caution the evidence even of my own senses, as to this last fact; but the appearance conveying precisely the same idea to three individuals at once, all intently engaged in looking towards the spot, I have no doubt that the ray of light actually passed within that distance of us."

The modesty and piety of this distinguished voyager must have struck all who have read his several volumes; and perhaps no author ever made his readers feel more familiarly acquainted with him or more anxious for his success;—a new volume from his pen, is like a letter from an old friend. We hope he will speedily and happily return from his new expedition, and delight us with a recital of his adventures.

A Treatise on Diet: with a View to Establish, on Practical Grounds, a System of Rules for the Prevention and Cure of the Diseases incident to a Disordered State of the Digestive Functions. By J. A. Paris, M. D. F. R. S. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, etc. etc. Philadelphia. Robert H. Small. 1826. 8vo. pp. 210.

This work is introduced by the usual apology, the want of certainty and agreement, to wit, of all former treatises on dietetics. The apology is certainly not much the worse for the wear. It is about as good now as it was a century ago, and we are afraid it will be little worse a century hence. In other words, we are of opinion, that the subject of dietetics is one of great difficulty; that improvements in it, as a science, must be of slow growth; and that individual judgment and tact will often be very far in advance of any general system. Still

"Drops make the ocean,
"Sands compose its shores."

The observations of a sensible writer like Dr. Paris, must always be valuable, and, in making up the faggot of opinion, to borrow a metaphor from Dr. Johnson, the more heaps we have to choose from, the better.

The plan of the work is judicious. The first part is occupied with an account of the Anatomy and Physiology of the Organs concerned in Digestion. The second contains observations on the various articles of the *Materia Alimentaria;* and the last relates to the History and Cure of Indigestion.

As it contains, within a small compass, all that is valuable of many ponderous tomes and scattered essays, and presents a good view of the present state of knowledge on this important subject, it will be useful to the medical profession. To this class of readers, indeed, it is more especially adapted, a large proportion of it being scarcely intelligible to any other.

A more particular account, therefore, of this work, would hardly accord with the design of this publication; but we may extract from it the following account of the origin of certain common appellations, for the entertainment of our readers.

"*Porter.* This is made from high-dried malt, and differs from other malt liquors in the proportions of its ingredients, and from the peculiar manner in which it is manufactured. Much has been said upon the fraudulent adulteration of this article; but I am inclined to believe that these statements have been exaggerated. It is, at all events, certain, that such adulterations are not carried on in the caldrons of the brewer, but in the barrels of the publican (see our work on Medical Jurisprudence, vol. i. p. 375). The origin of the beer called *entire* is to be thus explained. Before the

year 1730, the malt liquors in general use in London were ale, beer, and two-penny; and it was customary to call for a pint, or tankard, of half-and-half, *i. e.* half of ale and half of beer, half of ale and half of two-penny. In course of time, it also became the practice to call for a pint or tankard of *three-threads*, meaning a third of ale, beer, and two-penny; and thus the publican had the trouble to go to three casks, and turn three cocks, for a pint of liquor. To avoid this inconvenience and waste, a brewer, of the name of Harwood, conceived the idea of making a liquor which should partake of the same united flavors of ale, beer, and two-penny. He did so, and succeeded, calling it *entire*, or *entire butt*, meaning that it was drawn entirely from one cask or butt; and, as it was a very hearty and nourishing liquor, and supposed to be very suitable for porters and other working people, it obtained the name of '*Porter*.'"

We make another extract, for obvious reasons.

"*Ardent Spirits.* The art of extracting alcoholic liquors by distillation from vinous liquors, must be regarded as the greatest curse ever inflicted upon human nature. The fatal effects of dram-drinking have been vividly depicted by numerous writers; and the awful truth has been too frequently illustrated to render any remarks in this place necessary. In a medical point of view, however, spirit may be considered as occasionally useful. Where it is taken in a diluted state, the mixture should always be made twelve hours before it is used. Spirit and water do not easily combine; and much of the force of the former is blunted by intimate incorporation with the latter, as we have already observed, under the history of wine. I throw out this hint to those who are in the habit of drinking weak brandy and water at their meals; although the propriety of such a practice is very questionable. There are cases of dyspepsia, in which wine and beer equally disagree with the stomach, producing acidity, and other distressing symptoms; very weak spirit in such a case may, perhaps, be taken with advantage; but its strength should be uniform, and no circumstances should induce the patient to increase the proportion of the spirit. The habit of drinking *liqueurs* cannot be too loudly reprobated; many of these *cordials* are impregnated with narcotic substances, which add to the noxious qualities of the spirit."

An Essay on the Art of Boring the Earth for the Obtainment of a Spontaneous Flow of Water. With Hints towards forming a New Theory of the Rise of Water. New Brunswick. Terhune & Letson. 1826. 8vo. pp. 46.

THE subject treated of in this little pamphlet is one of great importance to many parts of our country, in particular to the city

and State of New York and to the Southern Atlantic States. The work before us embodies a good deal of information and many useful observations respecting it, and deserves the attention of all who are so situated as to find it difficult or impossible to procure a supply of pure water. A considerable part of the work before us is occupied with a minute statement of all the experiments that have been made to obtain water by boring the earth, and the degree of success with which they have been made. In many of these instances the most complete success has attended the operation, and the water has been made to overflow at several feet above the surface; in others, the water has been brought to within a few feet from the surface of the ground; in others, the experiment has been left unfinished. This part of the work is exceedingly valuable; the remainder is occupied with some suggestions towards forming a new theory of the rise of waters. There are certainly some difficulties in the present theory of the fountains and rivers that issue from the earth, and the author has stated them with great ingenuity and force. A variety of facts are marshalled to show the imperfection of the old theory, and to support the new one which the author has suggested. This theory is that of a great central effect, which not only keeps matter from gravitating too near the earth, but also forces gases and fluids towards the surface. As a corollary from this doctrine, it follows that water may in all cases, by boring deep enough and by inserting a tube, be made to overflow at the surface. The instances in which this experiment has been successfully made, are certainly somewhat extraordinary, and seem to justify great perseverance on the part of those who undertake enterprises of the kind. Whether, however, the theory, which the author attempts to deduce from these and other facts, be well founded, we must for the present be permitted to doubt; but the subject is a curious one, and deserves consideration. In the mean time, the pamphlet before us has no small practical value, independent of its theoretical ingenuity.

An Oration pronounced at New Haven, before the Society of Phi Beta Kappa, September 12, 1826, "On some of the Considerations which should Influence the Epic or Tragic Writer in the Choice of an Era." By JAMES A. HILLHOUSE. New Haven. A. H. Maltby & Co. 1826. 8vo. pp. 32.

IN this Discourse the author divides the history of poetry into three eras, the Scriptural, the Classic, and the Romantic, and endeavours, with great ingenuity, to define and distinguish the different influences of these eras, and the associations connected

with them, upon the art. We have not time, at present, to follow him in tracing this distinction, nor to examine into the soundness of the views he takes of his subject. We have no hesitation, however, in speaking of this performance as the work of one who has reflected maturely on the nature of poetry, and the modes in which it is affected and modified by religious belief and the state of society in different ages of the world. The preference of the orator for scripture subjects in epic and dramatic poetry is not extraordinary; the author of "Hadad" is entitled to cherish and to avow such a preference; and even if it were not justified by his own success, the examples of some of the greatest of modern poets are a strong practical argument in its favor. The Discourse, whatever may be thought of some of its general conclusions, contains many striking and beautiful speculations on the subject, delivered with great force and eloquence.

Recollections of the Life of JOHN O'KEEFFE, Written by Himself. In Two Volumes. Philadelphia. H. C. Carey and I. Lea. 1827. 8vo. pp. 216 and 234.

THIS book is much in the style of Kelly's Reminiscences, full of garrulity, and contains but little valuable or even amusing matter. The greater part is mere table talk, and very silly talk too. Occasionally we meet with an anecdote worth preserving, but not worth the trouble of wading through the flood of idle prate which surrounds it. It strikes us as rather singular, that such a book should be reprinted in this country. In England indeed, it may have a certain sort of interest from the great number of personages introduced, living or but lately deceased, in many cases known to the public, and in most to a large circle of acquaintance. But the spirit of the stories evaporates in crossing the Atlantic, and little remains but dregs. It is not very creditable to the taste of the public, that such arrant chit-chat is tolerated. We may expect to have the reminiscences of decayed actors and second-rate dramatists thrown upon the world by hogsheads, when they find that the very ghosts of their past follies may be transmuted into solid coin by the aid of paper and print. *Boswelliana* are very good things when the subject of them is a Johnson, but a very different commodity when made up of the orts and ends of Mr. O'Keeffe's experiences. The last generation of dramatic biographies is exceedingly puny, and it will be no great loss to the world when the stock is entirely run out, as they are usually little more than compends of folly and vice. These "Recol-

lections" contain perhaps forty or fifty pages worth reading; but the remainder is about as valuable as an equal amount of the conversation of a bar-room.

The French Genders taught in Six Fables; being a Plain and Easy Art of Memory, in which the Genders of 15,548 French Nouns may be learned in a few hours. By the Master of a Grammar School. Revised by the Instructer of the Boston Lyceum. Boston. Monroe & Francis. 18mo. pp. 48.

We like the plan and execution of this little book, although we think we could somewhat simplify the one, and correct some errors in the other. If the fables be thoroughly committed to memory, which will not be a very serious task, and rendered perfectly familiar to the mind, by a constant application of them in reading and writing,—one important, and in some respects difficult step will be taken in the acquisition of a correct style of writing and speaking the French language. The typographical errors, which are exceedingly numerous, should be carefully corrected before the book is studied.

INTELLIGENCE.

Fine Arts at Rome. Whether Rome can continue to be a school for the cultivation of the Fine Arts, seems to be becoming every day more problematical. The Pope, and a new set of purists, have begun a crusade against all nudities in sculpture and painting. Venuses must now be decently attired in shoes, stockings, petticoats, and high bodies; and the chaste Diana (the huntress) must cover herself all over with a cloak. Cupids are condemned to drawers at least, Apollo to nothing under hussar trowsers; and the Graces, Muses, *et hoc genus omne*, are recommended to appear in court-dresses.

The Signor Baruzzi at Rome, one of the most distinguished disciples of the immortal Canova, with a view to honor the memory of his master, has just finished, at his own expense, a colossal marble bust of the great artist, and this monument of pious gratitude has been placed in the Hall of the Capitol, betwixt the figures of Michael Angelo and Raphael.

Depth of the American Lakes. Lake Erie has about thirty-five fathoms of water above its lowest bed, though it is not often more than twenty-five in depth. Lake St. Clair is shallow, rarely exceeding four fathoms. Lakes Huron, Michigan, and Superior, are, in places, nine hundred feet deep, sinking about three hundred feet below the level of the ocean.

American Mines. The mines in Spanish America had been brought to their fullest height of production by the end of the last century, and continued to give to the world annual supplies of unprecedented magnitude till the year 1810. It was then the disturbances broke out, originating in the struggle for independence, and partly from the conflicts of rival parties, which desolated the country, and interrupted the mining operations, especially in Mexico, Peru, and Buenos Ayres. The degree to which the produce of the mines fell off, has been thus given in a recent publication, "Tooke on High and Low Prices."

Annual produce of American mines in dollars—

	1800 *to* 1810.	*After* 1810.
Mexico	30,000,000	12,000,000
Peru	5,480,000	2,740,000
Chile	866,000	866,000
Buenos Ayres	3,640,000	1,820,000
Brazil	4,340,000	4,340,000
New Grenada	2,735,000	2,735,000
	47,061,000	24,501,000

Thus the quantity of precious metals derived yearly from these sources, was reduced one half in consequence of the war.

Ann. Reg., 1825.

Wolves in Russia. The following is the official account of the devastations committed by the wolves in the government of Livonia only in the year 1823. They devoured, horses, 1,841; foals, 1,243; horned cattle, 1,807; calves, 733; sheep, 15,182; lambs, 726; goats, 2,545; kids, 183; swine, 4,190; sucking pigs, 312; dogs, 703; geese, 673. *Ibid.*

Greek Captives. The French papers contain communications from Mr. Eynard to the Greek Committee, announcing that the number of women and children taken by the Egyptians in Western Greece was so great, that they were sold as cheap as the lowest cattle. In consequence of this, he had sent forty thousand francs to redeem as many of them as he could; and he invites all christian nations and individuals to subscribe for the same purpose, and to restore to their families, their freedom, and their God, the helpless creatures dragged into slavery, and doomed to violation or apostacy. *New Monthly Mag.*

New Mines of Platinum. M. Roussingault, a celebrated French chemist, has recently discovered a mine of platinum at Antigua, in the department of Cundinamarca, in Columbia. Hitherto this precious metal, so valuable in the arts, has only been found in the Uralian Mountains in Russia, in Brazil, and in the provinces of Choco and Barbacoas, on the coasts of the South Sea, but always in alluvial lands, where it could only be met with accidentally; but in this case there can be no doubt that the metal exists in real veins in the valley *De Osos*, (being very near the province of Choco from which it is separated only by a branch of the Cordillera of the Andes, which circumstance accounts for the presence of the same metal in the alluvial soils of the valley *De Osos*); and it is sufficient to pound the materials which these veins contain, in order to obtain from them, by washing, the gold and platinum which they contain. Mines of platinum have recently been

found in the Uralian Mountains, in the government of Perma, in Russia, so extremely rich, that the price of platinum fell nearly one third at St. Petersburg; and hence we may reasonably expect that this valuable metal will cease to bear that high price at which it has hitherto been sold.

Russia. It appears that the population of the empire of Russia, at the death of Catherine II., in 1796, amounted to about 33,000,000; and in 1825, at the death of Alexander, in consequence of conquests from the Turks, and recaptures of dominions in Poland, the amount was 50,000,000. In the course of three centuries and a half, the power, in point of population, of the Russian empire, has multiplied itself more than eight times, while in extent of territory it has been increased nearly twenty times.

The Stadium. Scientific men have differed much, with respect to the extent of the stadium, of which Strabo and the geographers of antiquity availed themselves, to indicate the distances between different places. It is evident, that the only way of determining the point, was to examine the existing distance between places, the position of which had not changed, and by the result to estimate the length of the ancient measure. A large and exceedingly accurate map of Turkey, by M. Lapie, lately published in France, has completely resolved the problem; and it is now proved, that the stadia of the geographers of antiquity, were, according to the opinion adopted by Gosselin, and rejected by D'Anville, seven hundred to the degree. Thus, Strabo reckoned, that it was two hundred stadia from Corinth to Argos; and Pausanias, that it was six hundred from Sparta to Olympia. These distances, allowing seven hundred stadia to a degree, are precisely those in the new map; an additional proof of the accuracy of the ancient geographers.

Lady-birds. The Hampshire [English] journals give extraordinary accounts of flights of lady-birds being seen near Southampton; one of them was two miles long! The same phenomena have been remarked in and near London. The shipping in the river has been swarming with these insects; and a party of gentlemen one day visiting the top of St. Paul's Church, were surprised to see the dome literally covered, and so red with their flame-colored corslets glancing in the sun, as hardly to admit of being looked upon.

The Bush-Vine. "A vine," says Mr. Waterton, "called the bush-rope by the wood-cutters, on account of its use in hauling out the heaviest timber, has a singular appearance in the forests of Demarara. Sometimes you see it nearly as thick as a man's body, twisted, like a corkscrew, round the tallest trees, and rearing its head high above their tops. At other times, three or four of them, like strands in a cable, join tree and tree, and branch and branch, together. Others, descending from on high, take root as soon as their extremity touches the ground, and appear like shrouds and stays, supporting the mainmast of a line-of-battle ship; while others, sending out parallel, oblique, horizontal, and perpendicular shoots, in all directions, put you in mind of what travellers call a matted forest. Oftentimes a tree, about an hundred feet high, uprooted by a whirlwind, is stopped in its fall by these amazing cables of nature; and hence it is, that you account for the phenomenon of seeing trees, not only vegetating, but sending forth vigorous shoots.

though far from their perpendicular, and their trunks inclined to every degree from the meridian to the horizon Their heads remain firmly supported by the bush-rope; many of their roots soon refix themselves in the earth, and frequently a strong shoot will sprout out perpendicularly from near the root of the reclined trunk, and in time become a fine tree. No grass grows under the trees; and few weeds, except in the swamps.

Spade Husbandry. In Holland, at the termination of the last war, many poor people were thrown out of employment, and became beggars. By a public subscription, a large tract of comparatively poor land was purchased; cottages were immediately built, with a portion of land to each; the beggars in the streets of the cities were received into the domestic colonies thus formed; they were restricted from manufacturing, excepting bricks and tiles, that they might not interfere with existing manufactories of goods. The rent paid by these cottagers has subsequently yielded a fair revenue on the capital expended in their establishment.

Singular Bequest. The following is an extract from Hasted's History of Kent, vol. i. p. 313; "Henry Smith, Esq. of Sevenoaks, as appears by his epitaph, gave by last will 1000*l.* to buy land in perpetuity, to redeem poor captives and prisoners from Turkish tyranny." His will is dated April 24th, 1627. In the present posture of the affairs of Greece, it is desirable, that it should be ascertained in what way this money is, and has been, applied to the purpose for which it was bequeathed. Mr. Smith was buried at Wandsworth, and was a citizen and alderman of London.

Ancient Shield. The excavators of the Witham [England] have discovered some interesting relics of antiquity, particularly an equestrian shield. It is of finely laminated brass, with a large boss in the centre, decorated with red cornelian studs. The boss forms a hollow cavity in the inside, which hollow was intended to admit the hand as it grasped the straps. The rivet-holes for the straps, and for the ornamental device (which appears, in this instance, to have been fastened on the outside, and not merely to have been painted on the surface of the shield), still point out the mechanical arrangements; the frame, or wadding, being doubtless of frail materials, is gone; but very little is required to restore the shield as a very serviceable article, that would again pass muster in the army of King John!

Spontaneous Combustion of Lamp-black. We subjoin the following details of an alarming instance of spontaneous combustion on board the Catherine (from Portsmouth [England] to Calcutta), which we hope will be useful as a warning to others, to take every precaution when they have such an apparently dangerous article as lamp-black on board.

Extract from the ship Catherine's Log, February 3, 1826; "Lat. 1° 37′ north, long. 86° 55′ east. At 1 P. M. a strong smell of burning, and an appearance of smoke, as if rising from the fore-hold, was observed by some of the people between decks; this was immediately reported to the officer on the quarter-deck, in consequence of which the fore-hatches and fore-scuttle were taken off, when a suffocating smell of fire, and clouds of smoke, began to issue from both places. On going

into the fore-hold, and clearing away the goods near the hatchway, it was found that a large cask of lamp-black, in the starboard wing, had taken fire, and was giving out dense columns of smoke; the cask, although not in a blaze, was too hot to be handled. All the ship's company and passengers were instantly employed in handing down water and wet blankets, the latter being found of the greatest use in stifling the smoke; these enabled the officers and people in the hold, who were indefatigable in their exertions, to remove the surrounding articles, chiefly large jars of linseed and neats'-foot oil, which were immediately hoisted on deck by the prompt assistance of the passengers, and, at the same time, a constant supply of water passed down the hatchway; and, although the people in the hold were frequently driven back by the strong, suffocating smell, they at last succeeded in getting the cask, which was on fire and muffled by wet blankets, brought to the hatchway; this was instantly hoisted on deck and thrown overboard, before it had completely ignited or burst into a flame; had it done so in the hold, instant destruction must have inevitably followed, it being surrounded by two hundred barrels of tar, and upwards of eighty large jars of oil. As no apparent cause could be assigned for this catastrophe, as no leak either from the deck or from any of the jars could be perceived, and as no light had ever been suffered in the hold since leaving England, it was reasonable to conclude, that spontaneous combustion must have taken place in the cask. And as there were many more casks of the same material on board, it was considered absolutely necessary for the safety of the ship and cargo, as well as the lives of the crew and passengers, to throw the whole overboard.

"Employed during the rest of the day in hoisting up and throwing overboard the remaining casks of lamp-black, sixty-one in number.

"N. B. Two other casks of lamp-black were observed to smoke, while floating past the ship." *India Gaz., March* 20.

Cotton-seed Gas. The seed of the cotton-tree, which constitutes by weight, nearly three-fourths of the entire cotton crop, and which, in most of the cotton districts of America, has hitherto been neglected as useless, it is discovered, may be employed with advantage instead of wood, or coal, or oil, for gas lights.

New French Dictionary. A new French Dictionary has been published at Paris, in one octavo volume, on the plan of Johnson's English Dictionary, enriched with examples taken from the best writers of the last two centuries. It contains the etymologies, the pronunciation, clear and precise definitions, and all the proper and figurative meanings of words, terms belonging to the sciences, to the arts, and to manufactures, a geographical vocabulary, the conjugation of the irregular verbs; in short, an explanation of the principal difficulties which occur in the concordance, the regimen, and the place of words in speech or writing; by M. Noel, Inspector-general of the University and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and M. Chapsal, Professor of General Grammar.

Lon. Lit. Gaz., Dec. 23, 1826.

Luminous Stones. At a meeting of the Philomathic Society of Paris, M. Becquerel produced a stone possessed of very singular properties. It was a species of chalk, and was sent by M. Leman from Siberia, where it was met with in some granite rocks.

This stone, when placed in the dark, exhibits a very remarkable phosphoric light, which increases in proportion as the temperature is raised. Its lustre *cæteris paribus*, becomes greater if it is immersed in water. M. Becquerel, having put it into boiling water, found that it became so bright that he could distinguish printed characters close to the transparent vessel which contained it. In boiling oil the effect was still further augmented, and in boiling mercury it cast a light which enabled him to read at the distance of five inches. M. Becquerel was desirous of increasing the temperature in order to ascertain the effects, but was fearful of destroying the stone.

M. Eyrès remarked, upon this occasion, a curious fact. Sir John Mandeville, the author of Travels performed in the middle of the fifteenth century in Central Asia, relates that he found at the entrance of a city in Great Tartary, two columns surmounted with stones, which shed a brilliant lustre in the dark. His statement has hitherto been classed among fables; but the abovementioned fact affords, M. Eyrès observes, some ground for believing that he may not have told an untruth. *Philos. Mag. and Jour. for Nov.* 1826.

Modern Egyptians. About forty young Egyptians lately arrived in France for education. M. Jomard has been requested to direct their studies. After residing a few years at Paris, they will return home, to propagate the knowledge which they will have acquired. Mahomet Ali is at the expense of their education.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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The Life of the Rev. Dr. Cotton Mather. Philadelphia. 12mo.

DRAMA.

Sylla; a Tragedy, in Five Acts. By a Member of the Institute. Translated from the French, by a Citizen of New York. Behr & Kahl. 12mo.

EDUCATION.

Elements of Mineralogy, adapted to the Use of Seminaries and Private Students. By J. L. Comstock, M. D. Boston. S. G. Goodrich. 8vo. pp. 338.

Hawes's United States' Spelling-Book. Second Edition. Augusta. W. M. Ladd. 12mo.

A Theoretical and Practical Grammar of the French Tongue, in which the present Usage is displayed agreeably to the Decision of the French Academy. By M. De Levizac. New Edition. New York. 12mo. pp. 444.

American Popular Lessons. Ninth Edition. New York. W. B. Gilley. 18mo.

A New and Improved Theoretical and Practical Grammar of the Spanish Language. By Emanuel Del Mar, Teacher of the Spanish Language. New York. Bliss & White. 12mo.

The Child's Arithmetic. By William B. Fowle, Instructer of the Monitorial School. Second Edition. Boston. Thomas Wells. 18mo. pp. 104.

The Pestalozzian Primer, or First Step in Teaching Children the Art of Reading and Thinking. By John M. Keagg, M. D. Harrisburg. 12mo. pp. 126.

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A History of the United States, on a Plan adapted to the Capacity of Youth, and designed to Aid the Memory by Systematic Arrangement and Interesting Associations. By the Rev. C. A. Goodrich. Bellows Falls, Vt. Tenth Edition. James J. Cullen & Co. 18mo.

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Letter on the Use and Abuse of Incorporations, addressed to the Delegation from the City of New York in the State Legislature. By one of their Constituents. New York. G. & C. Carvill.

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Remarks upon Mr. Carter's Outline of an Institution for the Education of Teachers. From the "United States Review." Boston. Bowles & Dearborn. 8vo.

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Annual Report of the Acting Superintendent of Common Schools, made to the Legislature of the State of New York, January 23, 1827. Albany. 4to. pp. 62.

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An Obituary Memoir of Robert F. Mott, read before Two Literary Societies to which he belonged, and published at their joint Request. By Goold Brown. New York. S. Wood & Sons.

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Cambridge: Printed at the University Press, by Hilliard, Metcalf, & Co.

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